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'1900': It Won't Be Bertolucci's Last Tango

How Carter Blew the Israeli Elections, by Tad Szulc

ONE DOLLAR JUNE 6, 1977

NEW YORK

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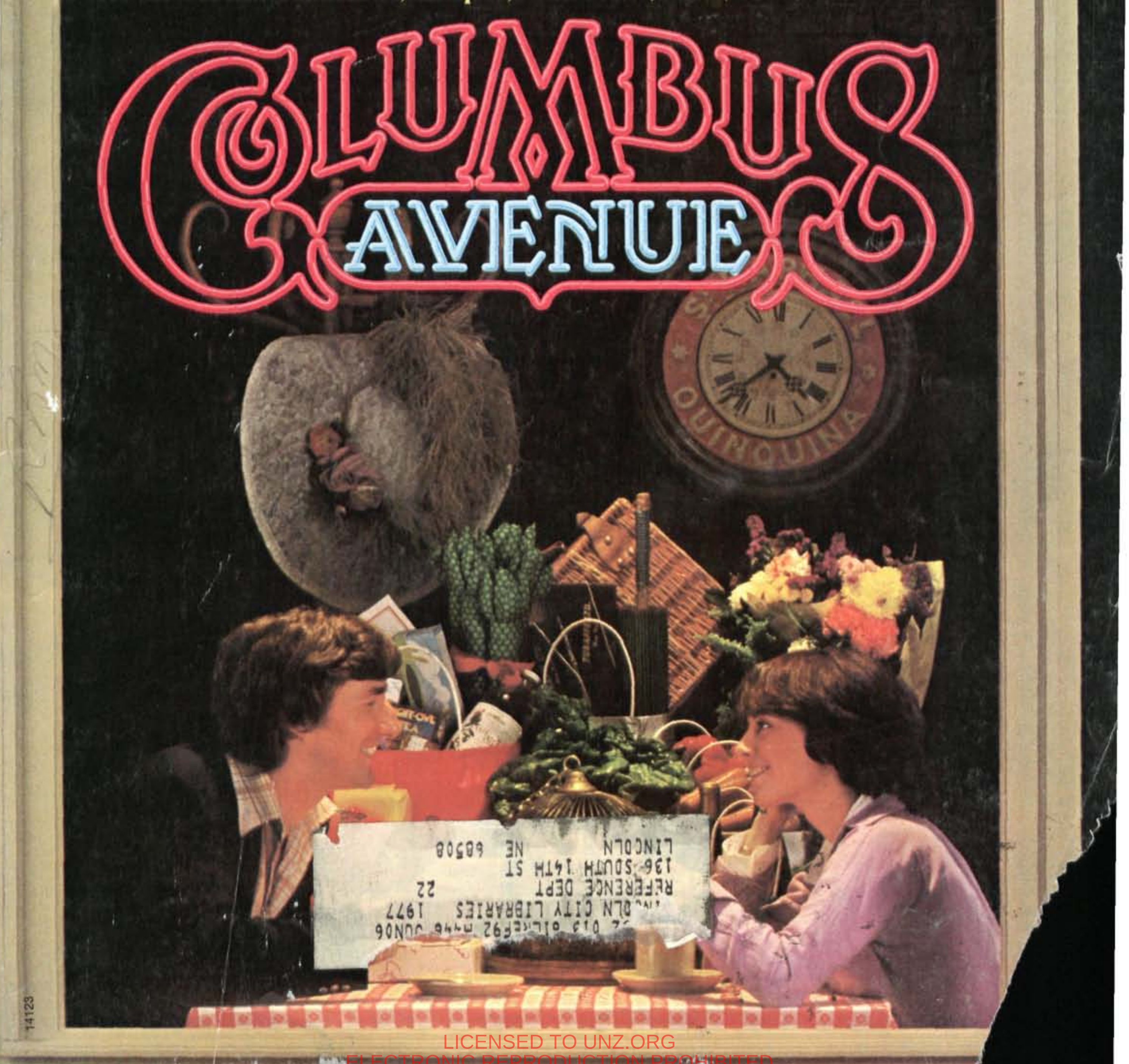

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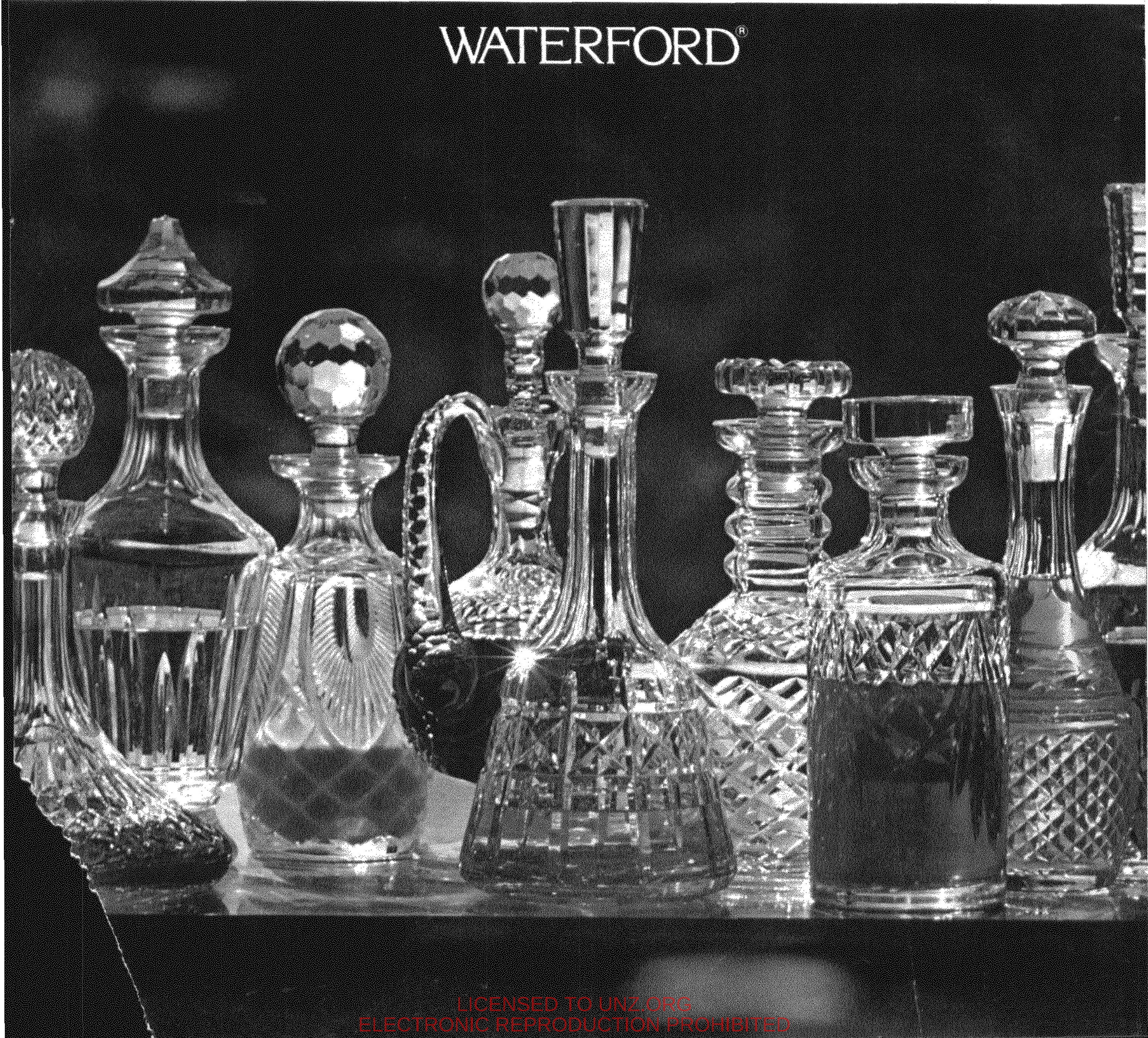

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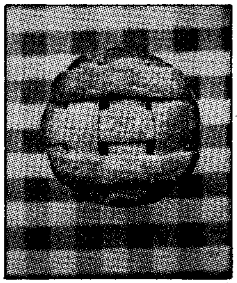
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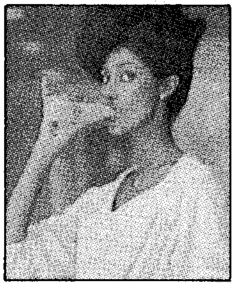
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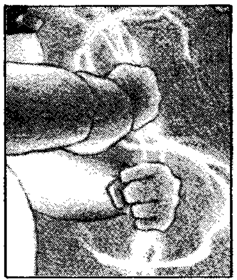
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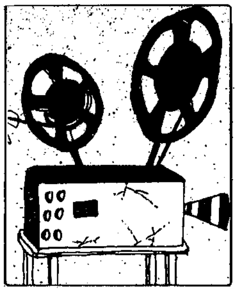
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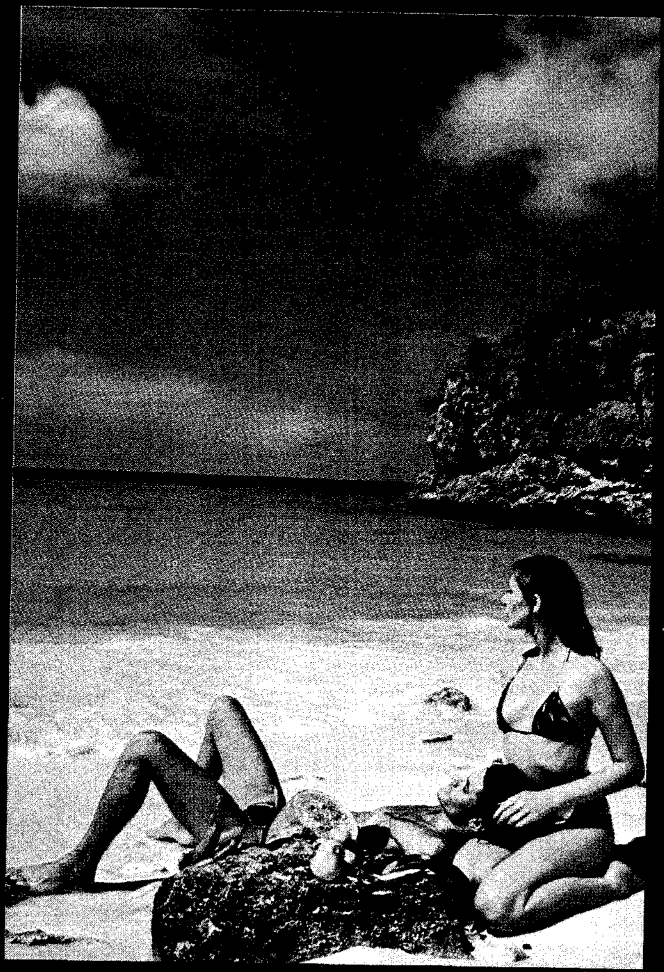

YOU'LL NEVER FORGET CURACAO

The Dutch Masterpiece in the Caribbean.

BETWEEN THE LINES

In the last few weeks, the back of the book at *New York* has become richer: We've added a new column, the "New York Journal," inspired by the overwhelming response to our contest for first-person human-interest articles a couple of years ago. There are 7.5 million stories in the Naked City, and here's where we're going to run some of them. How—for instance—will you be treated if you try to pay by check at the Sign of the Dove? Who will help you if you try to get five huge stray dogs removed from the sidewalk on upper Broadway? Watch this space for the plaints, plaudits, meditations, denunciations, exposés of New Yorkers who have something to say about life in this town, and now, happily, have some place to say it.

And more sweet music in the back of the book: a new, every-four-weeks record roundup by our hardworking music and theater man, Alan Rich. He tells us which artists, which orchestras, are most in tune with the works of the great composers, and which discs we should avoid. Every four weeks, also, Tom Bentkowski will keep us up to date on pop and rock and whatever other nonclassical recordings merit attention.

With this issue, we switch the position of one column and inaugurate another. We're moving the "New York Intelligencer" up front, to give everybody a chance to read the fast-breaking news a little faster, and we're adding a listing of notable New York restaurants to our "In and Around Town" department. Under the direction of Gael Greene, our Insatiable Critic, we've chosen a diversity of places—some because they serve the best food this city offers, some because the décor is dazzling, some because their food is both commendable and gently priced. We've listed hours, dinner prices, and credit-card information, and added our reviewer's judgment. (All of these restaurants have been evaluated in the pages of *New York*.) And we *do* judge—this is, after all, a critical guide. Even the "Great Institutions" have their flaws, and our listings point them out. Under "Wonderful Settings," we've gathered a sampling of restaurants distinguished for their ambience; if, in some cases, the food is strictly tangential, the listings point *that* out. The restaurants called "Nice and Inexpensive" have earned the approbation of our Underground Gourmet, Gertrude Snyder.

Our choices, we are reasonably certain, will arouse controversy. Somebody's favorite boîte has surely been omitted. That's why we expect to expand and update the listings continually. And for our friends among the many New York restaurateurs whose establishments did not make this first list, we can only express regret, hope for the future, and a modest claim that these listings are being published not for the benefit of the restaurants, but for the benefit of our readers.

Starting July 4, Ruth Gilbert's witty, offbeat pull-out calendar of special events will be back in these pages. From late 1973 through '74, this lively, quirky, useful day-by-day guide to plays, movies, ballets, alfresco events, and one-of-a-kind happenings appeared monthly in *New York*, to be pulled out and tacked up on kitchen walls and office bulletin boards all around the city. *And* to be imitated (earnestly) in magazines all around the country. Next month, New Yorkers, the real thing will be here again.

Another change—a sad one for *New Yorkers*—was the death May 17 of Vincent J. Kellett . . . Vin . . . who was one of the tiny band of *World Journal Tribune* veterans who started this magazine back in 1968. Hair tousled, glasses at the end of his nose, necktie askew, sleeves rolled up, phone in his ear, he looked like every playwright's image of the hard-nosed city editor. And indeed, he'd been in publishing for almost 50 years. Back on the *Herald Tribune*, where he'd gone to work at sixteen, Vin was the city-room troubleshooter, handling accounting, payroll snags, managing the domestic and foreign communications system, directing the copyboys. He came to *New York* as its chief financial officer, a job that involved setting up the accounting department and manning it by himself, handling petty cash (which there wasn't much of in those early days; many of the advances came out of his own pocket), and (for it *was* a small staff) directing the painters and construction crews, getting broken telephones fixed, and putting out fires in wastebaskets. Gruff and gentle, humorous, lovably cantankerous, Vin was our staff arbitrator, our solver of problems. We'll remember him well. ▬

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

'Beatlemania': With a Little Help From Their Friends

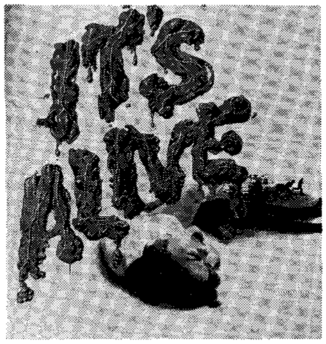
There's been a big hype that the four young men playing in the *Beatlemania* multimedia show, which just opened on Broadway, were selected because they looked and sounded amazingly like the Beatles. Even *Newsweek* said, "At a glance, it could be John, Paul, George, and Ringo." Well, ardent Beatles devotees would probably disagree.

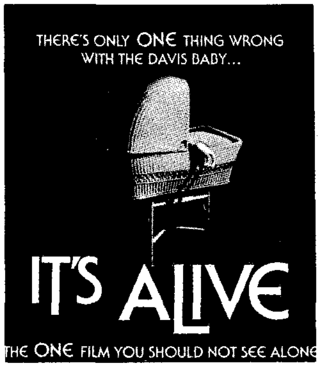
We've learned that two of the new "Beatles" had a little bit of help from their friends in regard to their appearance, those friends being primarily in the makeup room. The secret to the similarity: a fake big "nose" for Justin McNeill, who plays Ringo (we're told the nose was made even bigger for Broadway), and a "chin" for Leslie Fradkin, who takes George Harrison's role. And, of course, makeup, mustaches, beards, and wigs help to create a resemblance to the Beatles. Even so, they don't really look much like the British group, although few would argue that they sure do sound like it.

LYNN KARLIN

McNeill: Just nosing around.

'It's Alive' Should Be Dead




THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG WITH THE DAVIS BABY...
IT'S ALIVE
HE ONE FILM YOU SHOULD NOT SEE ALONE

It's Alive *advertising: Past and present.*

We noticed recently that a film called *It's Alive* had made *Variety*'s list of top-grossing films in the country. This monster-baby horror flick was ranked number eight. We wondered about this movie, whose sinister advertising states, "There's only one thing wrong with the Davis baby. . . It's Alive." We called Warner Bros. to find out more about the bad baby who does horrifying things, only to learn that the movie had been released in 1973, but was shelved because it didn't do well. The advertising campaign just didn't work.

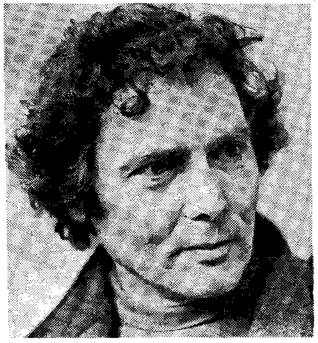
But Warners decided to re-release this ridiculous tale in the South, updated only with a new advertising campaign. And to the company's great surprise, it's making millions. However, Warners is baffled by the current popularity of this mutant monster. It must have something to do with the ads, but apparently the way was paved by *Rosemary's Baby* and *The Exorcist.* Because the public still seems to be strangely titillated by this genre of cheap thrills, *It's Alive* isn't dead.

'Hustler' to Pay Pulitzer Winner

It seems that Larry Flynt and his magazine *Hustler* just can't stay out of the courts. We've learned that the magazine has just reached a settlement in the U.S. District Court for the Southern District of New York with—of all people—a Pulitzer prize-winning poet.

Hustler, according to court documents, has agreed to pay $9,000 to William Stanley Merwin, who won a Pulitzer in 1971 for his work *The Carrier of Ladders.* In a lawsuit filed last November, Merwin charged that Flynt's raunchy monthly had "copied directly" from his copyrighted book called *Voices,* a translation of the poems or aphorisms of the Italian-Spanish poet Antonio Porchia. Merwin cited numerous pages of *Hustler* from January to July of 1976 in which aphorisms by Antonio Porchia appeared under the title "The Philosopher." Two Porchia gems picked up and printed by *Hustler:* "Nothing that is complete breathes," and "Man, when he is merely what he seems to be, is almost nothing." **—John Kennedy**

JILL KREMENTZ



Merwin: Gets settlement.

Get Your Copy For Only $1.20

Newspapers frequently use certain standard phrases of attribution. For example, to indicate that a document has been obtained covertly or that the paper has it first, the stock phrase is "a copy of which has been obtained by" the newspaper. Well, the New York *Times* ran a story about the New York State Commission of Correction's report on the riot in Cell-block D at Attica last July. Reporter Nathaniel Sheppard Jr.—true to traditional form—said, "According to the committee's report—a copy of which has been obtained by the New York *Times*—the beating of the inmate. . ." The implication was that only the *Times* had a copy of the document. False alarm, folks. The report was mailed out to reporters requesting it, including those at the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle* and the Buffalo *Evening News.* And if you'd like to obtain your very own copy of the report, you can request it from the State Commission of Correction for the small fee of $1.20. Just like the *Times.*

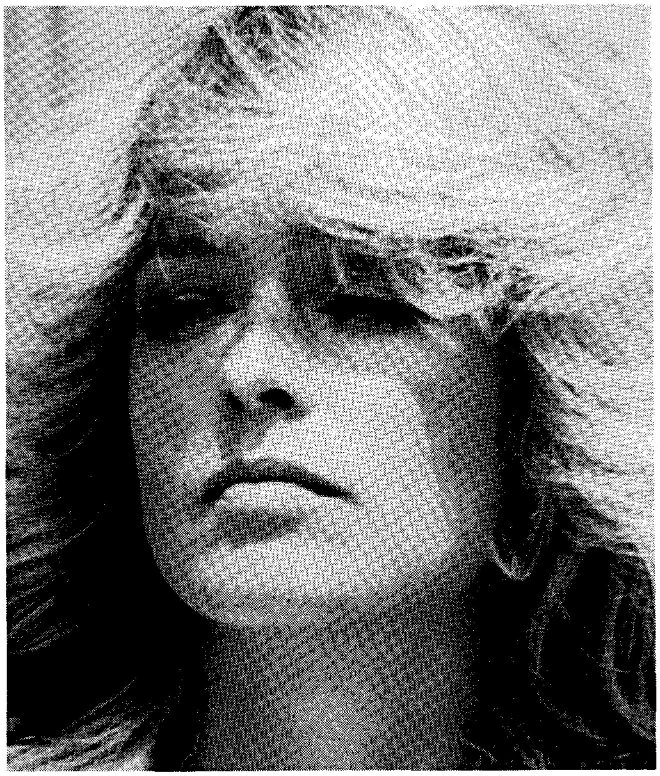
Is 'Bionic Woman' Burnt Out?

In early May, NBC announced that it would be picking up the popular *Bionic Woman* TV series, which ABC had earlier dropped from its lineup. This acquisition makes a quote we saw recently—from an NBC programming veep—seem rather curious. In a *New York Times Magazine* article on Carter and television, Paul Klein, in talking about overexposure, was quoted as saying that the term is misunderstood—a misnomer—but that there is a "'burn-out factor. It happens suddenly and it's different for each performer. Why does *Bionic Woman* burn out after a year and a half, while *The Six Million Dollar Man* keeps going after four years?'" We wondered why NBC would put on such a burnt-out show. Well, Klein tells us angrily that he was misquoted. "I never used that illustration and I didn't say it." Richard Reeves, the author of the piece, responds, "How the hell could I make it up? Of course he gave me the quote. Obviously, Klein did not know that NBC was going to pick up *The Bionic Woman*." Reeves adds, "I knew he was going to have to deny it, but I think it's funny. However, if somebody's really upset, I'll be glad to sit down with Lindsay Wagner."

Wagner: Topic of controversy.

Farrah—A Flawed Beauty

PETER BORSARI/CAMERA 5



Fawcett-Majors: She's not perfect after all.

The gorgeous Farrah Fawcett-Majors was featured lavishly in the April *Vogue*. But the gossip at *Vogue* is that Farrah is not all that gorgeous—she's flawed just like the rest of us. The staff is buzzing with talk about the shootings for the photo spread. Farrah, it turns out, had a few problems at the photographic sessions. The athletic star had noticeable scars, marks, etc. *Vogue*, we're told, doesn't retouch color pictures, so the imperfections had to be corrected during the shootings. Apparently, a clean leg shot was difficult to achieve, so the reader saw Farrah artfully draped and covered. The pictures were cropped so the leggy beauty showed very little leg at all. We asked managing editor Kate Lloyd about this and she said, "As I remember, Farrah looked great" (in the photos that is). Farrah rides motorcycles, plays tennis, and does strenuous work for *Charlie's Angels*, which might account for the flaws. "It was a thrill," said one insider, "to see that she had problems just like the rest of us."

Speaking of problems, we received calls on Farrah's supposed appearance on the Johnny Carson show, where she allegedly said she was leaving Lee Majors, among other surprising revelations. We called NBC to check out this story—only to find out that she's never been on the show. And furthermore, staffers on the *Tonight Show* were amazed because they'd received calls about the remarks too. How do these stories get started?

Hot Air Hits White House

The temperatures are rising at the White House—at least those of the White House press corps. It seems that the reporters are heated up over President Carter's insistence that in the summer months the White House thermostat will drop no lower than 78 degrees. Energy conservation or not, the correspondents are complaining. "It's terribly hot in the pressroom," said Helen Thomas, veteran UPI reporter and the dean of White House correspondents. "I wonder what the thermometer reading is in the Oval Office or the Cabinet room. When we go into the Cabinet room it certainly feels cooler there, but we can't prove it." Hugh Carter, a special assistant to President Jimmy, explains that Carter is merely enforcing a 1974 General Services Administration presidential directive. Even so, Thomas added, "I remember that last summer, in the Ford administration, the pressroom was freezing." First it's too cold, then it's too hot. Bitch, bitch, bitch.

UPI

Thomas: Elevated temperatures.

Newcombe Snafu At the 'Post'

Last week the sports pages of the New York *Post* ran a story by tennis pro John Newcombe with a Paris dateline. But we discovered that Newcombe was in New York City on that day. So we called the *Post* to find out how he could be in two places at once. Executive sports editor Jerry Lisker, who was out of town when the story came in, managed to unravel the mystery. It seems that two stories were phoned in to a rewrite man, who "thought" both were Newcombe's (he writes a column for the *Post*). "That the story ended up with Newcombe's by-line was a mistake." Lisker tells us it was "just a clerical and composing-room error. I'm told it was replated for the later editions." We're glad to know.

LETTERS

Git Along Little Doggies

I read with concern Claire Berman's description of her unfortunate experience ["A Shabby Dog Story," May 23] in attempting to get responsible action involving a pack of stray dogs. She expressed great surprise and dismay regarding "how the ASPCA deals with the city's stray animals—two men (with one roundup truck) must cover all five boroughs. . . ." The ASPCA is also dismayed but, unfortunately, these are the facts.

New Yorkers have come to think of the ASPCA as an integral part of the city and its services. Relatively few, however, are aware that the society is a private, nonprofit organization that has dedicated a major portion of its resources to serving New York City and those of us who live and work here. Although the ASPCA has been given responsibility for providing animal-control activities in New York City, and controls and receives the fees from dog licenses to support these efforts, New York City has never provided financial support for the society or its activities.

For 111 years the ASPCA has been providing a much-needed service for members of our community. Of late, however, we have become caught up in the same economic whipsaw of increasing costs and reduced revenues which has affected both private and governmental agencies in this area and across the country. The result of these problems has been a reduction in our services. Specifically, the society has incurred deficits in the past ten years amounting to $8,750,000, building from $203,000 in 1967 to approximately a $1-million deficit in 1976.

We share Ms. Berman's attitude that current services provided by the ASPCA might be classified as "shabby." However, it's not all bad. In 1976 the society provided more than 500,000 animal-care days, responded to over 30,000 animal emergency calls, investigated about 8,400 cruelty complaints, conducted humane-education classes for about 50,000 local schoolchildren, operated a full-service animal hospital, a low-cost spay-and-neuter program, and a pet adoption service. Nevertheless, the services are insufficient for the needs of the city.

The ASPCA wishes to continue its shelter and animal-control actvities. This can only be accomplished with proper financial support and assistance from New York City. We have reached the point where we are no longer willing or able to subsidize the city through our deficit. New York and New Yorkers must share the responsibility and help us to do the job we want to do and of which we are eminently capable.

Marvin Schiller
President, ASPCA
Manhattan

After reading the piece about the dog pack on Broadway, I am not outraged, as I'm sure I should be, but rather consumed with envy. Ms. Berman, seeking to identify the malfeasant cops who failed their duty as dogcatchers, got a "Who knows?" from the 20th Precinct: "We've got a lot of officers out in a lot of cars." A lot of cars? Ms. Berman, do you think you could find an apartment for me in the 20th Precinct? Last Saturday night, around 1 A.M., several of the neighbors and I repeatedly implored the 76th Precinct here in Brooklyn to send a car around, on a considerably more urgent matter than dogs lying on the sidewalk. Know what the guy on the desk told us? "As soon as I can, as soon as I can. We've only got two cars on the street." *Two cars,* to cover a hell of a big precinct in Brooklyn, for the midnight shift on Saturday? Well, that's what the man said. Anyway, two and a half hours later, still no car, here in the 76th.

If *New York* is digging around for outrageous conditions in the city that need correcting, maybe you could get on Commissioner Codd about transferring a few of those numerous cars from the West Side over here to the 76th in Brooklyn, where we have a lot more serious problems than dogs lying on the sidewalk—and not "a lot of officers in a lot of cars" to cope with them.

Carlton Smith
Brooklyn

Is Claire Berman's "A Shabby Dog Story" for real? So a lady and a boy see some dogs on a sidewalk, so what? Normal reaction would be to grab the kid so he doesn't run over and pat the pretty doggies, and walk around them and forget the whole thing. (I've brought up four children of my own, and I never could get them out of the habit of hugging the mangiest mutts they encountered like long-lost friends.)

Mommy acts as if the Bomb were about to drop and the Defense Department is asleep at the switch. Cops and phone calls galore—all for a few stray pooches who apparently showed no teeth, indulged in no snarls, threatened nobody, but just moved on about their peaceful business!

I think it's certainly too bad these dogs don't have homes to go to and people to love and feed them. For their sakes, I suppose they should be rounded up when convenient. But to refer to a few indolent stray canines as a "potentially dangerous situation" and make a municipal crisis of them. . . . No, I must be missing the point of a sophisticated big-city joke. Well, okay, the laugh's on me.

Donald Hamilton
Sante Fe, N.M.

JAWC's, AWN's, and the Four "M's"

If the heroine of the Jewish American Woman's Novel ["Kiss, Kiss, Kvetch, Kvetch—What's Ailing the New Belles of Letters," May 23] is becoming a rewritten, stock figure in contemporary fiction, then I, for one, am compelled to read about her again and again. While Elin Schoen finds her boring, I find this new character fascinating and refreshing.

As a Jewish American Woman Consumer (JAWC), I welcome the presence of these novelists, with their honesty, intellect, chutzpa, and clever wit, in a world of mass-market best-sellers and writers concerned with thrice-told, violence-ridden spy tales, gothic romance (where characters suffer "passion burning in their loins"), or with the ultimate obscenity of demon possession.

Also, perhaps the genre should be redefined as simply "AWN." This hip, educated, urbane heroine is popping up in works of others: Lisa Alther's *Kinflicks* and Jay Presson Allen's *Just Tell Me What You Want.*

Michelle Altman
Tarrytown, N.Y.

You don't necessarily have to be Jewish to write a JAWN—*vide* Francine du Plessix Gray's Stephanie, the Catholic heroine of *Lovers and Tyrants,* who spends page after page obsessing over the four "M's" seemingly intrinsic to the genre: Menstruation, Masturbation, Masochism, and Maternity.

Martha Mendelsohn
Manhattan

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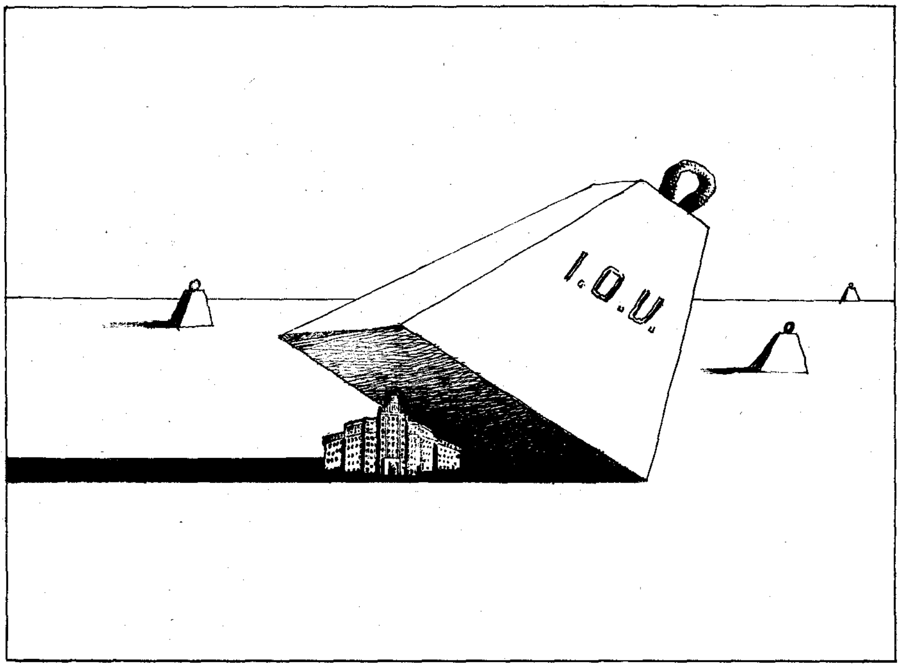
The City Politic/Howard Samuels

THE DEBT THAT KILLS: THERE IS A WAY OUT



Like every election year, 1977 offers New Yorkers descriptions of their city that are as varied as the accounts of the crime in *Rashomon*. Predictably, City Hall claims that we've "turned the corner" toward a period of "rebuilding." Somehow the challengers seem to be running in a different town. All around them, they see slums, derelict housing, desperate schools, and economic rot. Sadly, the facts are on their side. Almost one sixth of the city's jobs have disappeared since 1969. And the drain goes on.

About the best one can say for the mayor and the savvy cadre of advisers who rescued his administration is this: (1) They've managed a nervy balancing act on this year's budget; (2) for the first time in living memory, they've suggested a battery of overdue tax cuts worth $93 million. Both are one-shot, election-year deals. Already, Budget Director Donald Kummerfeld warns that the tax cuts are "the most vulnerable" part of the package. The 1980 projections in the mayor's own budget message show the city slipping back into the red by $368 million—this without anticipating wage hikes for the city's restive unions.

Even this year, we're funding $608-million in day-to-day expenses by borrowing from the unions' pension funds and using numerous once-only revenues (like $80 million from selling the right-of-way for Westway to the feds). The city's real economic deficit is well over $1 billion. This sort of budget-juggling would land private businessmen in jail. Worse still, under this budget, prospects for effective tax reductions in the next few years are about as bleak as the odds on the Dodgers coming home to Ebbets Field.

But there is a way out—to balanced budgets, tax cuts, and the possibility of an economic recovery.

Together with the federal government, the city must find a way to "restructure" the $14-billion debt run up in the past (i.e., lower the interest rates and stretch out payments of principal). The enormous weight of debt service—$2.3 billion a year—eats up almost one third of locally raised tax revenues. State and federal governments, which supply over 45 percent of our total budget, pay almost none of our debt service. Debt service is crushing the city, making it impossible to cut the taxes that are driving squadrons of businesses and middle-class taxpayers into exile.

Since the fiscal crisis broke over our heads, we've laid off 52,000 city workers—policemen, librarians, teachers, and garbagemen. But the debt load has swelled cancerously. Interest costs alone—over $1 *billion*—are now about equal to the city's share of welfare and Medicaid combined. The $400-million increase in interest since 1975 virtually cancels the savings we achieved by all our layoffs. We're strapped into a fiscal straitjacket. Paying tax-free interest at waterfront loan-shark rates, the city can't offer any tax relief to local business.

Yet the goal of the three-year "plan"—restoring New York's credit—is slipping away with our fugitive economy. Money that could be used for tax cuts to keep businesses here goes to our creditors instead. The only way to lighten the load is to convince the federal government to guarantee our debt. To understand why it's in Washington's interest to do so, let's look at what the present municipal-bond structure costs the nation's taxpayers.

Originally designed to enable cities to borrow at easy interest rates, the system of financing through tax-free municipal bonds has become the largest funnel of welfare to America's rich. "Munis," as the bonds are called, provide cozy, lucrative tax shelters—even more attractive now that many cities face higher interest rates. Here's how it works.

The roughly $200 billion in municipal bonds outstanding in the United States deliver about $10 billion a year, free and clear, to their holders. Banks that buttress their portfolios with "munis" often escape with just a smidgen of federal taxes by attributing their earnings to the bonds. Since most private holders of munis are in 50 percent or higher tax brackets, the city-bond loophole probably costs the feds close to $5 billion a year in taxes. But the saving in interest costs for cities is far less.

This jerry-built financial monster is due for an overhaul, which President Carter's tax-reform proposals will surely attempt. It won't be easy. Proposals to replace munis with taxable bonds will run head-on into entrenched, passionate resistance from those who shelter their earnings under this tax-free umbrella. But rich people have battened long enough on this loophole; it should be pulled shut.

What about cities, like Houston, that can now float their tax-free bonds at less than 5 percent? Clearly, taxable

Howard Samuels, former undersecretary of commerce and candidate for governor, is presently executive-committee chairman for the Mario Cuomo mayoralty campaign.

Illustrated by Steven Guarnaccia

bonds would require higher interest to draw investors. The solution is to make it a requirement that the feds return most of the revenues saved by eliminating munis to the cities as revenue sharing.

Obviously, replacing munis with taxable bonds would return a huge windfall to the federal treasury. But the reform could also yield crucial relief to New York and other credit-starved cities as well—provided that the new law offered the potential of federal guarantees to make our bonds more marketable.

The impact on New York's finances would be enormous. As it is, the $1-billion in interest the city pays each year to bondholders shelters nearly $500 million from the IRS. But if part of New York's $14 billion in notes could be exchanged for 30-year 7.5 percent federally guaranteed paper, our annual debt burden would drop by at least $1 billion. If Washington returned, say, half of the formerly sheltered revenue to the city, our debt outlay would be less than half of the amount that we're paying now. This is precisely the kind of long-term relief we need. It would give us a shot at balanced budgets for years running. At a substantial *net gain* to the nation's taxpayers, New York would be receiving more effective help than welfare reform and National Health Insurance could give us.

There is a catch. Federal guarantees of any city's debt would surely be accompanied by strict supervision of municipal spending. Otherwise, the feds could find themselves underwriting waste. But federal watchdogs wouldn't do New York City any harm. Even after two years of cutbacks, city government is still aswarm with high-paying, near-useless desk jobs. Imposed austerity might finally make it possible to dump some of these politically untouchable bureaucrats and programs.

This may all sound a bit complex. Exchanging our usurious debt for federally guaranteed bonds would require an act of Congress. So did the intricate, delicate fixes that masterful Felix Rohatyn has crafted since 1975. Compared to those manipulations, the reform I've proposed is ticktacktoe. It would also be the cheapest and most effective way for the new administration to give New York an economic boost. It wouldn't be charity; it wouldn't solve the city's problems. But easing the debt burden would give us the fiscal breathing room we need to keep our entire city from becoming an economic wasteland like the South Bronx. ▬

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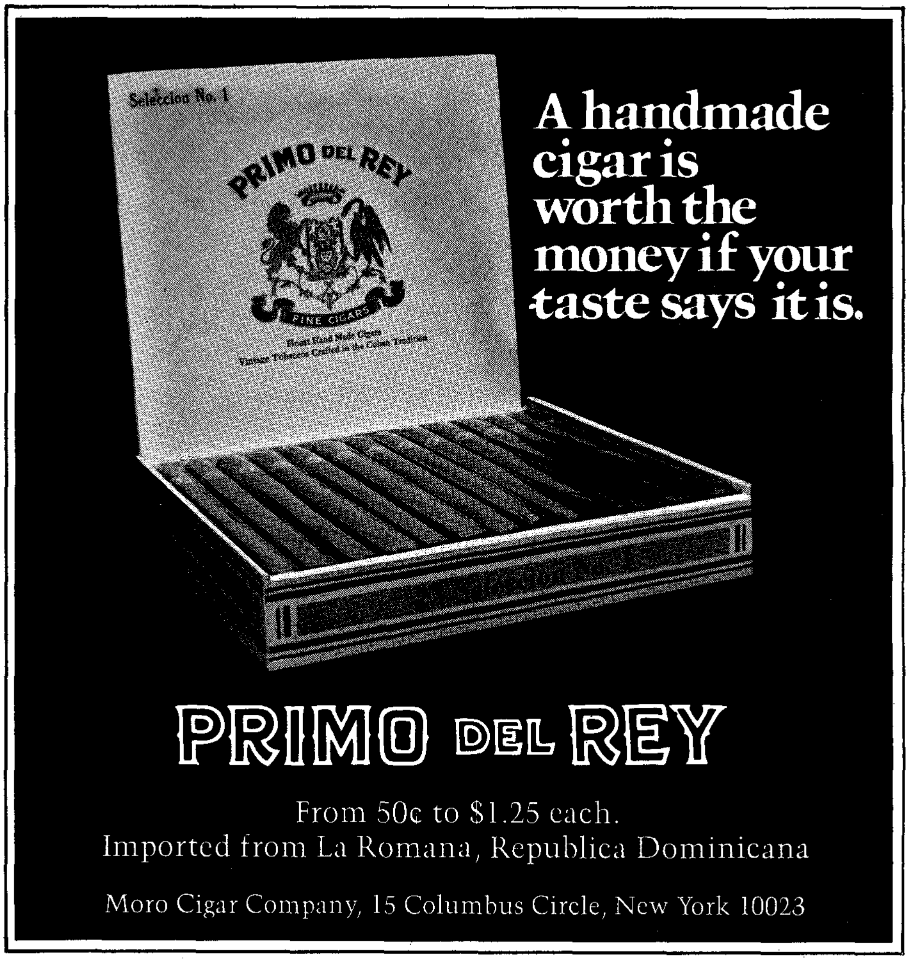

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The Bottom Line/Dan Dorfman

THE 30-CENT SOLUTION TO THE ENERGY CRISIS

Scare Talk

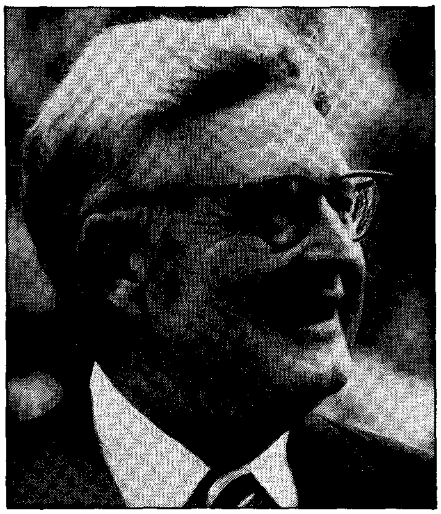
All right, there've been a lot of dollar figures bandied about as to what it would cost to resolve the country's energy woes. But let's say auto drivers had to bear the brunt of it—a solution privately advocated by some oil people. How much more would it cost at the gas pump?

I put that question last week to John E. Swearingen, the portly and outspoken 58-year-old chief executive of Standard Oil of Indiana (assets: $11.2-billion). Seated behind a massive desk befitting his proportions in Standard Indiana's executive offices in Chicago, Swearingen leaned forward, did a bit of pencil-pushing, and came up with a fat figure: an extra 30 cents a gallon.

Obviously, there'd be an uproar against any plan advocating a 30-cent-a-gallon hike. And Swearingen admits it's very unlikely it would happen. Then why, you might ask, even discuss it? For one thing, some savvy people I know think an increase of this proportion—as repugnant as it may seem—is one of the few practical ways to solve the energy problem. Further, some analysts believe a rise to around $1 a gallon is merely a matter of time, as many alternative energy-producing efforts either prove fruitless or get bogged down in a morass of congressional red tape. It's also worth noting that Swearingen, often an industry spokesman, regards a 30-cent-a-gallon increase as a sound step toward alleviating the energy shortage. Such an increase, he told me, would lead to a tremendous step-up in drilling activity in the United States, spark major efforts to build oil-shale plants, and result in widespread installation of facilities to extract oil from known U.S. oil fields (and also, of course, produce much fatter industry profits).

Swearingen argues that a price increase of 30 cents a gallon is not going to ruin the average person in this country. "People are paying higher oil and gas prices in Europe and you're not seeing any revolutions there." (Gas in Europe averages $1.60 a gallon for the major brands, versus an average U.S. price of 63 cents a gallon.)

I noted that an extra 30 cents a gallon would clearly be a hardship on the poor people in this country. Responded Swearingen (who was paid $512,500 last year): "I'm sympathetic to poor people. But, for heaven's sake, let's not ruin our future to take care of a relatively few people when we can handle the [energy] program in another way." Swearingen had another provocative thought on the subject: "What is a man on relief doing owning an automobile? Let's not let our sympathies run away with us."


Swearingen: *No autos for people on relief?*

As for Carter's energy plan, Swearingen rates it a disaster. "It's very one-sided; no way it can succeed," he says. "Carter wants to conserve oil, but he's doing nothing to increase supplies."

Swearingen suggested the immediate exploration of the major U.S. offshore areas. "We're playing in the world's biggest poker game, and we're not looking at the hole card," he says. "And you can look at them all [the offshore areas] for $1 billion." His $1-billion estimate is based on the cost of exploring 100 wells at $10 million apiece.

Swearingen pitched for decontrol of oil prices throughout the 90-minute interview. And he argued his case with a lot of scare talk, such as the possibility that giant oil producer Saudi Arabia would curtail production because of the inability of many countries to meet their debt obligations—leading to a world shortage of oil. "We're living under a dam that has a crack in it," he declared, "and if we don't repair it, it's going to burst."

On another matter, Swearingen said he was disappointed at the slowness of economic activity. "I think there's another storm blowing," he said, voicing concern over trends in unemployment, capital spending, and inflation. His bleak scenario—though he never gave a specific timetable—calls for a recession with continued rapid inflation.

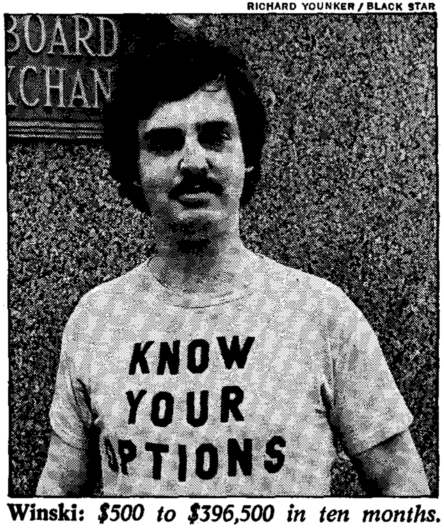
And what about Standard Indiana? "I think it's going to be a good year," Swearingen told me, though noting that the company continues to suffer (as in the first quarter) from its inability to fully recover the higher costs of imported crude oil.

Astrological Heyday

Confused by the stock market's erratic behavior and all those conflicting bullish and bearish pronouncements from Wall Street? Me too. So, for a change of pace, I sought the future direction of stock prices from a more unusual market prognosticator—the stars. Well, if you believe in planetary readings, or if you're simply looking for a bit of sunshine in a dismal market environment, I've got some marvelous news for you. The stars say a major bull market will begin within a month.

I picked up this cheerful news in Chicago last week from 26-year-old Norman H. Winski, an astrology buff and a market-maker on the floor of the Chicago Board Options Exchange. Winski, it should be clearly stated at the outset, is hardly your normal analyst. In fact, some fellows at the CBOE think he's "flaky," also "a bit of a kook." They point out, for example, that he's rarely on time for anything and that he frequently doesn't show up for appointments (he tells me he simply forgets them). And then there's his breakup with his roommate, Nancy, solely be-

RICHARD YOUNKER / BLACK STAR



Winski: *$500 to $396,500 in ten months.*

cause "our charts are not compatible." (He's an Aquarius, and she's a Scorpio.)

Nevertheless, Winski's beliefs are worth airing. For starters, he tells me he has accurately predicted the up and down movements in stock prices on at least ten different occasions since he began trading options on the floor of the CBOE on May 19, 1975. And his uncanny forecasting ability has enabled him to compile the kind of record that investment dreams are all about. At the outset, though, in 1975 and early 1976, Winski ran into tough times—despite his forecasting skills—because of his inexperience in trading options. An initial trading capital of $15,000 became $60,000 in August of 1975, but then it was whittled to just $500 in February of 1976. It was then, says Winski, that he learned how to trade. He obviously learned well. By the end of 1976, he had run that $500 into an incredible full-year's profit of $396,000. And thus far in 1977, he's ahead another $100,000.

There's no great mystery to it, Winski told me. Sporting his favorite KNOW YOUR OPTIONS T-shirt, he said all he's doing is determining angular relationships between the planets and then correlating planetary cycles with stock-market cycles. It's simply deriving findings from classical astrology, he says, which dates back 5,000 years. Winski goofed a few times, but he tells me: "I've now got it down to a science . . . and my charts tell me I'll be successful until 1981."

Winski, an Indiana State University graduate with a degree in finance, says his latest studies of a multitude of planetary cycles show that the Dow Jones industrials should bottom out at about the 895 level in late June. And after that—great news. He sees the DJI shooting up a rousing 19 percent by mid-October to a new high of around 1,060. The market leaders, according to his readings: office equipment, transportation, and communications. Following the sharp advance, the market, says Winski, should pause for about four or five months. And then starting in February or March of 1978—more good news. He predicts the DJI will resume its upward trend to about 1,125 to 1,150 by June of that year.

Winski, whose family includes several millionaires in the scrap business, says his studies also show that commodity prices will peak the third or fourth week in June; also, that inflation will top out in the same month. Alas, there's a bit of sad news for Jimmy Carter fans. Winski says the president will not be reelected—that he peaked at election time . . . "and now it's downhill all the way."

(Continued on page 16)

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Nonstop return jets include the only morning arrival at LaGuardia from Richmond, the only evening service to Newark and a convenient mid-day flight to LaGuardia.

Also new nonstop jet to Bristol/Kingsport/Johnson City, Tenn. Leave LaGuardia 8:00 pm, arrive 9:33 pm nonstop. Also morning and evening direct jets from LaGuardia and direct afternoon service from Newark. New nonstop return service to LaGuardia at 9:27 am.

Major credit cards accepted, too. See your travel agent or call Piedmont Airlines in New York, 489-1460; in Newark, 624-8311.

JET PIEDMONT

Piedmont flies where America happens.

Fund Game for Dirks

Guess who's going into the mutual-fund business? Your old friend and mine, Ray Dirks, the chubby and well-publicized insurance analyst who blew the whistle on the Equity Funding scandal in April of 1973. Dirks, 43, who runs his own research team at the brokerage firm of John Muir & Company, told me he expects to file a registration statement with the SEC within the next 60 days, covering the proposed offering of the Ray Dirks Research Fund. Its focus will be small- and medium-size companies with low price-earnings multiples. "We'll be playing the Graham-Dodd theory—value," explained Dirks, who said the fund will seek to raise an initial capital of $15 million. What about the SEC, which has administrative proceedings going against Dirks, alleging misuse of inside information in connection with his Equity Funding revelations? Dirks, who made over $200,000 last year as a broker-analyst, isn't worried. "It's been over four years, and the SEC still hasn't proved its case," he says. Dirks quips that the SEC can rest easy in the knowledge that his fund—which he expects to be in business before year-end—will be based purely on analysis, not inside information.

Spending Charades

What kind of credence would you give to a survey that's been wrong the last eleven years in a row? If you're about to say "very little"—don't. The survey in question is the well-publicized annual McGraw-Hill poll on capital-spending outlays. And its most recent survey—which predicted a hefty 18 percent increase in capital spending in 1977—led to sharp advances in the marketplace in a number of capital-related companies. In a commentary ridiculing the findings, Alan Greenspan, former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, points out that McGraw-Hill has overestimated capital-spending outlays every year since 1966, with its overestimation ranging from 1.5 percent to 6.3 percent. And in each of the past four years, Greenspan says, the survey has been excessively high by an average 5.7 percent. Greenspan thinks the same will hold true in 1977 and that the real rise will run closer to 13 percent. How many billions of dollars have been invested by Wall Street on McGraw-Hill's misinformation (which is a reflection of business's excessive optimism) is anybody's guess. But then, the price is right. The survey only costs $10. ■

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

May 31 thru June 7

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Friday, June 3

TEARS IDLE TEARS

Clara Calamai stars in **Ossessione,** Luchino Visconti's 1942 film, based on the James Cain novel, *The Postman Always Rings Twice,* and now seen in its American premiere at the D.W. Griffith Theater, 59th Street between Second and Third Avenues in Manhattan (759-4630).

THE MOVIES

Ankur–Shyam Benegal wrote and directed this Indian film set in a village background in Hyderabad, and Shabana Azmi is the star. Bombay Cinema.

Annie Hall–Woody Allen's latest is painful in three ways: as unfunny comedy, poor moviemaking, and embarrassing self-revelation. The jokes are tired and can often be seen dragging their feet toward us a mile off. Diane Keaton's scandalous performance consists of a dithering, blithering, neurotic coming apart at the seams, in this on-again, off-again love affair of a schlemiel and a meshugenah. Little Carnegie; 34th St E.; Loews Triplex; Trans-Lux 85th; Greenwich; Fine Arts.

Between the Lines–Joan Micklin Silver's film, about the takeover of a Boston underground weekly by an establishment newspaper tycoon, is meant to be a tale of deradicalization; how a group of idealistic, journalistic kids decline into indifference. But, like *Hester Street* (her first film), it lacks a point of view. We feel neither a sense of loss for nor do we laugh at these kids: only the casting (John Heard and Jill Eikenberry) is excellent. Sutton.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or white, French or German, courageous or cowardly, human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. Paris.

Black Sunday–John Frankenheimer's latest is a sound commercial film, the basic stuff of cinema, and an oasis in the current American movie output. As the Israeli mastermind of an assassination attempt, the lately often irresponsible Robert Shaw gives a genuinely affecting performance, and there is very solid work from other actors as well, notably the craggily dependable Fritz Weaver, the pervasively slimy Michael V. Gazzo, and the ominously controlled Walter Gotell. Loews State I; Loews Tower East; Loews Triplex.

Bound for Glory–David Carradine portrays Woody Guthrie in an autobiographical film about the legendary folksinger. It deals mostly with the Depression, the Dust Bowl, and the desperate people traveling to California where new horrors await them. Seeing this film, directed by Hal Ashby, is the nearest thing to leafing through the album of a great photographer (Haskell Wexler). 6/1-7, Olympia.

A Boy and His Dog–A piece of science fiction of the dog-eat-dog, world-after-the-holocaust variety; it manages to be derivative, preposterous, and mildly revolting until the very end, at which point it becomes original, preposterous, and rather more revolting. From 6/1, 8th St Cinema.

The Car–A driver-less car, heralded by a strange wind, terrorizes the inhabitants of a sleepy Southwestern town, as it plows into men, women and children. Directed by Elliot Silverstein, with James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd, John Marley. National; 86th St East; Murray Hill.

Cousin Angelica–Carlos Saura's film, made from the point of view of those who lost the Spanish Civil War, about a middle-aged man who returns to the Castillian town where he grew up. There he relives his past, the outbreak of the Civil War, and his childhood flirtation with his beautiful young cousin. Thru 6/2, D.W. Griffith.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photography and catchy music. 68th St Plyhse.

Cria–Geraldine Chaplin stars in Carlos Saura's film of a child that believes she holds in her hands the power of life and death over those who surround her. Ana Torrent is the 9-year-old who is the vehicle used to tell this story. Plaza.

Day of the Animals–All about the weakening of the earth's protective ozone layer by the gases of aerosol sprays, into terrifying possible future headlines. With Christopher George, Leslie Nielsen, Michael Ansara, and Ruth Roman. Loews State II; RKO 8th I; Eastside.

Day for Night–François Truffaut at his far-from-best, but not at his worst, either. The inside story of the making of an international movie, chiefly interesting as a filmed gossip column and an invitation to wax sentimental about the movies. Still, Truffaut's erratic brilliance comes through sporadically, and there is one magisterial performance by Valentina Cortise, and one abyssimal one by Jean Pierre Leaud. 6/3, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Domino Principle–Very little need or can be said about Stanley Kramer's latest. Terrible movies tend to start with a preposterous premise and then laboriously work their way to an impossible conclusion. This one starts with an arrant impossibility and works its way to whatever lies beyond and below that. However, Richard Widmark is a joy to watch; even when he is doing nothing, as here, he exudes credibility, authenticity, flesh-and-blood presence. From 6/1, Playboy.

Equinox Flower–Yasujiro Ozu's film about father-and-daughter relationships in modern Japan. Cinema Studio.

Fellini's Casanova–This film which lasts over two-and-a-half hours may well be the most ponderous specimen of imaginative vacuity ever devised. Particularly offensive and depressing is that Fellini has taken a fascinating protagonist and very rich story only to make them as hollow and aimless as he himself must have become. From 6/8, Quad.

42nd Street–The basic Cinderella-theater story, wherein Warner Baxter tells Ruby Keeler, "You're going out a chorus girl, but you're coming back a STAR." The first of the Busby Berkeley classics, this one turned around the fortunes of the Hollywood musical and there isn't a moment that doesn't show why. 6/5, Bleeker St Cinema.

The Front–Martin Ritt's film is all facade, posturing, cliches, and cutenesses; it might as well have been made by people whose information about McCarthyism came from a couple of magazine articles, and whose knowledge of human beings from Earl Wilson's column. Even at that, the film may owe its existence to the fact that it deals with blacklisting on television only, and does not foul its own nest, however prefouled that may be. Thru 5/31, Olympia.

Fun with Dick and Jane–Even if the film were a good deal worse it would still deserve to be seen for the greatly gifted Jane Fonda who is the only all-purpose actress we've got in Hollywood today. She is by far the most irresistibly smart-alecky wife since Myrna Loy in the *Thin Man* series. Theme concerns a couple, living beyong their means, who turn to a life of genteel crime. Thru 5/31, Gramercy; E. 59th St; Olympia; thru 6/7, Quad.

THE GREATEST SPOUSE

Annazette Chase stars as Belinda Ali, wife of heavyweight boxing champion Muhammad Ali, in **The Greatest,** a screen biography of the colorful champ himself, together with Ernest Borgnine, John Marley, and Lloyd Haynes. Directed by the late Tom Gries from a screenplay by Ring Lardner, Jr. Loews Cine; Loews Triplex; Waverly.

Jabberwocky–A film by and with some of the Monty Python crew. If you can laugh at this, you can laugh at anything and might as well stay home working up great guffaws over the spots in your kitchen sink. Cinema I.

The Late Show–If you like latter-day variations on the private-eye movie—variations that consist chiefly of tongue-in-cheek deflations of the genre—you may find this film just your thing. Though its plotting is rudimentary and its illogic gigantic, it has oodles of atmosphere and a likeable way of not taking itself too seriously. Lily Tomlin is totally winning. Quad; thru 5/31, St Marks Cinema.

Logan's Run–Jenny Agutter and Michael York co-star in one of those world-after-the-holocaust bits of futuristic wool-gathering, directed by Michael Anderson. Gifted and winning performers, they overcome deadly preposterousnesses almost as easily as mortal dangers. There is creditable supporting work from Richard Jordan, and a bit of genius from Peter Ustinov. 6/8,9, Cinema Village.

Lovers Like Us–Catherine Deneuve, Yves Montand, Tony Roberts, and Dana Wynter in a comedy about romantics pursuing each other across the streets of Caracas, and through the jungles of Venezuela in an effort to retrieve a stolen art treasure. Directed by Jean-Paul Rappenau. Columbia I.

Man on the Roof–A civilized, understated thriller, of a kind that is all too rare these days. Bo Widerberg's film is made with a wary intelligence all the way, showing that however spectacular police work can get, it is seldom if ever romantic. This is no bogus epic, nor is it a lurid ominous *film noir.* If anything, it is a *film gris.* The scene is set in Stockholm, and the cinematography by Odd Geir Saether is just right. Cinema III.

The Man Who Fell To Earth–Like all Nicolas Roeg's *(Walkabout, Performance, Don't Look Now)* films, this one is the blowing up of something simpleminded to bloated dimensions. Based on a sci-fi novel by Walter Tevis, Roeg reuses all his old tricks, notably the oldest; casting a pop star with androgynous, unisex appeal in the lead—this time, David Bowie, who comes across as an expressionless zombie. There is some interracial nudity, fantastic gadgetry, and opulent interior decoration. What is most on display is Roeg's third-rate sensibility desperately aspiring to the second-rate. From 6/1, 8th St Cinema; from 6/8, Cinema Village.

Nasty Habits–A nasty little piece of goods over which it would be kindest to pass in silence, if only it deserved kindness. What we have here is a "satire" on Watergate told in terms of a nunnery with monastic equivalents for most of the principals in that fiasco. The language is rowdy throughout, the goings-on licentious or sacrilegious, and convent life is turned into an ugly, unfunny travesty. Thru 5/31, Cinema II.

Network–Sidney Lumet's latest film is a further lap in Paddy Chayefsky's, the scenarist's, fascinating race against decrepitude and impotence. But Lumet continues to improve as a director, and the acting, by William Holden, Robert Duvall, Peter Finch, Faye Dunaway, Beatrice Straight, is impressive. From 6/1, Gramercy.

Rocky–This is a pugnacious, charming, grimy, beautiful fairy tale—a small pearl of realism formed around a grain of story-book impossibility. An obscure Philadelphia boxer gets a crack at the heavyweight championship, and what distinguishes this tale from so many other boxing tales is the precision with which the locales, the background activities, and the talk are evoked. It's an uppercut to the devil's jaw and an upper for the viewer's spirits. Directed by John Avildsen. Embassy 46th; 72nd St E.

The Romantic Englishwoman–Joseph Losey has directed a film in which he latches onto the prestigious playwright, Tom Stoppard, as collaborator, and one hopes the latter's contribution was no more than an occasional highlight of the otherwise glossless dialogue. The casting is senseless; Glenda Jackson generally looks and sounds like a washerman; Michael Caine's once genuinely cocky charm has worn precariously thin; Beatrice Romand is wasted on a small role. 5/31, Cinema Village.

Rooster Cogburn–A sentimental journey into nausea, this film, a sequel to *True Grit,* presents John Wayne and Kathrine Hepburn, carefully surrounded by actors who cannot, or were forbidden to, act, and, out of special deference to the latter, not a single noticeable actress. Their performances, as Rooster and a fearless New England schoolmarm, consists of caricaturing themselves as outrageously as possible Thru 5/31, Playboy.

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution–Nicol Williamson is a self-indulgent sensualist and social upstart rather than the ascetic, upper-class Sherlock Holmes in this film, wherein Freud (Alan Arkin) tries to analyze and cure the cocaine-besotted dick, and the two men collaborate in a bit of crime detection. Thru 5/31, Playboy.

Slap Shot–An amusing movie as long as you don't look at it very closely, and forget it as fast as you can. George Roy Hill's film about the ice-hockey scene has no point of view or even consistency of style. It fluctuates between realism and absurdism, cynical casualness and manic exaggeration, moral indignation and total indifference. Victoria.

Smokey and the Bandit–Hal Needham's new film about a trucker-hero who sets out for Texas to pick up 400 cases of beer and return within 28 hours to Atlanta. With Burt Reynolds, Jackie Gleason, Sally Field, and Jerry Reed. Radio City Music Hall.

Something for Everyone–Harold Prince's only venture into film directing so far, according to Prince butchered by the studio. Based on a peculiar novel, *The Cook,* the film is queerer yet, with a murky absurdist plot, pretentious symbolism, grossly exaggerated performances, and lots of nice Austrian scenery going to waste. Recommended to campy audiences and collectors of the world's worst films. 6/5,6, Cinema Village.

The Song Remains the Same–A record of the Led Zeppelin's 1973 Madison Square Garden performances, directed by Peter Clifton and Joe Massot. Film examines four rock musicians: Jimmy Page, Robert Plant, John Paul Jones, and John Bonham. From 6/8, Quad.

Star Wars–A tale of heroes and villains telling of the romance of a naive boy and a spirited princess in a galaxy thousands of light-years from earth. With Alec Guinness, Peter Cushing, Mark Hammill, Carrie Fisher. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum.

The Sting–Although George Roy Hill's film about little gangsters fleecing a supergangster does not hold water, it steadily holds the interest. There is a breezy facility here that carries us over the glaring loopholes, and the spirited cast headed by Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and Robert Shaw entertains us royally, however slick and slender their material may be. There is also a captivating score based on Scott Joplin rags, and a decent period look appealingly photographed. Good, mindless fun. Baronet; Guild; Forum.

Three Women–This is Robert Altman's third dream film, and, like *Images* and *Brewster McCloud,* alternates uneasily between not very real reality and not particularly imaginative fantasy. A very superficial girl and an almost blank young woman keep exchanging personalities, and finally absorb a third, even more nebulous older woman, into a peculiar menage. The minor characters are even more shadowy, and the plot lacks credibility as a human document, and resonance as a dream. Excellent performances by Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek; competent cinematography by Chuck Rosher, absurd paintings and music by Bodhi Wind and Gerald Busby, respectively. Thru 6/7, Coronet.

Welcome to L.A.–About a lot of people in Los Angeles fornicating, which, even if it were well done would be dull, but in this case it is not well done. Banal writing, terrible tunes with worse lyrics. Direction by Alan Rudolph is as minimal as his script; offensively arty photography; submerged performances; some of them not enough. Art; Embassy 72nd.

Excerpted from John Simon's reviews

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Anthology Film Archives–80 Wooster St (226-0010). A Rossellini Retrospective. 6/1, 7 & 9 p.m. *Francesco, Guillare di Dio.* 6/2, 7 & 9. *La Prise du Pouvoir par Louis XIV.* 6/3, 7 & 9, *Socrates.* 6/4, 7 & 9:30, *Blaise Pascal.* 6/7, 7 & 9:30, *Augustine of Hippo.* 6/8, 7 & 9:30, *The Age of the Medici, Pt.I.* 6/9, 7 & 9:30, *Age of the Medici, Pt.II.* 6/10, 7 & 9:30, *Age of the Medici, Pt.III.* $2. Single ticket $10 for the whole series.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Welcome to L.A.*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). *The Sting.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *We All Love Each Other So Much.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 5/31, *Long Pants; The Navigator* and Keaton Shorts. 6/1, 2, *W.R. Mysteries of the Organism; Sweet Movie.* 6/3, *And Now for Something Completely Different; Phantom of Liberty.* 6/4, *The Boyfriend; And Now for Something Completely Different.* 6/5, *The Boyfriend; 42nd Street.* 6/6, *God Wills It So; Du Bout de Levres.* 6/7, *A Film About a Woman Who. . .;* Keaton films. 6/8, *The Red and the Black; Sandra.* 6/9, *A Man and a Woman; The Red and the Black.*

Bombay, 57th nr Bdway (581-4740). *Ankur.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 5/31, *Lancelot du Lac; The Rise of Louis XIV.* 6/1, *The Jazz Singer; Yankee Doodle Dandy.* 6/2, *La Petite Marchande d'Allumettes; A Day in the Country; Picnic on the Grass.* 6/3, *8½; Day for Night.* 6/4, *Rebecca; Notorious.* 6/5, *The Private Life of Henry VIII; Mary of Scotland* (Katherine Hepburn). 6/6, *Red River; The Big Sky.* 6/7, *The Red and the Black; The Red Inn.* 6/8, *Stage Door; Morning Glory.* 6/9, *La Chinoise; My Life To Live.* 6/10, *Marat/Sade; The Birthday Party.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). Thru 6/8, *Jabberwocky.* From 6/9, *Fire Sale*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). Thru 5/31, *Nasty Habits.* From 6/1, a Harold Lloyd film festival. 6/1-4, *The Freshman.* 6/5-7, *Speedy.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza Hotel (752-5959). *Man on the Roof.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *Equinox Flower.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 5/31, *The Importance of Being Earnest; The Romantic Englishwoman.* 6/1, *Fritz the Cat; Heavy Traffic.* 6/3, 4, *The Yellow Submarine; Three Stooges Follies.* 6/5, 6, *A Very Natural Thing; Something for Everyone.* 6/7, *The Manchurian Candidate; Wild in the Streets.* 6/8,9, *The Man Who Fell to Earth; Logan's Run.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Lovers Like Us.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Cinderella 2000.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). Thru 6/7, *3 Women.* From 6/8, *The Other Side of Midnight.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). Thru 6/16, *The Greatest.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). Thru 6/2, *Cousin Angelica.* From 6/3, *Ossessione* (Visconti).

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *Day of the Animals.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). Thru 5/31, *Casablanca; Play It Again Sam.* From 6/1, *The Man Who Fell to Earth; A Boy and His Dog.*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *The Car.*

Embassy 46th, at Bdway (757-2408). *Rocky.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *Welcome to L.A.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). Thru 5/31, *Fun with Dick and Jane.* From 6/1, *The Savage is Loose.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *Annie Hall.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). Thru 6/5, *The Sting.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 5/31, *Fun With Dick and Jane.* From 6/1, *Network.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *Annie Hall.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *The Thing.*

Jean Renoir Cinema, 2nd Ave at 10th (873-8702). *Tenderness of the Wolves.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). *Annie Hall.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). *The Greatest.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I & II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). I. *Black Sunday.* II. *Day of the Animals.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Black Sunday.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). Listings always tentative here. I. *Annie Hall.* II. *The Greatest.* III. *Black Sunday.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *The Car.*

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). Thru 6/7, *The Car.* From 6/8, *The Other Side of Midnight.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Jailbait.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 5/31, *Fun With Dick and Jane; The Front.* 6/1-7, *Bound for Glory; Lenny.* From 6/8, *Woodstock.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). Thru 5/31, *Godfathers I & II.* From 6/1, to be announced.

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *Black and White in Color.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 5/31, *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution; Rooster Cogburn.* From 6/1, *The Domino Principle.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *Cría!*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. *The Late Show.* II. Thru 6/7, *Fun With Dick and Jane; The Front.* From 6/8, *Fellini Casanova.* III. Thru 6/7, *Woodstock.* From 6/8, *Uncle Vanya.* IV. Thru 6/7, *Cinderella 2000.* From 6/8, *The Song Remains the Same.*

Radio City Music Hall, 50th St & 6th Ave (246-4600). *Smokey and the Bandit.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). 5/31, 6/1, *The Ceremony.* 6/2-4, *Zatoichi at Large; Samurai Rebellion.* 6/5, 6, *An Autumn Afternoon; The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice.* 6/7, 8, *The Bad Sleep Well; Pale Flower.* 6/9-11, *Seven Samurai.*

Rivoli, Bdway at 49th (247-1633). *Cinderella 2000.*

RKO Cinerama I & II, Bdway at 47th (757-5450). I. *Gums.* II. Closed temporarily.

RKO 86th St I & II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). I. *Day of the Animals.* II. To be announced.

St. Marks Cinema–2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 5/31, *The Late Show; Next Stop Greenwich Village.* From 6/1, to be announced.

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). *Rocky.*

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). *Cousin, Cousine.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Between the Lines.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). A Joan Crawford retrospective, thru 6/7. 5/31, *Autumn Leaves; Flamingo Road.* 6/1-4, *Rain; Daisy Kenyon.* 6/5-7, *Possessed; Harriet Craig.* 6/8-14, *West Side Story.*

Theater 80 St Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 5/31, *I Married an Angel; Girl of the Golden West.* 6/1, 2, *The King and I* (Yul Brynner); *Anastasia.* 6/3, 4, *Secret Agent; The Man Who Knew Too Much.* 6/5, 6, *It's a Wonderful Life; Angel on My Shoulder.* 6/7, 8, *You'll Never Get Rich; You Were Never Lovelier.* 6/9-11, *The Trial; Man in the Shadows.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Annie Hall.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Annie Hall.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *Cinderella 2000* (not for kids).

Victoria, 45th & Bdway (354-5636). *Slap Shot.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *The Greatest.* (Every Fri & Sat at midnight, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show.*)

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, May 31

The Importance of Being Earnest–A revival of the Oscar Wilde comedy, directed by Stephen Porter. Previews now prior to a 6/16 opening. Circle in the Square, 1633 Bdway (581-0720).

CURRENT

Agamemnon–Fragments of the Aeschylus classic intrude from time to time to interrupt Andrei Serban's dazzling display of self-indulgent theatrical trickery. If you care about the play, the show is a horror. If you like circuses, go to the circus. Thru 6/19. Vivian Beaumont, 150 W 65th St (787-8080).

American Buffalo–The first substantial American play of the season and worth the wait. David Mamet's brilliant black comedy about worthless wordsmanship and man's inactivity toward man. Gorgeous acting by Robert Duvall, Ken McMillan, and John Savage, directed with hairspring timing by Ulu Grosbard, complete the triumphant picture. Belasco, 111 W 44th (354-4490).

Anna Christie–Eugene O'Neill's seedy whore of a play, redeemed by the skill of a director (Jose Quintero) and a star (Liv Ullmann) who never make the mistake of taking it seriously. Ullmann's Anna is a stupendous creation, in which passion flows through every pore of a body that is, of itself, one of God's masterpieces. To 7/2. Imperial, 249 W 45th (CO 5-2412).

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Against what could have been, however, the show must be reckoned a slick, sloppy cheat. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel–The first in David Rabe's "trilogy" about GIs in Vietnam, this 1971 play lacks the tautness of the later *Sticks and Bones* and *Streamers*, but the power at its core remains intact. That power is harrowingly realized in Al Pacino's searing portrayal of the name role, and in David Wheeler's excellent direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed & Sat mat at 2 p.m. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the likes of Avon Long and Josephine Premice. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

California Suite–Sleazily written, shoddily constructed, and without even a scintilla of Neil Simon's usual slick adroitness with a gag line, this grab bag of skits about life in a Los Angeles hotel suggests that California life may have scrambled Mr. Simon's brains. Gene Saks's direction draws a few moments of bovine humor from Jack Weston, but Tammy Grimes and Marge Redmond look as foolish as they are made to sound. Mon thru Sat at 8; Sat, Sun, Wed mat at 2. Eugene O'Neill, 230 W 49th (246-0220).

Chicago–A music vaudeville, with book by Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse, based on the 1926 melodrama about a Chicago murderess. Music by John Kander. There is fun here, and like any spectacle that carries the Fosse signature, it demands to be seen. *(J.S.)* Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W44 (246-5990).

Dirty Linen & New-Found-Land–Tom Stoppard's interlinked playlets, both set in a Parliamentary committee room, elevate the fine old art of farce-writing to a high intellectual level. The joke-spinning is murderously, achingly funny, no less so for the intricacy and the dazzling literacy of Stoppard's word-gaming. If you feel certain pains on leaving the theater, that's your laughing muscles being reactivated after a long, dismal season of rest. Ed Berman directs, and the cast is fully the equal of its London counterpart. Mon thru Sat at 8; Wed mat at 2. Golden Theater, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Equus–Peter Shaffer's play which is structured around a valid premise, an exploration into the tortured mind of a boy who suddenly goes beserk and blinds a stableful of horses. But the play is ruined by Shaffer's concept of the psychiatrist, who is forced constantly into tedious (and, to an intelligent auditor, insulting) sermons on what it all means to him. With Anthony Perkins and Ralph Seymour. Mon thru Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2 p.m. Helen Hayes, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling theatrical experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

Godspell–Although it may have been overpraised when new (thanks to *J.C. Superstar's* also having been around), the artless joy of this retelling of the Passion through the eyes of flower-children, the romping inventiveness of its appealing cast, and the vitality of most (if not all) of Stephen Schwartz's music still make this one of the loveliest things in town. The move to Broadway has been well managed, and you're still invited onstage for wine at intermission. Ambassador, 215 W 49th (265-1855).

Grease–An amusing, ridiculous 50s rock 'n' roll musical exploring the myth created by the mass media of what teen-age life was like in the 50s. Excellent choreography by Patricia Birch. Book, music & lyrics: Jacobs & Casey. Directed by Tom Moore. *(J.S.)* Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

Happy End–The saving grace is the stupendous score that Kurt Weill fashioned for Bert Brecht's 1929 satire about guys and dolls in gangland Chicago. But Michael Feingold's decent translation (well performed at Yale a few seasons back) has been gussied up with dumb new gags pasted on by director-adaptor Robert Kalfin, who, furthermore, stages the whole thing as a Keystone-Kop burlesque. The error of this revival is epitomized as Meryl Streep chirps her way through "Surabaya Jonny," possibly the most haunting song ever composed for theater. Martin Beck, 302 W 45 (246-6363).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, with words (Michael Stewart) from old sit-com discards, music (Cy Coleman) that is mostly plasticized ricky-tick, and acting (Lenny Baker, et al) that would make Bugs Bunny cringe. A show, in other words, that achieves the impossible: to make life in New Jersey even worse than it is. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–Fuzzy, slovenly revival of a show that isn't as good as it used to be, and probably never was. Yul Brynner is the star, but he has aged since 1951 and it shows; surrounding him is a cast of nobody in particular, including Constance Towers as a dull Anna and some children who merely make faces. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

Lily Tomlin in Appearing Nitely–A one-woman show with a cast of thousands, all of them crazy, and all beautifully observed. To dub Ms. Tomlin a "comic" is only to reveal the paucity of language; her impersonations are wildly comic, but also harrowingly real and often agonizingly poignant. An actress capable of such insight knows no horizons. Mon thru Thurs at 8; Fri & Sat at 7 & 10. Thru 6/10, Biltmore, 261 W 47th (582-5340).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2; Sun at 5 p.m. For the last time 6/5. Next week, Tues thru Sat at 7:30; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Mat Wed at 2 p.m. Wed at 2 & 8. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic armor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is, at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. As the hero, a man on his way to becoming a robot, Tom Courtenay may be a little *too* charming, but his way with the language is indeed elegant. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Pippin–The most beautifully gotten up musical ever to surround a near-vacuum, the "vacuum" being Roger O. Hirson's empty and pretentious book about Charlemagne's son. The "near" is Stephen Schwartz's music and lyrics, with an awkward, amateurish charm, but at least they have a somewhat medieval feel. Bob Fosse's only flaw is an excess of inventiveness. *(J.S.)* Tues, Wed & Sat at 8 p.m. Mat Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3 p.m. Minskoff, 45th W of Bdway (869-0550).

Same Time, Next Year–Sandy Dennis and Don Murray in a romantic comedy by Bernard Slade about an annual rendezvous that lasts for 25 years involving a pair who are married, but not to each other. A two-character play similar in theme to *Avanti*, and in quality to *The Voice of the Turtle*, it is genuinely funny, often moving and perspicacious. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. *(J.S.)* Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play is set among terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving play, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb

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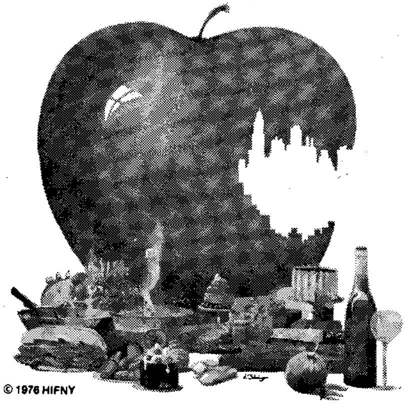

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Snap Decisions

Carl Marraccino is trying to take the terror out of having your hair restyled—through the wonders of Polaroid. First the "artist" takes a Polaroid photo, which he translates into a sketch. Then the "hair designer" analyzes the client's hair and talks to her about her lifestyle. She goes off to have her hair washed while artist and hair designer sketch a batch of new hairstyles for her on transparent overlays. The client looks at the overlays on the sketch of her face, makes her decision, and only then is her hair cut. The whole process costs $33. —**Priscilla Tucker**

CARL MARRACCINO/*110 East 56th Street/758-1288*

MARRACCINO
HAIR DESIGN

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nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Shenandoah–A musical by James Lee Barrett, P. Rose, P. Udell, and Gary Geld; directed by Philip Rose; stars William Chapman. It takes no Civil War expert to know that this foolish hyperanachronism has about as much to do with history as with wit, tunefulness, or basic intelligence. The book goes from nowhere to nowhere, unless commuting between jolly homespun philosphy and arrant tearjerking constitutes an itinerary. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. *(J.S.)* Mark Hellinger, 237 W 51st (757-7064).

Side by Side by Sondheim–With skill and charm measurable in googols, three stupendously gifted Britishers (Millicent Martin, Julie N. McKenzie, and David Kernan) have come all the way from London to remind us of the words-and-music genius of Stephen Sondheim. Their reminder is nothing more than a long, generous song recital, but it all turns into an inspired, implied drama of sheer delight. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Larry Gelbart has misread a certain famous tombstone as "O Rape Ben Jonson," and has done just that in this gross, gaggy rewrite of *Volpone*. Arthur Penn's direction is a luckless try at creating a Jacobean *Hellzapoppin'*. Robert Preston is the Fox himself, without benefit of trombones. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

The Wiz–New musical version of the *Wizard of Oz* with an all-black cast; by William F. Brown and Charlie Smalls; directed by Geoffrey Holder. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. If you already know Oz, from the Baum books and the Garland movie, you're ahead of the game. *J.S.)* Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Tues thru Sun at 8; mat Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

CURRENT

Arms and the Man–Shaw's play, directed by Kirt Alexander. Thurs thru Sat at 8. Thru 6/25. $2.50. NYC Rep Co, 437 W 46th (JU6-3700).

Ashes–David Rudkin's play begins as a witty, low-key piece about a couple struggling to have a baby; gradually, and inexorably, the scope widens to embrace a wide range of brilliant disturbing thoughts about life itself. The play (by a Britisher hitherto unknown here) is something close to wonderful, as is the performance by a four-member cast directed by Lynne Meadow. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

A Barbershop in Pittsburgh–Jasper Oddo's new American drama about an immigrant Italian family in depression-hit Pennsylvania; directed by Gary Robertson. Produced by Stage Maximu. 6/10, 11, 12, 13, 16, 17, 18, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26, at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30. $2.50. The Changing Space, 120 W 28th (582-4240).

Between the Wars–Wilford Leach's new work-in-progress derived from the stories of the Brothers Grimm. 6/2-26, Thurs thru Sat at 7:45. $2.50. LaMama ETC, 74 E 4th St (475-7710).

MY KINGDOM FOR A HORSE

Seth Allen has the title role in Albert Camus's **Caligula.** Tom O'Horgan has directed and composed the musical score. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30, with a Sunday matinee at 3 p.m. Tickets are $6. La Mama ETC, 66 East 4th Street (475-7710).

Carol in Winter Sunlight–Arthur Sainer's play, directed by Crystal Field, with a score by George Prideaux. Thru 6/5. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theater for the New City, 113 Jane St (691-2220).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villainy toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this rather special show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Danton's Death–Georg Buechner's classic about the French Revolution. Thru 6/11, Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. $2.50. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

Dear Liar–A comedy based on the tempestuous romance of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Written and directed by Jerome Kilty. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m.; Wed, Sat, Sun mat at 2. Thru 6/12. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23 St (924-7160).

A FEARFUL TALENT

Mary Bozeman stars in **Desmond** and **Sim** as Franz Kafka's ape in the first one, and as William Osborn's lady undertaker in the second. William Osborn directs. June 4, 5, 11, 12, 18, 19, 25, 26, at 8 p.m. and tickets are $4. Venture Theater, 230½ 8th Avenue (924-4791).

Double Bill–August Strindberg's *Miss Julie,* directed by Jonathan Wilner; and *A Midsummer Dance,* choreographed by Arrow (of the Alvin Ailey dancers). Fri at 8; Sat at 7:30 & 10; Sun at 7 p.m. Thru 6/12. $4. Morse Mime Theater, 224 Waverly Pl (242-0530).

Double Bill–Gogol's *The Gamblers* and O'Casey's *Pound on Demand,* Wed & Thurs at 7:30, thru 6/30. $3. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

Eating–H.N. Levitt's comedy about a weight-loss program in which the participants wind up losing more than weight. Thru 6/12. $2.50. Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St (255-3088).

Exiles–James Joyce's only play (1915) is a beautifully written, haunting story about lovers in conflict with their own passions, exiled into spiritual isolation by the strictures of conventional morality. Even in this early work, the intensity of Joyce's feelings establishes his stature, and his mastery of stage action is overpowering. A good cast, under Rob Thirkield's quiet, probing direction, turns the work into a distinguished evening. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun mat at 3. Thru 6/5. Circle Repertory Theater, 99 Seventh Ave So (924-7100).

The Fantasticks–In the zillionth year of its run, with its notable list of acting alumni, this innocuous drivel has finally found its audience: one man who attends regularly because it cures his insomnia. Tues-Fri at 8 p.m. Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Sullivan St Playhouse at Bleecker (OR 4-3838).

Greenwich Village Follies–Revue, with music, lyrics, and vignettes by Ronnie Britton. Wed thru Sat at 8; Sat also at 10:30. Sun, 5 & 7:30. Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave (533-8010).

The Great MacDaddy–Folk musical of no great consequence, but revived with great love and incandescent energy by the Negro Ensemble Company. You won't find better ensemble work at any theater, large or small, in town. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 2:30 & 8:30; Sun at 2:30 & 7 p.m. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

Gulp!–Musical farce about six youths at the beach, directed by John Glines. Thurs thru Sun at 9 p.m. with an extra performance Saturdays at midnight. Thru 6/3. $4. The Glines, 260 W Bdway (925-2619).

Hamlet–Directed by Michael Alexander. Fri & Sat at 7:30; Sun at 2. Thru 6/26. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

The Illustrated Journal–A theatrical work about Gurdjieff, Nicoll, and Chopin, conceived and performed by Rob McBrien and Wendy Wasdahl. Fri thru Sun at 8:30 p.m. thru 6/26. $3. Shared Forms Theater, 17 White Street, corner of 6th (866-3370).

I Was Sitting On My Patio This Guy Appeared I Thought I Was Hallucinating–The latest of Robert Wilson's irritating, hypnotic, non-linear explorations into human behavior wherein Mr. Wilson and Lucinda Childs run through almost identical monologues (one after the other), dealing mostly with non-communication. Some nice slides and movies, mostly about penguins and ducks, supply most of the action. Tues thru Fri at 8:30; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 7:30. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce Street (*Closed*).

Israel Horovitz's Workshop for Playwrights–Eight new one-act plays. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Sun mat at 3 p.m. 6/2-12. Cubiculo, 414 W 51st (for details and reservations call 265-2138).

Ivanov–Anton Chekhov's account of the crushing boredom of a failed society, and the breakdown of an individual within that society. Directed by Don Marlette. Thurs and Sat at 8:30; Sun at 4:30. From 6/2. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th (674-7200).

Jean Cocteau Repertory–William Golding's *The Brass Butterfly,* 6/3, 4, at 7:30; 6/5 at 7. Oscar Wilde's *Salome,* 6/3 at 10:30. Oliver Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer,* 6/4 at 10:30; 6/5 at 3 p.m. $4. Bouwerie Lane Theater, 330 Bowery (677-0060).

Lady Macbeth in the Park–Play by Susan Slade traces the life and loves of an actress on the eve of her 40th birthday; directed by William J. West. 6/1-4, at 7:30. $4. Academy Arts Theater (Hotel Sutton) 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Landslide at North Station–Ugo Betti's play, translated by G.H. McWilliam, directed by Dan Mason. Fri at 9:45; Sat, 2:30 & 9:45; Sun at 2:30. Thru 6/5. $2.50. Vandam Theater, 15 Vandam St (877-4644).

La Mama E.T.C.–Tisa Chang directs *The Legend of Wu Chow,* a Chinese fantasy. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 6/5. $4. La Mama, 74A E 4th (475-7710).

The Letter–Somerset Maugham's play. Thurs thru Sat, 6/2-4, Fri & Sun, 6/10,12, Thurs thru Sat, 6/16-18, all at 8 p.m. Lincoln Square Arts Guild, 150 W 68th (595-4767).

The Maids–Jean Genet's funeral rite, directed by Donald M. Colucci. Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. thru 6/7. Billymunk Theater, 45th at 2nd (683-7584).

Mamet's Plays–*Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *Duck Variations,* two beautifully written, subtle, and wise short plays about — well, about life: young people's lives ruined by meddling "friends," old people's lives ruined by aching, desperate dullness. It's all treated with a fine, light touch, which the expert direction of Albert Takazauckas deftly underscores. Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 & 8. Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St (989-2020).

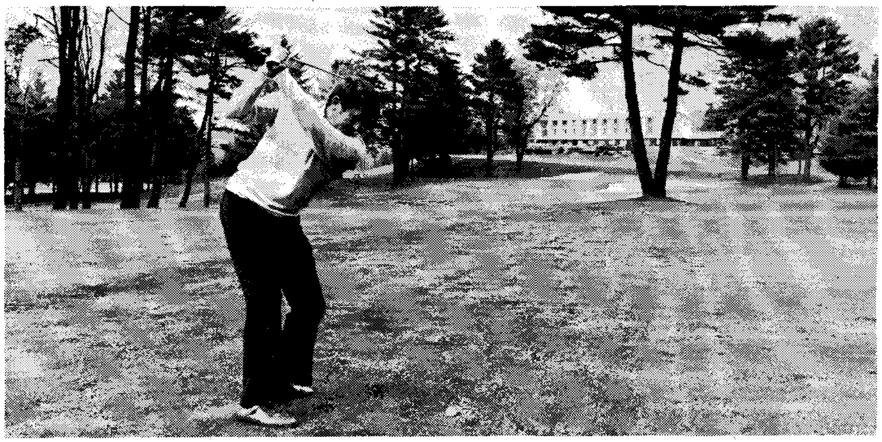
More Than a Boy's Game–Play by Dan Lauria. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. 6/1-25. $3. Title Theater at Westbeth, 155 Bank St (924-7790).

Natures–By Richard Howard; conceived and directed by Michael Feingold starring Kathryn Walker and Kevin O'Connor. 5/31, 6/1, 2, 3, 4, 5, at 4 & 8 p.m. daily. $3. Theater of the Open Eye, 316 E 88th (371-9610).

Orpheus Descending–Tennessee William's play, directed by Jean McFadden. 6/2-12 at 9 p.m. Sun at 7:30 p.m. $2.50. Market Players, Morgan's Old New York Tavern, 134 Reade St (226-8928).

The Rimers of Eldritch–The Boston Theater Ensemble's production of Lanford Wilson's play about the thwarted lives of a provincial midwest community; directed by George Hatza Jr. Thru 6/5, at 8 p.m. except Sun. Sun mat at 3 p.m. $2.50. Changing Space, 120 W 28th (691-7950).

Der Ring Gott Farblonjet–Charles Ludlam's Ridiculous Theatrical Company boils Wagner's *Ring* down to 3½ hours. There are clever touches here and there, but more that's merely raucous, lurid, and



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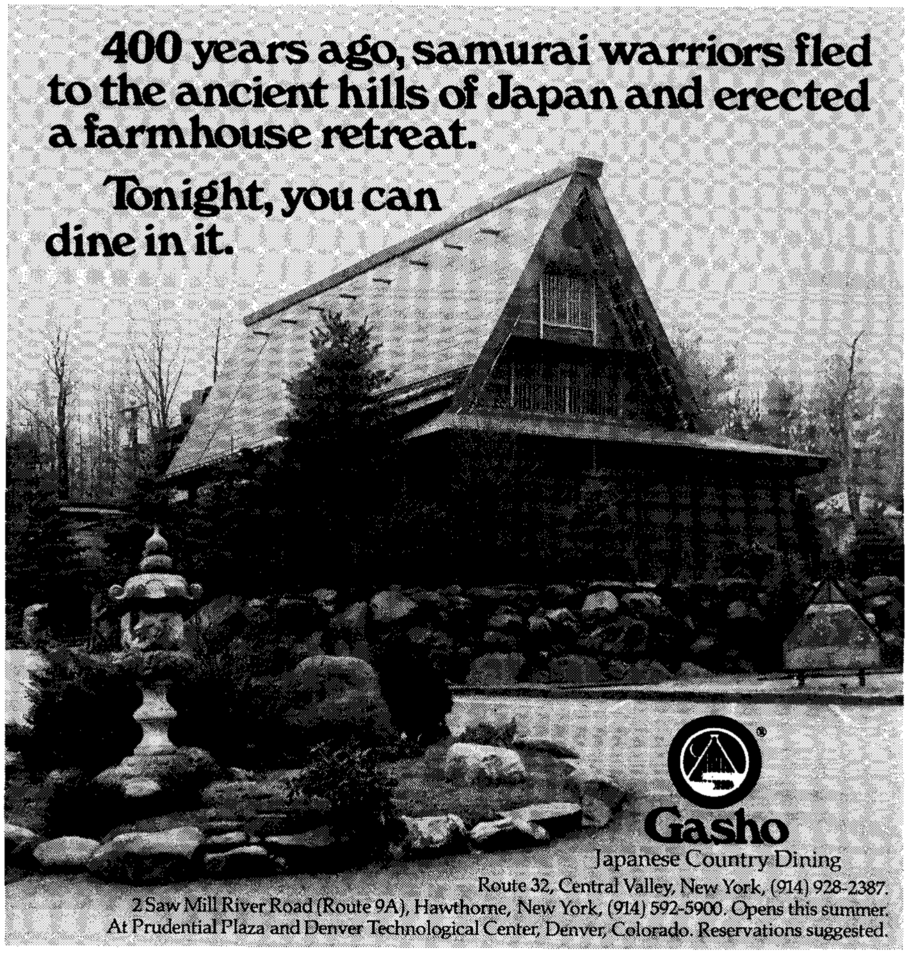
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self-indulgent; both Wagner's 20-hour original, and Anna Russell's 20-minute condensation, are more on target — and, incidentally, funnier. Tues thru Sat. Truck & Warehouse, 79 E 4th St (228-8558).

Rose Lynch Repertory–Chekhov's *The Boor* and *A Marriage Proposal.* Sundays at 7:30; $2. Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit.* Fridays & Saturdays at 7:30; $3. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

Sacraments–Jo Ann Tesdesco's play directed by Mel Winkler. Thurs thru Sun, 6/2-19, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Theater Off Park, 28 E 35th (244-4270).

Scribes–Phoenix Theater presents a new play by Barrie Keeffe about the workings of a small newspaper; directed by Keith Hack. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 7:30; mat, Sat & Sun at 3. $6. Marymount Manhattan Theater, (765-1280).

The Second Greatest Entertainer in the Whole Wide World–Dick Shawn in a one-man show described as a spaced-out evening with a hip Mark Twain. Promenade Theater, 76th & Bdway (799-7690).

The Second Man–Revival of the S.N. Sehrman comedy. 6/1-18, Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. $2.50. Little Church, 11 E 29th (679-7174).

Soho Repertory–Chekhov's *Uncle Vanya,* 6/3 at 8:30; 6/4 at 10:30; 6/5 at 7:30. Somerset Maugham's *Rain,* 6/4 at 7:30; 6/5 at 4:30. Soho Rep, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Starting Here, Starting Now–A retrospective revue of songs mostly unknown, by David Shire and Richard Maltby Jr., and an exceptionally attractive show it is. Three performers — Loni Ackerman, Margery Cohen, and George Lee Andrews — seem enraptured with the material, as well they might, since most of it is both witty and wise. Tues thru Sun at 8:30, Mats Sat & Sun at 2:30. Barbarann Theater, 349 W 46th (541-6150).

Streamers–David Rabe's finest play so far, in a distinguished production by Mike Nichols, is enough to restore anyone's faith in the future of native theater. Externally, the play is about Vietnam-bound soldiers; underneath, it is about the way human beings struggle to find responsive chords in one another, and often fail. Tues-Sat at 7:30; Wed & Sat at 2:30; Sun at 3 p.m. Thru 6/5, Mitzi E. Newhouse, 150 W 65th (787-8080).

The Top Loading Lover–One-act operetta farce in the lunchtime series, at 12:15 Mondays through Fridays, and bring your lunch. $1.50. 5/31-6/3; 6/6-10. Quaigh Theater, 108 W 43rd, Hotel Diplomat, Mezzanine level (221-9088).

Triple Bill–*Sauce Bearnaise, Tomorrow I'll Be Fifty,* and *Ancient Grudges,* three plays by Leila Blake, set in England, dealing with personal relationships at various stages in life. Directed by John M. Sefakis and Leila Blake. Weekends thru 6/11. $2.50. Stagelights Theater, 218 W 48th (244-4270).

The Unexpected Guest–Agatha Christie's whodunit, directed by Alison Mackenzie. Fri & Sat at 8; Sun at 3 p.m. (except 6/23) 6/3-25. $2.50. Impossible Ragtime Theater, 120 W 28th (243-7494).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.),* but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (541-8394).

The West Street Gang–Doric Wilson's experiment in environmental theater as crime prevention. Sundays at 6; Mon, Tues, Wed at 8. From 6/5 thru June. $3. The Spike Bar, 11th Ave & W 20th (289-6740).

What the Babe Said–Martin Halpern's behind-the-scenes look at baseball where nice guys finish last. . .sometimes. Directed by Amy Schecter. Thru 6/3 at 11 p.m. $2. Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave So. on Sheridan Square (924-7100).

The Working Theater–Beckett's *Krapp's Last Tape* and *Fizzles.* Tues thru Thurs at 7:30. Thru 6/2. Free. TWT, 349 12th St (924-8403).

Yangtze Gunboats–Comedy revue presented by the Swamp Fox (Duffy Magesis and Michael Sklaroff). Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. $3. The Gate Theater, 2nd Ave & 10th St (866-4716).

Excerpted from Alan Rich's reviews

Restaurants

With this issue, we introduce a new section: a sampling of restaurants *New York*'s critics have favorably reviewed. The prices listed are dinner prices. The code: **AE,** American Express; **BA,** BankAmericard; **CB,** Carte Blanche; **DC,** Diners Club; **MC,** Master Charge.

The Great Institutions

The Coach House–110 Waverly Place near Sixth. The town's most glorious celebrant of the American kitchen. Tues thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat 5:30 p.m. to 10 p.m.; Sun 4:30 p.m. to 10 p.m. Entrees approx $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (777-0303).

The Four Seasons–99 E 52nd near Park. Exciting, coldly elegant, rich. In the Bar Room, haunt of the literary set, a new grill menu: impeccable food, served quickly, and it's less expensive than the fare in the Pool Room. Mon thru Fri noon to 2 p.m. & 5 to 10 p.m. Bar Room entrees $6 to $9. AE BA CB DC MC (754-9494).

Hunam–845 Second Ave near 45th. This cacophonous, crowded roost of exquisitely assertive country cooking could become your favorite Chinese restaurant. The kitchen is often brilliant. Daily 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat to 1 a.m. Entrees $5.25 to $7.95. AE CB DC (MU 7-7471).

La Caravelle–33 West 55th. Snobbish and good; all the joys and barbs of French dining in the classic New York style. Mon thru Sat 12:15 p.m. to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:15 p.m. Prix-fixe lunch $14.75, dinner $25.75. (586-4252).

Le Cirque–58 E 65th near Park. An unstuffily elegant restaurant that can dazzle if you challenge it. Mon thru Sat noon to 3 & 6 to 10:30. Entrees $7.95 to $12.95. AE DC (794-9292).

Le Cygne–53 East 54th. All around us, institutions crumble and good men compromise, but Le Cygne refines its glories. The chef's daily whims exalt the eye and the mouth. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 10:30 p.m.; Saturday 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Prix-fixe lunch $15, dinner $23.75. AE DC (759-5941).

La Grenouille–3 East 52nd. The place to greet, graze cheeks, hug, recognize, be recognized. La Grenouille proves that the kiss of chic need not be fickle or fatal; the staff strives admirably to maintain the standards of the perfectionist who created it. Mon thru Sat noon to midnight. Prix-fixe lunch $14.75, dinner $27.75. AE (PL 2-1495).

Lutèce–249 E 50th near Second. The French restaurant for serious gastronomes, run by a masterful, inventive owner-chef. Mon thru Sat 6 to 10 p.m. Entrees $13.25 to $14.75. AE (PL 2-2225).

Nanni–146 E 46th near Lex. Homely little joint, but big-time gastronomes, Italian Division, will prize it. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 5:30 p.m. to 10:30 p.m. Entrees $6 to $12. AE BA CB DC MC (697-4161).

The Palace–420 E 59th near First. French classics cooked to order. The closest experience to Michelin-three-star excess in America. In this, the most expensive restaurant in New York, the food is not merely good, it's dazzling. Mon thru Sat, seating 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. Fourteen-course prix-fixe $65. AE DC MC (355-5150).

The Palm–837 Second Ave near 44th. It's rough, noisy, crowded, smoky, and it doesn't matter. The steak is great, the lobster is legendary. Mon thru Fri noon to 10:45 p.m.; Sat 5 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $7 to $24. AE BA DC MC (687-2953).

Shun Lee Palace–155 E 55th near Third. The Hunanese dishes are peppery dynamite. Mandarin, Szechuan, and mild Cantonese cuisine too. Fancy service. If you're serious about Chinese food, say so and avoid the tourist treatment. Sun thru Thurs 11:30 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat 11:30 a.m. to midnight. Entrees $2.95 to $10.95. AE CB DC (371-8844).

Trattoria da Alfredo–90 Bank at Hudson. Pasta ten ways, and sublime vegetables, both properly al dente, with sauces of long, slow melding and fast last-minute subtlety. The food establishment hangs out in this charming store-front. Wed thru Mon noon to 2:30 p.m. & 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $3.75 to $6.75. No credit cards. No liquor license. (929-4400).

Uncle Tai's Hunan Yuan–1059 Third Ave near 62nd. Uncle Tai's menu is a glorious defiance of Chinese-restaurant cliché. The food can be transcendent. Sun thru Thurs noon to 11 p.m.; Fri & Sat noon to 11:30 p.m.; Entrees $5 to $11. AE DC (838-0850).

Windows on the World–1 World Trade Center. The most spectacular restaurant in the world, 107 stories above New York. The menu is imaginative; with intelligence and luck, you may dine well. Call for hours. Prix-fixe dinner, $16.50. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC (938-1111).

Wonderful Settings

The Algonquin Hotel–59 W 44th near Sixth. The food's okay; the lobby's a famous rendezvous, the perfect embodiment of this old hotel's very considerable charm. Mon thru Sat 7 a.m. to 1 a.m.; Sun 7 a.m. to 2 a.m. Entrées $9 to $26 (for 2). AE BA CB DC MC (MU 7-4400).

Café des Artistes–1 W 67th. The food (a melting-pot of cuisines) isn't wonderful, but critical faculties surrender; it feels so good in this sensuous room. Mon thru Fri noon to 3 & 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sat 5:30 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Sun noon to 3 p.m. & 4 p.m. to 8 p.m. Entrées $5.50 to $12. AE BA DC MC (877-3500).

Elaine's–1703 Second Ave near 88th. This lovingly seedy little joint is the playpen of the quality media set. A writer's reputation soars or stubs on how long he has to stand at the bar here before getting a table. The food is strictly tangential. Daily noon to 4 a.m. Entrées $4.50 to $10.50. AE (831-9566).

The Grand Café–28 E 63rd near Mad. The food (French and American) isn't memorable, but the gorgeous, near-perfect Art Deco-1930's setting is. Mon thru Sat noon to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Thurs 6 p.m. to 11 p.m.; Fri and Sat 6 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sun noon to 9 p.m. Entrées $9 to $14.50. AE CB DC MC (EL 5-2121).

Isle of Capri–1028 Third Ave at 61st. Italian cuisine in a discreet subterranean place ideal for trysting. Mon thru Sat noon to midnight. Entrées $4.50 to $9. AE BA CB DC MC (758-1828).

La Colombe d'Or–134 E 26th. The cuisine of Provence, laced with garlic and fragrant with herbs, served in a charming room. Open Mon-Fri noon to 2 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 6:30 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $6.95 to $9.95. AE DC MC (MU9-0666).

Maxwell's Plum–1181 First Ave at 64th. Ambitious Continental menu in an Art Nouveau, Art Deco, Art Wacko setting. Uneven kitchen. Daily 5 p.m. to 2 a.m. Entrées $4.45 to $13. AE BA CB DC MC (628-2100).

One Fifth–1 Fifth Ave near Wash Sq. The dining room is the S.S. *Caronia* reincarnate. The food is Continental. Mon thru Thurs noon to 1 a.m.; Fri & Sat to 2 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 5 (brunch). Entrées $2.95 to $23.50 (for 2). AE BA CB DC MC (260-3434).

Pronto Ristorante–30 E 60th. In this pasta palazzo one can sit long and late in the homey back room and see and be seen by a bustling urbane crowd all dressed up with somewhere to go. Mon thru Sat 11:30 a.m. to 11:30 p.m. Entrées from $3.75 to $11. AE DC (421-8151).

Sea Fare of the Aegean–25 W 56th near Fifth. Praiseworthy virtuoso repertoire of fish dishes in a restaurant painted a regal Knossos red, like the palace in Crete. Mon thru Sat noon to 11 p.m.; Sun 1 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $6.95 to $18.95. AE BA CB DC MC (581-0540).

Shezan–8 W 58th near Fifth. Beautiful, glittery place where the food—Indian and Pakistani—is of a commendable variety and authenticity. Mon thru Fri 11:45 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.; Mon thru Sat 6 a.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $5.50 to $8.75. AE BA CB DC MC (371-1414).

Soho Charcuterie and Restaurant–195 Spring at Sullivan. An elegant, idiosyncratic place for lovers of art and experimentation. The menu is Continental and imaginative; some dishes fail altogether, some are exquisite. Lunch daily approximately noon to 3 p.m. Dinner Tues thru Sun approximately 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrées $9.75 to $24. BA DC (226-3545).

Tavern-on-the-Green–at Central Park West at 67th. The Crystal Room is a glittering glass gazebo beneath a pink and yellow and aqua ceiling. Here's where flowers are brought to learn to run riot, carloads at a time. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sat noon to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m.; Sun 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 12:30 a.m. Entrées $5 to $20. AE BA CB DC MC (873-3200).

"21"–21 West 52nd. Still the obligatory club where people love to be accepted, even though the food is basically boring. Fall-winter-spring, Mon thru Sat noon to midnight; summer, Mon thru Fri noon to midnight. Entrées $9.50 to $14. AE CB DC MC (582-7200).

W.P.A.–152 Spring near W. Bdway. Stunning Depression-era fantasy. The menu is limited but appealing. Tues thru Sun noon to 2 a.m. Entrées $7.50 to $12. AE (226-3444).

Nice and Inexpensive

Excerpted from The Underground Gourmet

Castilian–303 E 56th near Second. A truly outstanding buy among the city's Spanish restaurants. Be sure to have the white-wine sangria. Daily noon to midnight. Entrées $3.95. AE BA CA DC MC (688-6435).

Curds 'n Whey–4 E 45th near Fifth. Freshly made salads, freshly made soups, yogurt, quiche, fruit-and-frozen yogurt bowls in a pleasant, lovingly designed cafeteria. Mon thru Fri 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.; Sat 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. No credit cards (682-8876).

Delphi Restaurant–109 W Bdwy at Reade. You'll be impressed with the freshness and authenticity of the Greek dishes (modestly priced) served in this airy white-walled room. And the portions are bountiful. Daily 10 a.m. to midnight. Entrées $2 to $5.25. No credit cards (227-6322).

Dosanko Larmen–423 Madison Ave near 48th. Japanese noodle cuisine; very attractive presentation. Mon thru Fri 11 a.m. to 10 p.m.; Sat noon to 8 p.m. Entrees $2.25 to $3.50. No credit cards (688-8575).

Healthworks–148 E 57th near Third. Salads (chicken, shrimp, Caesar, chef, and more), soup, one hot entree a day and frozen yogurt in a health-food cafeteria with a sparkling contemporary look. Mon thru Fri 11:30 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Sat 11:30 a.m. to 8 p.m. Entrées $3.25 to $3.75. No credit cards (838-8370).

Le Yogurt–224 Columbus Ave near 70th. Yogurt, soups, salads, beef stew, frozen-yogurt desserts. Sun thru Wed 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.; Thurs thru Sat 11 a.m. to midnight. Desserts 60¢ to $2. No credit cards (724-7816).

The Looking Glass–325 W 11th near Washington. Enchantingly pretty place serving homemade cannelloni and fettuccine and other Italian dishes with a Northern accent. Tues thru Sat 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Entrees $5 to $6.75. MC. (924-9867).

Manorah Thai–1668 First Ave at 87th. Richly seasoned Thai cooking. The appetizers are spicy palate-stimulators, the entrées more bland, the desserts only slightly sweet. Tues thru Sun 5 p.m. to 10 p.m. Entrees $1.95 to $6.95. AE BA (860-8210).

Oriental Indian Restaurant–151 Second Ave at 9th. Good food, low prices, though it's not a particularly pretty place. Daily noon to midnight. Entrees $2 to $4.75. AE BA (533-0999).

Siamese Gardens–220 E 53rd near Second. First-rate cooking of Vietnamese and Thai specialties. No liquor license. Mon thru Fri noon to 2:30 p.m. & 5:30 p.m. to 11:30 p.m.; Sat 5:30 to 11:30 p.m. Entrées $4.95 to $7.25. AE BA DC MC (935-1920).

The Thomas Street Inn–8 Thomas St near Chambers. An attractive and comfortable place in a Gothic Victorian landmark with a cast-iron front. Welsh rarebit, good hamburgers, omelets, etc. Mon thru Fri 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Entrées $2.50 to $6.25. No credit cards (962-8316).

Vietnam Village–1 Sheridan Sq near W 4th. Flavorful, sensitively seasoned Vietnamese dishes. Tues thru

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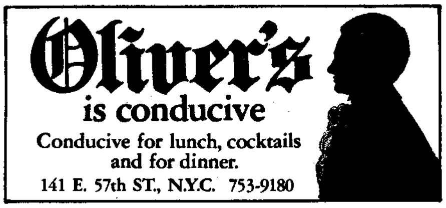

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After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Backstage–318 W 45th, betw 8th & 9th. Theatrical restaurant, with singer-pianist Steve Ross appearing in the bar Tues thru Sat, from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. (581-8447).

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Bonatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 Second Ave. French nightclub with Rita Dimitri who sings in several languages and does nicely by her French songwriters Closed Sundays (752-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th & Lexington. In the Flamenco Room, at 9:45, dancer Carmen Acevedo. From 5/31, the Sarita Rodas ballet, and singer Alberto Rochi. Closed Mondays (PL 2-8080).

Chez Z–320 E. 79 St. Candlelight restaurant with Pat Hood singing blues, jazz and pops (734-4700).

Cleo's–Bdway & 63rd St. (opposite Lincoln Center). Mabel Mercer sings at 10 and 12, Tues thru Sat, accompanied by her long-time aide de melody, pianist Jimmy Lyon (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Elegant Egyptian decor, international cuisine. "Ooh La La," a revue with belly dancers, whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 10 & 12. Closed Sundays (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 10; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. Thru 5/31, singer Marc Allen Trujillo. Dancing Fri & Sat. Closed Mondays (PL 5-6010).

GUESS WHO I AM

Comedian-impressionist **David Frye** headlines at **Dangerfield's** nightclub, 1118 First Avenue, from Monday, June 6th, to Monday, June 11th. Shows are at 10 p.m. and midnight. For reservations call 593-1650.

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. The Tommy Furtado Trio, Tues thru Sat, and the Bernie Leighton Quartet play for dancing Sun & Mon, Tenor-saxist Scott Hamilton & his Quartet Mon thru Sat at 10, Midnight & 2 a.m. (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with singer Terry Hammond at the keyboard Tues thru Sat (628-3333).

Monsignore II–61 E 55th. Plush new place on the site of the old one, with a great chef, and strolling guitarist-singer Vittorio Impiglia entertaining Wed thru Sat until 1 a.m. (EL 5-2070).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. In the Valentine Room Mon thru Sat at 9 & 11, on Fridays & Saturdays, they feature a whole slew of comediennes (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Cabaret: Magician Chan Canasta, Fri thru Sun, thru 6/5. For keyholders only (752-3100).

Prive–1078 First Ave. All white and silver elegant supper club, with Lester Lanin's trio and Herb Winner playing the piano Tues thru Sat (688-8778).

Rainbow Grill–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Comfortable dining, dancing, Picasso tapestries, a world-famous view. And for your entertainment—thru 6/18, An Evening with Jule Styne, with Bobby Van & Elaine Joyce, 9:15 & 11:30 (PL7-8970).

Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Center. Enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world (almost) from its 65th floor windows. Sy Oliver has something of a monopoly on tasteful, restrained but bouyant, two-beat dance arrangements. The orchestra has the precision and intimacy of a smaller unit and Buddy Smith sings (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Bi-level discotheque, open Mon to Thurs, 5 p.m. to 1 a.m.; 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. on Fri & Sat (MU 8-3365).

Reno Sweeney–126 W 13th. Shows at 9 & midnight, nightly. Sat nights at 2 a.m. Holly Woodlawn (691-0900).

Regine's–502 Park Avenue—Only non-private private club in New York. Classy foreigners and natives dancing chic to chic. Not for welfare cases (826-0990).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–Park Ave at 56th St. From 5/31 thru June, the Wright Brothers with five instrumentalists to back them, at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m. nightly except Sunday (HA 1-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San and Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683-9409).

Soave–33 E 60th. Attractive restaurant, with singer-pianist Bobby Cole and his musical group entertaining, 10 p.m. until 4 a.m. (838-0745).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff*, a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (687-7000). **Under the Clock:** Dancing to the music of the Phillips Bros, Mon thru Fri, from 8 p.m. to 1.

Carlyle, Madison at 76th (RH 4-1600). **Cafe:** Thru 6/26, singer-pianist Bobby Short. **Bemelmans Bar:** Teddy Wilson entertains thru 7/2.

Hilton, 6th Ave & 53rd (JU 6-7000). **Kismet Lounge:** Karen Brown at the piano & organ from 5 to 11 p.m. **Mirage:** Roland Granier de Lafayette at the piano from 4 to 9 p.m.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly, from 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **King Cole Grill:** Pianist-composer Ray Hartley plays Mon thru Fri, 5:30-11 p.m. **Lounge:** Bill McCauley plays Mon thru Sat, 7 to 1 a.m.

Stanhope Hotel, 5th Ave & 81st (288-5800). **Rembrandt Room:** at 9:15 & 11 p.m. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist George Feyer.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene Street. 5/31-6/4, the Joe Chambers Quartet featuring Larry Young on organ. 6/7-11, Jan Kry Ensemble with vocalist Jan Clayton, and bassist Frank Clayton. Fearless Frank Foster & his big band every Monday night (226-9042).

Angry Squire–216 Seventh Ave at 23rd. Restaurant-club with jazz Fri thru Sun, 9 to 3 a.m. The Warren Chiasson Trio, with guitarist Chuck Wayne, and bassist Earl May (242-9066).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

The Ballroom–458 West Bdway. Cabaret, featuring thru 6/12 (Tues thru Sun, two shows nightly), song stylist Lee Horwin (473-9367).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Pianist-singer Dardenelle presides over this handsome restaurant; she plays with Tatumesque breeziness and sings in a manner reminiscent of Lee Wiley. Tues thru Sat, 7 p.m. to midnight (684-3223).

Le Beau Pere–13 Eighth Ave, at 12th St. Rumanian-French restaurant, with entertainment by autoharpist-singer Kendall McKee, appearing Tues thru Sun from 7 p.m. to midnight (242-9241).

Bradley's–70 University Pl at 11th. Thru 6/4, pianist Dave McKenna. 6/5, the Barry Harris Trio. 6/6-11, pianist Tom Garvin & bassist George Mraz. On Sundays, the impeccable Barry Harris, lyrical in touch, manner, and mien (228-6440).

Brothers and Sisters–355 W 46th. A musical divertissment called Words, with music by Martin Silvestri and lyrics by Tony Tanner. Tues thru Thurs at 10:30; Fri & Sat at 10:30 & 12:30 (756-7848).

Chung Kuo Yuan–1115 Third Ave (at 65th). Legendary saloon singer-pianist Hugh Shannon entertains Wed thru Sun at this new Chinese restaurant, from 9 thru 2 a.m. (371-9090).

Cookery–University Pl & 8th. Adam Makowicz, a Polish pianist, is making his debut to an enthusiastic audience of keyboard mavens who are dazzled by his facility. It's entertaining stuff, running the gamut of American popular music, but we wish he'd shuffle off a few of the arpeggios and settle deeper into the material. Sundays, 8 to 1 a.m. boogie woogie specialist Sammy Price (OR 4-4450).

Crawdaddy–45th St & Vanderbilt. A New Orleans restaurant with entertainment by pianist Sammy Price and Friends. Mon thru Fri, 6:30 to 11:30 (889-8331).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. The houseband, Red Balaban and Cats, includes the genial, clever, and occasionally moving trombonist Vic Dickenson, a true stylist of the horn, as well as clarinetist Herbie Hall, trumpeter Jimmy Maxwell, pianist Jim Andrews, and drummer Connie Kay. Scott Hamilton is here every Sunday and he's a rarity, a young white saxophonist who plays gregarious swing. 5/31, Maxine Sullivan sings. (265-8277).

Flanagan's–1215 First, at 65th. Michael Owens plays folk, rock and guitar with a dash of Irish country music at this large room. James Kean accompanies him on the accordion. Tues thru Sat from 9 until 2 a.m. (472-0300).

Gaslight Club–124 E 56th. Based in three converted townhouses, there's dining; there's pianist-singer Karen Springer; there's pianist-singer George Ma-

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NEW YORK

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honey; there's Sam Ulano's Speakeasy Four, with Dixieland jazz—all on different floors (752-2500).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Large room with dining. 5/31-6/4, Juliette Sings Piaf. 6/6-12, Stephanie Mills. Shows at 9 & midnight, Monday thru Saturday (595-4206).

Great Aunt Fanny's–340 W 46th. A cozy, reasonable theater-district restaurant, with singer-pianist Gladys Easter entertaining Wed thru Sat, from 9:30 Tuesdays, Fay Reed entertains (765-7374).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Four combos: Pianist Hod O'Brian takes over for Brooks Kerr, temporarily, from Wednesdays thru Saturdays; Russell Procope and the ageless Sonny Greer are still present. They are joined by singer Alicia Sherman. Mon. and Tue., two bop masters, Al Haig and Chuck Wayne, are joined by bassist Jamil Nasser. Mon. thru Sat, 6 to 9:30, the Gene Roland Trio. Sundays from 5:30 to 9:30, the Warren Chiasson trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. Thru 6/4: Phil Woods is a virtuosic alto saxophonist whose most appealing quality is the emotional transparency of his solos. That is, they are easy to understand and follow, if occasionally glossy. He has a good Wes Montgomery-inspired guitarist, and a busy Bill Evans-inspired pianist, but he's the whole show. 6/6-18, singer Dee Dee Bridgewater, with Roland Hanna. Closed Sundays (260-0250).

Jacques'–210 E 58th. Hungarian cuisine here, and composer-pianist Peter Vamos plays nightly from 5 to 9 p.m. followed by pianists Lynn Richards and Marc Marique for the late night crowd (PL 3-5513).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. Jimmy McPartland, who recently celebrated his 70th birthday, is subbing for Roy Eldridge, and he sounds pretty terrific. On *Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky* holds forth (CO 5-9505).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Ellis Larkins is a pianist who specializes in the understated: his swing is subliminal, his touch feather light, his ideas tart but fleeting. He's accompanied by bass and drums (744-2540). (744-2540).

Lorelei–233 E 86th. Large nightclub dance floor, with Toni Kwas & his Jazz Mission on Mondays, and The Brownie's Revenge every Tuesday. Hungarian menu (722-9926).

Michael's Pub–211 E 55th. Thru 6/11, the brilliant saxophonist Benny Carter, one of the giants of American music, and not to be missed, with Ray Bryant on piano, Bobby Rosengarden on drums, and Milt Hinton on bass, Tues thru Sat, with music from approximately 9:15. Woody Allen continues to hold forth with jam sessions on Monday evenings (PL 8-2272).

Nickel's–227 E 67th. Pianist-singer Jerry Scott specializing in show tunes, Tues thru Sat, from 8 on. Audience can sing along (794-2331).

O. Henry's–345 Sixth Ave. Village steakhouse, with Tiffany lamps, sawdust on the floor, and a clam bar. Fri and Sat, there are Aldo Bruschi, Jo Mirasola and Carlos Santana from 9 p.m. (CH 2-2000).

Oliver's–141 E 57th. English-type restaurant, with piano music from 2 p.m. thru closing. Natalie Gilbert Mon thru Fri thru 11 p.m. Singer-pianist Danny Deaver, Mon, Wed, Fri & Sat; singer-pianist Pat Holley on Tues & Thurs (753-9180).

O'Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9:00; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

Onde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

Ramayana–123 W 52nd. New York's only authentic Indonesian restaurant, with plenty of rijsttafel, and a show with dancers, musicians, and singers. Fri & Sat, and music for dancing (581-1170).

Sacred Cow–228 W 72nd. Lovely dining place. Ernie Kemm is at the keyboard nightly. Waitresses and waiters participate in the entertainment (873-4067).

Soerabaja–140 E 74th. Lisa Scott and Harriet Lowe are here through 6/12 (744-4150).

Storyville–41 E 58th. Max Roach, the one drummer to whom we could listen all night, has a fine quartet, with Reggie Workman, Cecil Bridgewater, and the powerful Texan saxophonist Billy Harper. By all means, go hear them (755-1640).

Stryker's–103 W 86th. The joint is jumping just about every night. On Mondays, it's Dave Matthews' big *band; on Tuesdays, Richard Sudhalter leads the* lively, witty, archival New California Ramblers; Lee Konitz is at the helm of a captivating nonet on Wednesdays and Thursdays; (874-8754).

37th St Hideaway–32 W 37th. Nice atmosphere and continental food, plus a fireplace. Songs in nine languages by Joanna Makris. Dancing Mon thru Sat, with music by the Trio Romantico (947-8940).

Tramps–125 E 15th. Elly Stone sings on Sun & Mon, thru 6/20, at 9 & 11 (260-0370).

Village Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. Monday nights, The Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Big Band. 5/31-6/5, Cedar Walton, an inventive contemporary pianist with a firm, lyric touch, leads a Quartet. 6/7-12, the Horace Silver Quintet (AL 5-4037).

West End Cafe–2911 Broadway, at 113th. This popular restaurant-music room has become the home for a mini-jazz festival with legendary names from the swing era proving the timelessness of their original ideas: Mondays, Tuesdays, the Frank Williams Four; Wednesdays, Jo Jones, the premiere drummer, raconteur, conjurer, leads a quartet of friends—they change—and the evening meshes historic ruminations with the classiest rhythms imaginable; Thursdays & Fridays, George Kelly's Jazz Sultans; Saturdays & Sundays, the Tiny Grimes Trio (666-8750).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

Children

Children's Improvisational Company, New Media Studio, 350 E 81st St. (249-9872). *Alfred the Dragon,* Sat at 3:30; *Spinning Top,* Sun at 2.

Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. (765-9540). *Cinderella,* Sat & Sun at 1:30; *Jack and the Beanstalk,* Sat & Sun at 3.

Cricket Theater, 162 Second Ave. (533-8010). *Twanger,* Sat & Sun at 1.

Hudson Guild Theater, 441 W 26th St. (760-9800). *The Prince and the Pauper,* 6/4-5 at 2.

Hudson Valley Marionette Co., 50 W 13th St. (924-9785). *Rumpelstiltskin,* Sat & Sun at noon.

The King of Escapes, Hunter College Theater, Lexington at 68th St., 6/1-2 at 10, 6/3 at 10 & 7:30, 6/4 at 7:30.

Magic Theater, Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd. (961-1111), Sat & Sun at 1.

Magic Towne House, 1026 Third Ave. (752-1165). Magic shows Sat & Sun at 1, 2:30 & 4.

New York Experience, McGraw-Hill Bldg., Sixth Ave. bet. 48th & 49th Sts. (869-0345), Mon-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-8, Sun 12-8.

Norman the Magician, Nathan's in Times Square (594-7455), 6/5 at 1 & 3.

Pixie Judy Troupe, Copa, 10 E 60th St. (759-8207). *The Littlest Clown,* Sat at 12, Sun at 1.

Pooh and Company Story Hour, Hoyt Street Garden, Hoyt St. at Atlantic Ave., Bklyn (638-5010), 6/5 at 3.

Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave. (475-9647). *Hansel & Gretel,* Sat at 2:30; *Cinderella,* Sun at 2:30.

CONCERTS, OPERA, DANCE, MUSEUMS EDITED BY GERARD KAVANAGH

Concerts

Extended Runs

Lily Tomlin, Biltmore Theater, 261 W 47th St. (582-5340). Thru 6/11. Performances are Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, and Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, Madison Square Garden. Thru 6/5. For performance times call (564-4400).

Beatlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 & 7:30.

Dionne Warwick/Lou Rawls, Westbury Music Fair. 6/1-2 at 8:30, 6/3 at 7:30, 6/4 at 7 & 10:30, 6/5 at 3 & 7:30.

Clamma Dale, Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd St. (288-2500), 5/31, 6/1, 3, 4, & 7 at 10:30.

Tuesday, May 31

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall; Judith Somogi conducts, with John Browning, piano. Works of Berlioz, Honegger, Prokofiev, Strauss, and Bizet; at 8:30.

Frank Powdermaker, violin, Juilliard School, at 8.

Suzanne Clare, soprano, Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (242-4770), at 8.

David Davis, violin, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Guido Brand, violin, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Alfred Hart, violin, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Wednesday, June 1

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 5/31, at 8:30.

Chester Kaplan, piano, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Styles of the Big Bands, NY Jazz Museum, with Count Basie, at 7:30.

Cheryl Gerson, viola, Carnegie Recital Hall, 8.

Juilliard Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.

Original Traditional Jazz Band, Tin Palace, Bowery at 2nd St. (787-2288), at 9.

Saoco, salsa, Union Square Park (226-1414), at 12:30.

Donna McKechnie/Sam Levinson/Frances Foster, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Thursday, June 2

New York Philharmonic Promenades Concert, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 5/31, at 8:30.

Juilliard Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.

Billy Joel, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Maris Brody, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Women's Interart Ensemble, St. Stephen's Church, 120 W 69th St., at 8.

Friday, June 3

Rags, Jazz and Nostalgia, Avery Fisher Hall; Gunther Schuller conducts, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano. Works of Scott Joplin, Eubie Blake, Duke Ellington, John Philip Sousa, Charles Griffes, and others; at 8:30.

Billy Joel, Carnegie Hall, at 8.

Diana Rubin, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

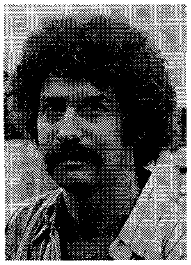
Robert "One-Man" Johnson, ragtime and country blues, Summergarden of MOMA, at 8.

Tommy Flanagan, piano, Shephears in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (421-0900), at noon.

Music of Stuart Diamond, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

Nektar/Flame, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.

JAZZ WEEKEND



The second New York Jazz Loft Celebration, a festival of 30 musical events at four locations (Environ, Jazzmania, Ladies' Fort, the Brook), gets under way this Friday at 8 in Environ. Four Rivers, featuring the extraordinary **Mike Moss** (left), will perform at Environ on Saturday, June 4 at 8 (477-3077).

Jazz Concerts, *The Brook:* Roland Alexander Quintet, at 8. *Environ:* Interface, at 8; Philip Wilson, at midnight. *Ladies' Fort:* Amina Claudine Myers & Company, at 8; Sunny Murray's Untouchable Factor, at midnight. *Jazzmania:* Mike Morgenstern's All-Stars, at 9.

Saturday, June 4

Rags, Jazz, and Nostalgia, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 6/3, at 8:30.

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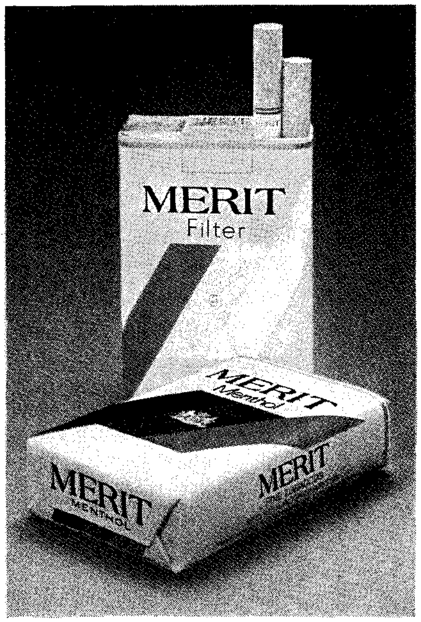

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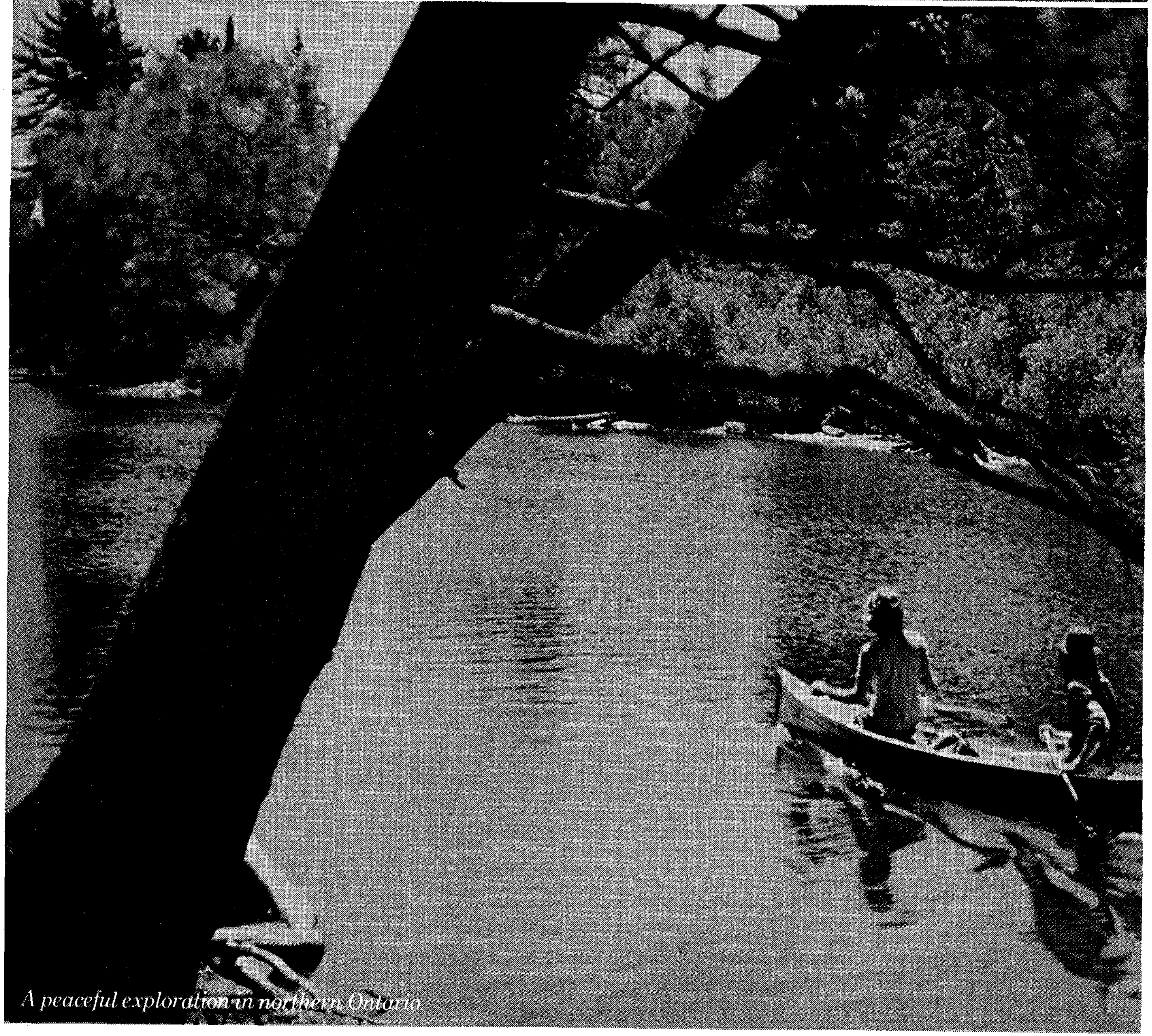
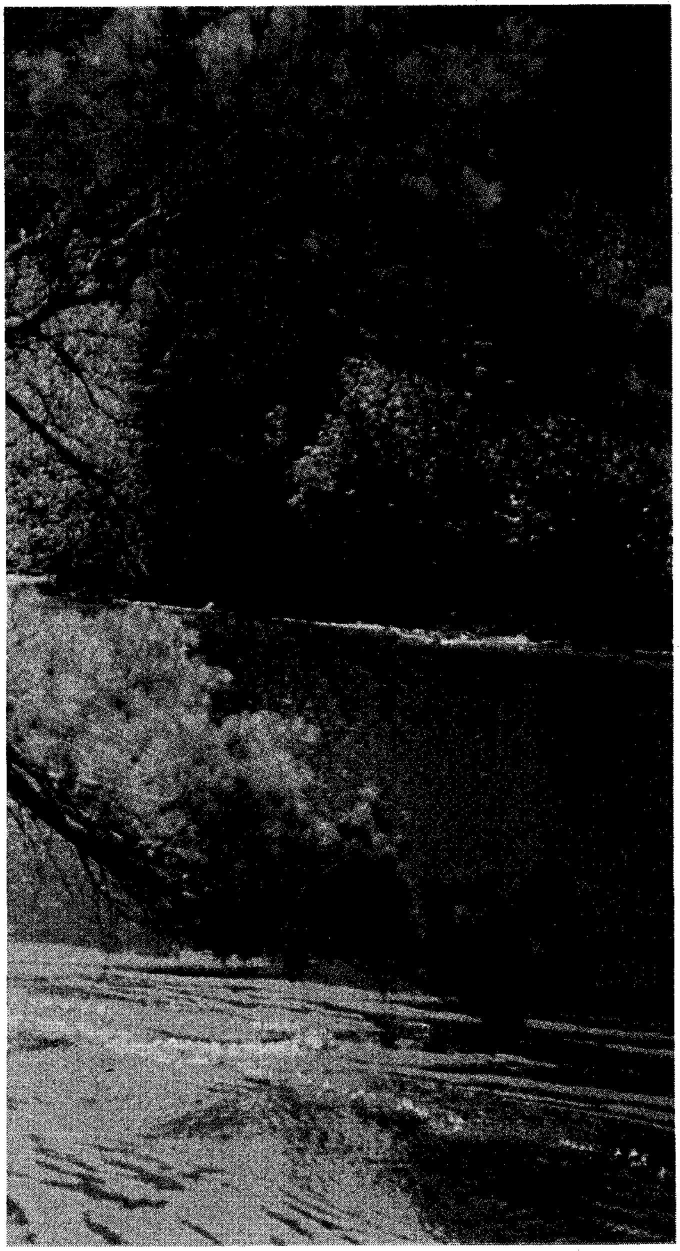


A peaceful exploration in northern Ontario.



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Billy Joel, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Tony Williams/Maynard Ferguson/Stuff, Palladium, 126 E 14th St. (249-8870), at 8.
Robert "One-Man" Johnson, ragtime and country blues, Summergarden of MOMA at 8.
Karl Harrington, tenor, Alice Tully Hall, at 8:30.
Roy Berkeley, Construction Co. Studio, 542 LaGuardia Pl. (475-9946), at 9.
Bruno George Ronty, tenor, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
New World Consort, Universalist Church, CPW at 76th St., at 8.
L'Arema Chamber Ensemble, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (264-4451), at 2.
Concert Party, Barbizon, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-5173), at 8:30.
Rock Music, 16th St. between 5th & 6th Aves. (697-8300), at 2.
Andy La Verne, piano, NY Jazz Museum, at 2.
Jazz Concerts, *Ladies' Fort:* Jam Session, at 4 A.M.; New Frontier Ensemble, at 6 A.M.; Dakota Staton, at 4; Eddie Jefferson, at 8; Ryo Kawaski, at midnight. *Jazzmania:* Bennie Wallace Trio, at 1; Evelyn Blakey, Jay Clayton, Donna Jewell, Debby Segall, at 9. *Environ:* Brass Proud, at 3; Four Rivers, at 8; David Eyges Quartet, at 10; Shelley Rusten Quartet, at midnight. *The Brook:* Frank Ferrucci & Friends, at 5; Arthur Blythe, at 8.

Sunday, June 5

Greenwich Woodwind Trio, CAMI Hall, at 8.
Hiu Ying Liu, piano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Tommy Flanagan Trio, NY Jazz Museum, at 2.
Bruno Skulte Memorial Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 2:30.
Richard Shirk, piano, Federal Hall National Memorial, Wall & Broad Sts. (264-4451), at 2.
Delphine Brownlee, soprano, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
NYC Housing Authority Symphony Orchestra, Alice Tully Hall, at 7.
Jazz Concerts, *Ladies' Fort:* Jam Session, at 4 A.M.; Joe Lee Wilson & Bond Street, at 6 A.M.; Earl Coleman, at 4; George Avaloz Septet, at 8. *The Brook:* Morning Rags, at 11 A.M.; Barry Wallenstein & Charles Tyler, at 3; Akmed Abdullah, at 7. *Jazzmania:* Pat Patrick's Baritone Sax Retinue, at 1; Ron Odrich, at 5. *Environ:* Fred Farell Quartet, at 3; NY Composers Collective Orchestra, at 8.

Monday, June 6

Financial World 75th Anniversary Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Carol Stewart, piano/**Jan Schmidt,** coloratura, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.

MUSIC DIRECTORY

Brook, 40 W 17th (929-9554).
Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
CAMI Hall, 165 W 57th (972-0113).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Environ, 476 Broadway (226-7408).
Jazzmania, 14 E 23rd (477-3077).
Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St. (677-9728).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). American Ballet Theater (799-3100). New York State Theater (877-4727). Juilliard Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (799-5000).
Lunt-Fontanne Theater, 205 W 46th (832-9166).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Mannes College of Music, 157 E 74th (737-0700).
Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. (516-794-9100).
New York Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).
92nd St YM-YWHA, Kaufmann Concert Hall, Lexington Ave & 92nd (427-6000).
Queens College, Colden Auditorium, L.I. Expressway & Kissena Blvd. (793-8080).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Tuesday, June 7

Rags, Jazz, and Nostalgia, Avery Fisher Hall. Same program as 6/3, at 8:30.
Gary Graffman, piano, Japan House, 333 E 47th St., at 9.
New York Choral Society, CAMI Hall; Richard Westenburg conducts, with the Collegiate Chorale and Musica Sacra. Works of Haydn and Vaughan Williams, at 7:30.

Opera

Encompass Theater, 168 W 48th St. (575-1558). *The Tender Land:* Thurs-Sat at 8:30, Sun at 7; thru 6/5.
Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd St. (288-2500). *The Wise Woman and the King,* 6/3-5, 6/7 at 8.
La Petite Opera Company, Lincoln Center Library, 6/6 at 4.

Dance

AMERICAN BALLET THEATER
METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

BALLERINA AND FILM STAR

Leslie Browne (left), soloist with the American Ballet Theater where she dances principal roles, can be seen in a ballet film, *The Turning Point* (which also stars Mikhail Baryshnikov), this fall. In the meantime, you can see her at the Metropolitan Opera House with the ABT (799-3100).

Tues, 5/31 at 8: *Petrouchka; Les Sylphides; Firebird;* All-Fokine program. Wed, 6/1 at 8: *Petrouchka; Le Spectre de la Rose; Firebird;* All-Fokine program.

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Tavoos. 30 West 52 Street (across the street from the 21 Club) Tel. 212/541-7777. Major credit cards accepted.

Thurs, 6/2 & Fri, 6/3 at 8: *Giselle.* Sat, 6/4 at 2 & 8: *Giselle.* Mon, 6/6 at 8: *Giselle.* Tues, 6/7 at 8: *La Bayadère; The Leaves Are Fading; Le Sacre du Printemps.*

NEW YORK CITY BALLET
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

Tues, 5/31 at 8: *Episodes; The Steadfast Tin Soldier; Tzigane; La Valse.* Wed, 6/1 at 8: *Concerto Barocco;* Pas de deux; *Union Jack.* Thurs, 6/2 at 8: *Divertimento No. 15; Dances at a Gathering; Chaconne.* Fri, 6/3 at 8: *Watermill; Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3.* Sat, 6/4 at 2: *The Goldberg Variations; Symphony in Three Movements.* Sat, 6/4 at 8: *Watermill; Who Cares?* Sun, 6/5 at 1: *Coppelia.* Sun, 6/5 at 7: *Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2; The Cage;* Pas de deux; *Stravinsky Violin Concerto.* Tues, 6/7 at 8: *Scotch Symphony; Variations pour une porte et un soupir; Duo Concertant; Who Cares?*

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY
LUNT-FONTANNE THEATER

Tues, 5/31 at 8: *Seraphic Dialogue;* New work; *Deaths and Entrances.* Wed, 6/1 at 2 & 8: *Seraphic Dialogue; Phaedra; Frontier; Diversion of Angels.* Thurs, 6/2 at 8: *Seraphic Dialogue; Lamentation; Diversion of Angels; Deaths and Entrances.* Fri, 6/3 at 8: *Seraphic Dialogue; Primitive Mysteries; Phaedra.* Sat, 6/4 at 2: *Adorations; Errand Into the Maze; Seraphic Dialogue.* Sat, 6/4 at 8: *Plain of Prayer;* New work; *Dark Meadow.* Mon, 6/6 at 8: *Canticle for Innocent Comedians;* New work; *Diversion of Angels.* Tues, 6/7 at 8: *Seraphic Dialogue; Lamentation; Frontier; Dark Meadow.*

PAUL TAYLOR DANCE COMPANY
CITY CENTER

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

Lila York is one of the newer members of the Paul Taylor Dance Company, which is making its only New York City appearance this season with a six-performance engagement (May 31 thru June 5) at City Center (130 W 55th Street). Opening night curtain is at 7:30; all other performances are at 8 (246-8989).

Tues, 5/31 at 7:30: *Cloven Kingdom; Images; Esplanade.* Wed, 6/1 at 8: *Images; Polaris;* New work. Thurs, 6/2 at 8: *Cloven Kingdom; West of Eden; Esplanade.* Fri, 6/3 at 8: Same program as 6/1. Sat, 6/4 at 8: Same program as 6/2. Sun, 6/5 at 8: Same program as 6/1.

OTHER

Manuel Alum Dance Co., Washington Square Church, 133 W 4th St. (242-3900), 5/31-6/2 at 8.

American Theater Lab, 219 W 19th St. (924-0077). Works by contemporary choreographers, 6/2-5 at 8.

Asian American Dance Theater, Richardson Dance Gallery, 242 E 14th St. (233-2154), 6/2-4 at 8, 6/5 at 2 & 8.

Andy deGroat & Co., Pace University, 1 Pace Plaza (285-3715), 6/3-5 at 9.

Fred Matthews & Gary Masters, 541 Broadway (724-7960), 6/3-4 at 7:30, 6/5 at 2 & 7:30.

Multigravitational Aerodance Group, 260 W Bdwy (265-1340), 6/2 at 8:30, 6/3-4 at 8:30 & 10.

Mummenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. (221-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

Joan Peters, Lincoln Center Library, 6/7 at 4.

Phillipine Dance Co., Lincoln Center Library, 6/4 at 2:30.

Riverside Dance Festival, Theater of the Riverside Church, Riverside Drive at 120th St. (864-2929). Judy Jarvis Dance Theater Co., 6/1 & 3 at 8, 6/5 at 4:30.

Linda Tarnay & Dancers, NYU School of the Arts, 111 Second Ave. (924-0077), 6/1-3 at 7:30.

Thunderbird American Indian Dancers, Stuyvesant Park YMCA, 207 E 16th St. (855-2910), 6/3 at 8, 6/4 at 2 & 8.

Art

Galleries are open Tues.-Sat. from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6. Exceptions are noted. Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction. Art listings edited by Holly Pinto.

SOLOS

57th STREET

Herb Aach–Color and form abstractions, thru 6/30. Berman, 50 W 57th (757-7630). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Jean Paul Agosti–Pale watercolors of common objects, thru 6/17. Jackson, 521 W 57th (757-2890).

Hannelore Baron–Collages, thru 7/2. Markel, 50 W 57th (581-1909).

***Max Beckmann**(1884-1950)–Portraits and allegories, 1933-50, by the heaviest of German Expressionists, lent by his estate, thru 6/10. Washburn, 42 E 57th (PL3-0546).

***Chuck Close**–New portraits by the best and the brightest of the Photo-Realists, including some hallucinatory giant images, and a new pastel; thru 6/4. Pace, 32 E 57th (HA1-3292).

Jillian Denby–Recent paintings, thru 6/9. Sachs, 29 W 57th (421-8686).

***Chuck Forsman**–Realist views of rugged terrain, thru 6/2. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

***James Hayward/John Miller**–Monochrome canvases of built up paint layers/Black and white minimal abstractions, both New York debuts via California, thru 6/3. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

***David Hockney**–Diamond-bright portraits in prints, thru 6/25. Getler/Pall, 50 W 57th (581-2724).

Martha Holt/Robert Milnes–New ceramic sculpture by both, 6/3-7/2. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

***Edward Hopper**(1882-1967)–Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and etchings by this psychological investigator of primordial American experience; thru 6/8. Kennedy, 40 W 57th (541-9600).

***William King**–"Outdoors," figurative, witty sculpture, 6/6-7/1. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268). Mon-Fri 10-5:30.

***Louise Nevelson**–Collage drawings relating to trees, thru 6/11. Truman, 38 E 57th (688-3516).

***Arthur Pierson**–Fiberglass wall pieces of abstract forms, thru 6/18. Parsons, 24 W 57th (CI7-7480).

Marcelle Toor–Paintings, thru 6/9. Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Yannis Amoryanos–Primitives of flora and fauna, thru 6/10. Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372). Mon-Sat 10-6, Sun 1-5.

Carol Anthony–People, cute and cartoony, in sculpture and drawings, thru 6/4. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Jeffrey Beardsall/Elizabeth Osborne–Works on paper/Watercolor still lifes in blue and gray, 6/4-7/2. Gimpel, 1040 Mad Ave (628-1897).

***Colette**–Street works, including the artist as object, thru 6/11. Cucalón, 145 E 72nd (472-8741).

***Richard Diebenkorn**–Recent oils and works-on-paper by leading California nature abstractionist who has trapped Matisse in "Ocean Park," thru 6/2. Knoedler, 19 E 70th (794-0550).

Dominic L. Di Mare–Small sculpture, thru 6/22. Duhl, 31 E 54th (582-4163). Tues-Sat 12-5.

Gerald Exline–Drawings and lithos, thru 6/30. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

***Chaim Gross**–Small sculpture complementing his Jewish Museum retrospective, thru 6/10. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

Barbara Harrison–Welded metal wall sculpture, 6/7-29. Automation House, 49 E 68th (628-1010). Mon-Fri 9-5.

***Walter Hatke**–Realist interior views looking out of windows in oils and drawings, thru 6/10. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad at 69th (TR9-4639).

***Pierre Haubensak**–Impasto abstractions using squares, thru 6/10. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).

***Michael Heizer**–Sculptures in granite, steel, and wood, huge to small, a symphony of circles and secants, gleaming with Euclidean authority, thru 6/11. Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980).

***Angelo Ippolito**–American collages, 6/4-30. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

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***Vitaly Komar/Alexander Melamid**–Works done together dealing with a farewell to Russia, a factory plan on canvas, other ironies; thru 6/24. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

***Kate Millett**–Line drawings of women, thru 6/18. Wauters, 1014 Mad at 78th (628-1200).

***Carol Parker**–Plaster figures and paper drawings, 6/4-30. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Emilio Sanchez–Recent paintings and watercolors, thru 6/8. Griffin, 850 Mad Ave (737-6116).

SoHo

Jesse Allen–Fantasy landscapes by this East African, thru 6/30. Vorpal, 465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues-Sat 10-6, Wed til 9, Sun 1-6.

***Robert Benson/Kim MacConnel**–Paintings on shaped plywood of the artist's living space and the Bodie Islands/Found pieces made into home furnishings, thru 6/4. Solomon, 392 W Bdwy (925-1900).

George Chemeche–A composite work with 60 landscapes, thru 6/4. Meisel, 141 Prince (522-0164).

Dave Cundy/Jan Van Raay–Objets d'art dealing with post mortem/Xerographic fishworks, thru 6/3. Hansen, 70 Wooster (431-5904).

***Louise Fishman**–Layers of oils and beeswax on paper, thru 6/2. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

***Emily Fuller**–Geometric shapes sewn together, suggesting patterns of city landscape, thru 6/22. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4267). Tues-Sat 12-6.

***Antonio Gaudi**(1852-1926)–Drawings by this famous Spanish Catalan architect, thru 6/11. Drawing Center, 137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9.

***Will Insley**–Architectural fantasies, thru 6/4. Protetch, 157 Spring (925-4009)

Ronald Mallory–Paintings, thru 6/4. Bonino, 98 Prince (PL2-9556).

Libby Medrich–Polished and cast aluminum sculpture, thru 6/3. Ward-Nasse, 131 Prince (475-9125).

***Cathy Porter**–Works, 6/1-30. Duffy/Gibbs, 157 Spring (677-5692).

***Phillip Rivlin**–Oil and wax on canvas over board, thru 6/22. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

William Schwedler–Scored acrylic and gel on canvas, thru 6/4. Alessandra, 489 Broome (925-7373).

***Richard Van Buren**–Recent semi-sculptural presences in enigmatic plastics, thru 6/8. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

OTHER

Michelle Gamm Clifton/Lesley Jean Goldberg–Soft sculpture including "NYC Couch," thru 6/11. Cordy, 324 E 73rd (249-4791).

James Fetterman/Theodore Wolff–Male and female anatomy in pencil/Fantasy cityscapes, thru 6/8. Greene, 1093 2nd Ave (838-7680). Mon-Fri 10-6,Sat 11-5.

John A. Giordano–Small sculpture and paper works, 6/4-25. Sragow, 105 Hudson (966-6403).

Spencer Lawrence–The Black protest of the 60s in 28 works, thru 6/2. Gallery 1199, 310 W 43rd (JU2-1890). Mon-Thurs 12-4,6-8,Fri 12-4.

William Pellicone–Scenes of the real and the fantastic, thru 6/12. 47 Bond (475-3899). Wed-Sun 1-6.

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

Genesis–41 E 57th (751-7220). Works by Hoare, Holman, van Kruiselbergen, and Milne; thru 6/18.

***Hamilton**–20 W 57th (765-5915). Constructivistic sculpture by Caro, di Suvero, Snelson, Witkin, others, thru 6/1.

Midtown–11 E 57th (PL8-1900). New talent, thru 6/4.

Three Eyes Art Society–140 W 57th (581-2869). Tues-Sat 1-5. Members in all media, 6/4-5,11-12.

***Wiener**–41 E 57th (593-1270). Stone and bronze sculptures, miniature paintings of the 2nd through 18th centuries from India, Tibet, Nepal, Cambodia, Thailand and Indonesia, thru 6/4.

***Zabriskie**–29 W 57th (832-9034). American Art 50 years ago, including Ault, Walkowitz, Archipenko, Nadelman, others, thru 6/18.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

***ACA**–25 E 73rd (628-2440). Streetwalkers by Besser, portraits by Davenport, Black culture by Hendricks, and rocks in arid terrain by Rendleman; 6/4-7/30.

***African Tribal Arts II**–37 W 53rd (582-5056). 25 sculptures by Julio Miraglia, thru 6/30.

Carlton–127 E 69th (249-9880). Paintings, drawings, sculpture, photos by Eccles, Finkbeiner, Yamashiro, others, thru 6/25.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gisson, Sarsony, Shawe, others; 6/1-30.

***Davis & Long**–746 Mad Ave (861-2811). Mon-Fri 10-5. American collage including Cornell, Dove, Motherwell, Ryan, Stella, others; 6/6-7/1.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). Carter, Johnson, Simon, and Von Wiegand, thru 6/4.

Elkon–1063 Mad Ave (LE5-3940). Works by Avedisian, Delap, Dzubas, Wesley, others, 6/4-9/1.

Flanagan–22 E 72nd (879-7392). Naïve and surrealist paintings, drawings, and sculptures, thru 9/1.

***Hutton**–967 Mad Ave (249-9700). Paintings of the famed "Blue Rider" group, c. 1912, including Kandinsky, Klee, Marc, Munter, others, thru 6/11.

***Larcada**–23 E 67th (249-4561). Mon-Sat 11-5. A visual exploration of vandalism, thru 6/11.

L'Ibis–667 Mad at 61st (935-0490). Dynastic art of Egypt, plus Coptic and Islamic pieces, thru 8/1.

ML–58 E 79th (472-0333). Drawings by Blaustein, Dickerson, Hall, others, thru 6/30.

***Reinhold-Brown**–26 E 78th (427-4014). Posters from Art Nouveau to Art Deco, thru 6/28.

Touchstone–118 E 64th (826-6111). Drawings by Crawford, Krieger, Phillips, others, thru 6/1.

SoHo

14 Sculptors–75 Thompson (966-5790). Works in stone, wood, plastic, and metals by Azara, Miller, Smith, Thea, others; 6/4-18.

***OK Harris**–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). An environmental construction by Chao, paintings by Farber and Goings, and sculpture by Tuck, thru 6/18.

***Landmark**–469 Broome (966-1173). Drawings, watercolors, and pastels by 17, thru 6/11.

Prince St–106 Prince (226-9153). Fri-Sun 1-5. Works on paper by Lerman, Levine, Steig, others, 6/3-26.

***SculptureNow**–142 Greene (966-3066). Chavooshian's translucent plastic veils enclosing organic forms; Frizzell's balanced wood, cloth and thread pieces; Henderson's black triangles; Murch's glass, sand, and aluminum mazes; 6/4-30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (GR3-8321). Paintings and etchings by de Beauvoir, sculpture by Medrich, and abstractions by Osterman and Taylor, thru 6/2.

OTHER

American Academy–633 W 155th (286-1480). Tues-Sun 1-4. Works by Eames, Cobb, Gussow, Noguchi, Noland, others; thru 6/12.

Associated American Artists–663 5th Ave (PL5-4211). New talent in printmaking, thru 6/24.

Braathen–158 Lafayette (925-0113). Flat sheet metal sculpture by Logis, industrial landscapes on grids by Warren, others, thru 6/4.

***Center for Inter-American Relations**–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sat 12-6. 18th century Latin American decorative art showing the blend of pre-Hispanic crafts with European tastes during revolutionary times, thru 8/7.

Co-Op City Bronx–(671-7777). Outdoor sculpture by Barrett, Castoro, FeBland, Reginato, many others, thru 8/30.

Elliott–349 2nd Ave (533-4949). Posters of La Belle Epoque, Art Nouveau, thru 6/25.

Grey–NYU, 33 Washington Pl, Washington Sq E (598-7603). Tues-Fri 10-5,Wed til 8:30,Sat 1-5. Drawings, collages and works on paper by Avery, Baskin, Cornell, Dove, Miro, others, 6/1-7/1.

***Japan House**–333 E 47th (832-1155). Daily 11-5,Fri til 7:30. Robes and masks of the No theatre of Japan from the Tokugawa Collection(1603-1868), 6/1-7/17.

***Noho**–542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619). Tues-Sun 1-6. Evening events at 8. Works by artists in prison including a film *Voices From Within* by women long termers at Bedford Hills, 6/4-22.

Photography

***Ansel Adams/Paul Berger**–Vistas including New Mexico, 1944/Works, 6/3-25. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Wynn Bullock/Don Cyr**–Inner and outer world/Diana images, 6/1-25. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (288-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

***Shirley Burden/Willard Van Dyke**–Silent Trappist Monks in Louisville, Ellis Island, Japan, 1969, others/Portraits of Adams, Weston, factory studies, and boxer's hands from 1930-1937, 6/1-7/16. Witkin, 41 E 57th (355-1461).

Camera Club of NY–37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 2-6. Members, thru 6/20.

***Castelli**–4 E 77th (288-3202). Cohen, Eggleston, Sonneman, Ruscha, others, 6/4-7/2.

Konrad Cramer(1888-1963)/**Meil Maurer**–From painting to photos in the 30s/Black-and-white studies by this artist, thru 6/11. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Esman**–29 W 57th (421-9490). Studies by painters and sculptors including Brancusi, Duchamp, Sheeler, Warhol, others, thru 6/4.

David Howard–Color photographic sculpture and prints, thru 6/27. Images, 11 E 57th (828-8640).

***Kodak**–1133 Sixth Ave (262-6170). Mon 12-5, Tues-Sat 9:30-5. "The American Cowboy in Fact & Fiction," thru 6/4.

Bette Lazar–Pre-arranged still lifes using the commonplace in an absurd way, thru 6/2. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

***Nadar/Steichen**–Famous people in 19th century Paris and 20th century NYC, thru 6/25. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***New York Public Library**–5th at 42nd (790-6161). 19th century original sun pictures, thru 7/30.

Dianora Niccolini–"Pop photoart," or photo montages, 6/2-30. Third Eye, 17 7th Ave S (BU8-1698).

***Pfeifer**–825 Mad Ave (737-2055). Tues-Fri 10-5:30. Pioneer photos of the American West, thru 6/30.

Richard Roberts–Large constructed works of nudes, 6/1-30. 4th Street, 67 E 4th (673-1021). Sun-Thurs 2-8,Fri,Sat 3-10.

Soho Center–114 Prince (266-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5. 18 CAPS photographers including Freidlander, Mertin, Michals, others, 6/2-7/30.

***Soho/Stieglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Sat,Sun 1-6,Tues 7-9. Chicago by Firestone, turkeys by Purchia, Victorian studies by Horace Engle(1861-1949), 6/7-28.

***Vitolo/Rinhart**–818 Mad Ave (288-5421). Tues-Sat 12-6. Civil War studies by Brady, Gardner, and O'Sullivan, thru 6/18.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Sun 11-5. New York City maps, past and present, map-making, and map-making instruments; thru August.

***Asia House**–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5,Sun 1-5,Thurs til 8:30. Chinese ceramics from the T'ang to the Ming dynasties(618-1644), owned by Japanese collectors, thru 6/26.

Bronx Museum of the Arts, 851 Grand Concourse (681-6000). Mon-Fri 9-5, Wed till 7:30, Sun 12-5. *American Art Since 1945:* From the the Museum of Modern Art; thru 6/30.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Lace: An Ornamental Art:* 120 examples of lace from the 17th to the 20th century; thru 10/31.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum–Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5.

Guggenheim Museum–Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. **Kenneth Noland:** A retrospective of paintings and sculptures by one of the most famous of modern Color-Field painters; thru 6/19.

International Center of Photography–Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5. *Josef Sudek Retrospective* (1896-1976); thru 7/3.

Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave. (860-1860). Sun 11-6, Mon-Thurs 12-5. *Chaim Gross:* A retrospective; thru 10/24.

Metropolitan Museum of Art–Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *A Faun Teased by Children:* A newly-discovered Bacchic marble by Gian Lorenzo Bernini; thru 6/12. *Rubens: Engravings and Woodcuts:* Celebrating the 400th anniversary of his birth; thru 6/19. *Irving Penn—Street Material:* 28 photos in platinum metals; thru 6/26. *Fifteenth-Century Woodcuts;* thru 6/19. **Degas** is seen in over 200 works in juxtapositions that bring new insight to his polymorphous genius—bronze dancers echo dainty pastels, horses rear in every position. thru 9/4. *The Glory of Russian Costume:* Covering 200 years (1709-1909); thru 8/30. *Russian and Soviet Paintings:* Approximately 150 paintings from Soviet Museums; thru 6/26. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *William Caxton, England's First Printer:* An exhibition of books printed over 500 years ago by William Caxton; thru 7/31. *100 Masterpieces of Manuscript Illumination From the 6th to the 16th Century:* From the library's finest holdings; thru 7/30.

El Museo del Barrio, 1945 Third Ave. (831-7272). Closed Sun. Call for hours. *Teatro:* Hispanic theater in NYC from 1920 to 1976; thru 6/3.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W 53rd St. (581-2474). Tues-Sun 10:30-5:30.

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E 53rd St. (752-7684). Tues-Sat 12-5. The first American museum dedicated to the study and preservation of the more than 50-year history of radio and television.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Grass Show:* Functional and decorative objects made from natural grasses. *Warao Indian Baskets* and *Jewelry in Thread.* Thru 6/19.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Casdin-Silver;* thru 7/26.

Museum of Modern Art-11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thur 11-9. *Wall Hangings:* Recent development in weaving toward small-scale patterns and a refinement in materials; thru 6/7. *Projects—Allen Ruppersberg:* Photographs and drawings are combined with words to tell a hodgepodge story; thru 7/4. *Courthouse:* About 60 photographs from across the country; thru 7/10. **Matisse's** *Swimming Pool,* a walk-thru cutout in diamond-bright blues and white; thru 8/15. *British Drawings:* Approximately 60 works, ranging from the turn of the century thru Pop, from the Collection; thru 5/31. The museum's **Sumergarden** is now open Fri-Sun from 6 to 10.

New York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Remember the Ladies: Women in America, 1750-1815:* A view of American women from all classes and walks of life during the country's Revolutionary period; thru 6/15.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *The Youthful Eye:* An exhibition of photographs by high school students; thru 6/19.

South Street Seaport Museum–16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 12-6.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. *Living Space:* A multimedia exhibition which traces historical housing milestones of New York blacks; thru 6/12.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7. Also by appt. An exhibit of Ukranian Easter eggs and Easter breads; thru 5/31.

Whitney Museum–Madison Ave at 75th (794-0600). Daily 11-6, Tue, 11-10, Sun & Hols, 12-6. Closed Mon. *Thirty Years of American Art: 1945-75;* thru 10/23. *Unposed Portraits:* thru 6/26. *The Bloedel Bequest:* Includes paintings by Avery, O'Keeffe, Baziotes, Porter, Rivers, others; thru 6/19.

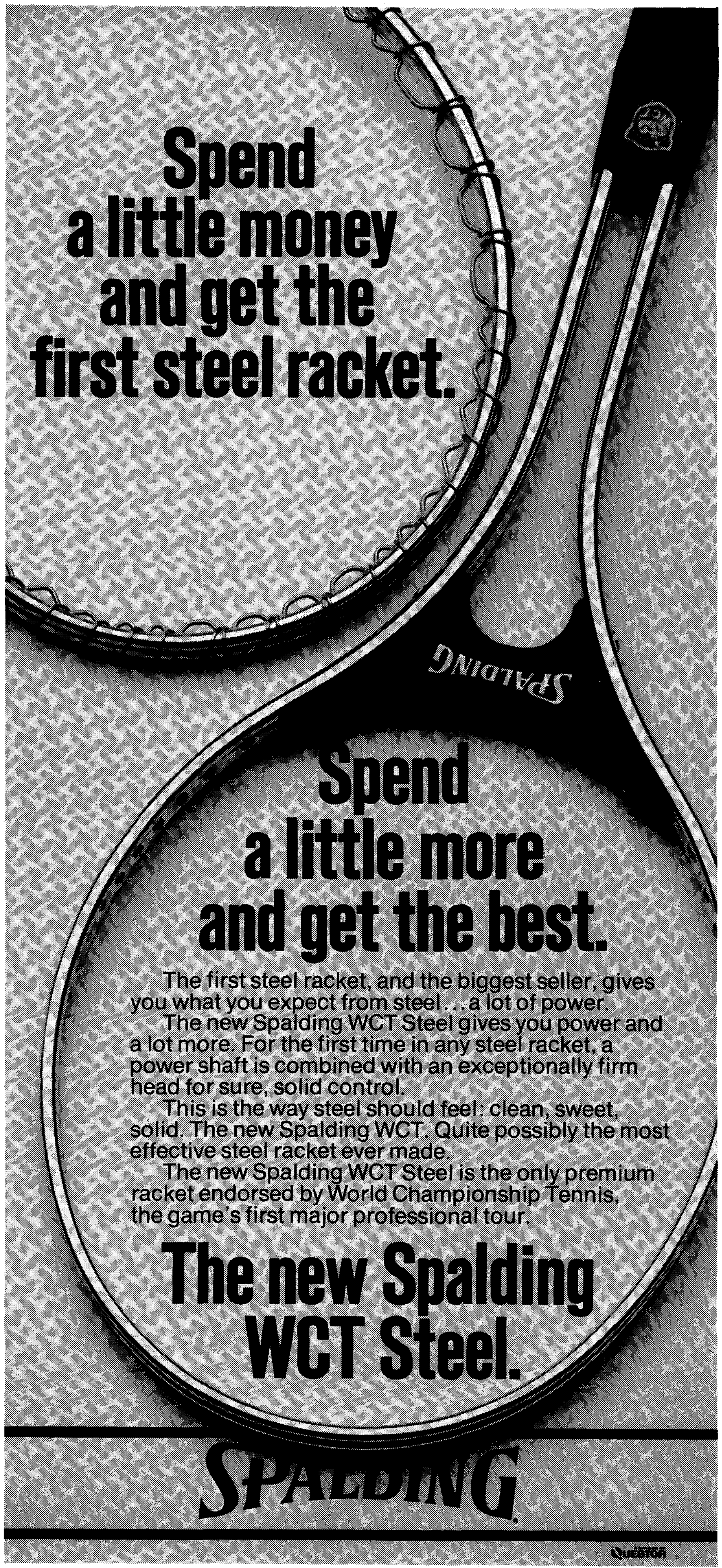
Sports

BASEBALL

New York Mets, Shea Stadium (672-3000). vs. Montreal: 5/31 at 8:05; vs. Philadelphia: 6/3 at 8:05, 6/4 at 2:05, 6/5 at 1:05; vs. Cincinnati: 6/6-8 at 8:05.

TENNIS

New York Apples, Nassau Coliseum (725-0070). vs. Pennsylvania Keystones, 6/4 at 8; at Madison Square Garden, vs. Phoenix Racquets, 6/6 at 8.



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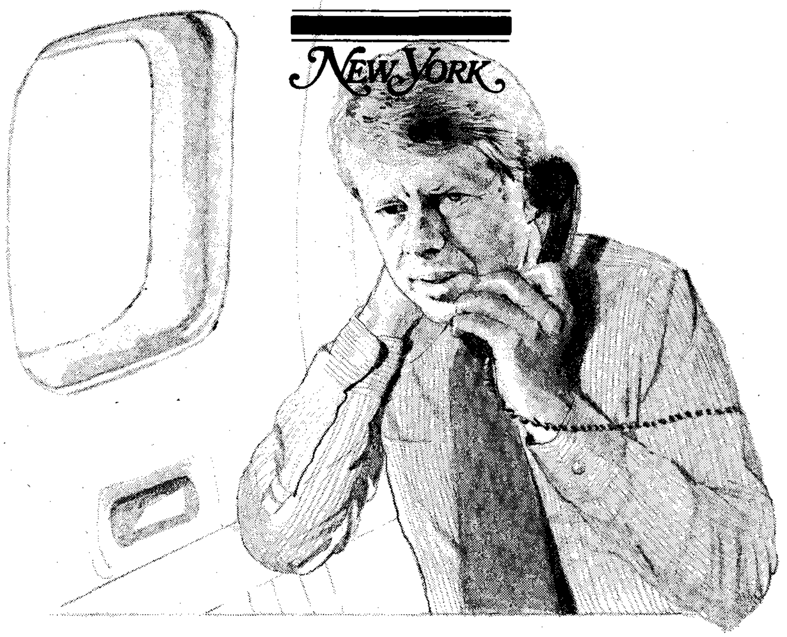


How Carter Fouled the Israeli Elections

By Tad Szulc

"...Vance was not in command of his subject. Missing from the list was Israel. Instantly the senators interrupted him..."

This is the story of the Carter administration's worst mistake to date in the management of foreign policy.

It unfolds over fifteen days of secrecy-shrouded confusion, beginning on the afternoon of April 28 in a closed meeting between the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and an ill-prepared Secretary of State Cyrus Vance. And it ends, for now at least, in the auditorium of the Executive Office Building shortly after 2:30 p.m. on May 12, when an unequivocal President Carter answered the first question at his press conference, a tough question about Israel, without missing a beat.

The events of these days gravely affected the future of U.S. military support for Israel. They also had a profound bearing on the crucial Israeli elections of May 17 that may have brought to power a hard-line nationalist, Menahem Begin.

On the afternoon of Friday, April 29, President Carter was in the White House preparing for his first major international exposure since his election. The London summit talks were one week away. Together with the heads of state of Britain, France, Italy, Canada, Japan, and West Germany, Carter would wrestle with the awesome economic problems — some whispered "bankruptcy"—that they all shared.

He was also getting ready for a private summit side trip to Geneva, where he would meet with Syria's President Hafez al-Assad.

The day before, on Capitol Hill, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was gathered with Secretary of State Vance behind the closed doors of ornate Room S-116 in "executive" session.

In the flat, calm, circumspect manner of the Wall Street lawyer he is, Vance read a summation of a presidential review memorandum—known as PRM-12—on limiting American arms sales, grants, and weapons systems to foreign nations. Since the White House's relations with Congress were already troubled, Vance was there to "consult." His exposition was going smoothly until he reached the point where PRM-12 stated which countries would receive favored-nation status. That meant access to—or co-production agreements for—the most modern and sophisticated American arms.

Those nations, Vance read on, would be limited to the countries of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and, in addition, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan—nations with whom the United States has formal defense treaties.

Missing from the list was Israel.

Instantly, Vance was interrupted—first, by Florida Democrat Richard "Dick" Stone. Though only a freshman senator, Stone has power. He is chairman of the important Middle East subcommittee of the Foreign Relations Committee.

What did the exclusion of Israel from the list of most favored countries mean? Stone demanded to know. Would the Israelis actually be barred from the newest U.S. weapons and co-production programs?

Other senators leaned forward and followed Stone's questions with their own. Frank Church, from Idaho; Hubert Humphrey, long one of Israel's sturdiest supporters; and New Jersey's Republican Clifford Case.

Tad Szulc is preparing a new book, An Illusion of Peace, *that will deal with Richard Nixon's foreign policy.*

Illustrated by Alan Reingold

Is it wise to move in such a fashion at this time, threatening Israel's military posture just when the administraton is trying, hoping, to obtain territorial concessions from Israel as part of the comprehensive Middle East peace settlement being sought by President Carter?

Vance appeared nonplussed and genuinely surprised that such large political questions had been raised by the memorandum.

Questioning continued. Later several senators who were present agreed that Vance was not "in command" of the subject. "He evidently had not thought out all the implications of the PRM-12," one senator remarked.

Vance's initial reply was that the United States would remain faithful to its commitments. However, Vance maintained, to include Israel on the list would only lead to pressures from Iran, Saudi Arabia, and others for similar treatment. If that happened, then the whole policy of limiting the arms we export would be undermined.

Yes, the senators said, but you must remember that most of the Arab states, notably Syria, have access to Soviet weapons. So, the real effect of PRM-12 would be to destabilize Israel.

George McGovern, the only dissenter, argued that favoritism to Israel would harm Arab states like Egypt that were no longer receiving Soviet arms. We must have an "even-handed" policy, McGovern told the room.

In the end, the committee reached a "general consensus." PRM-12 should be redrafted to take into account the Israeli problem. The specific solution they left to Vance and the president.

That was a Thursday afternoon.

When Carter left for London the following Thursday, May 5, he still had no idea of the storm that had developed over Israel. As he later told an associate, he simply had not been forewarned of the "Israeli implications" in the arms-review policy.

At a news conference the day before Carter's departure for London, Vance showed that he still totally underestimated the trouble potential of the "arms flap." Replying to a question from an Israeli newspaper correspondent, Vance said that the president was too busy preparing for his trip abroad to make a decision on the increasingly controversial memorandum, PRM-12.

It was a statement that didn't mean all that much to American reporters. But to the Israeli journalist it meant that his nation was being excluded from the "most favored" weapons list, that Vance and President Carter had more important things on their minds.

The next day, Israel's papers headlined the news. A crisis was in the making. That country's elections were less than two weeks away.

The Israelis had already been unsettled in March by Carter's statement in Clinton, Massachusetts, propounding a "homeland" for the Palestinians. That "homeland" would have to be carved out of Israeli territory. They also knew that the new administration favored Israel's withdrawal to the borders that existed before the 1967 war, with minor adjustments, and that this meant the loss of the West Bank.

With the Labor government engaged since February in diplomatic exchanges with the United States, and the Israeli electorate's suspicions that the Laborites might be too responsive to Carter's pressure for concessions, the emerging arms confusion was affecting the credibility of acting Prime Minister Shimon Peres.

None of this, however, seemed to register with the Carter administration. Private hopes were for Labor's reelection so that efforts for "peace in 1977" in the Middle East could be pursued with relative smoothness. What, then, were policymakers thinking about in preparing the memo for the president?

The best answer is that the administration was not thinking. In hindsight, State Department officials admit that PRM-12, drafted by State's Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, was a "mistake." As one embarrassed official put it, "It was something out of *Alice in Wonderland* to draft PRM-12 without a reference to Israel." As far as anybody in the State Department could tell, Vance had not studied the memorandum adequately before appearing at the Senate session in Room S-116. Moreover, the department's Near East bureau, responsible for all the Middle East policies, apparently was not consulted at all. Nor did Vance touch base with the president before marching up to the Hill.

All the top people in the administration, from Carter down, were simply too busy with the summit preparations that week to appreciate the Israeli confusion.

Members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee were not pleased.

On Wednesday, May 4, as Vance was telling newsmen that Carter's decision on PRM-12 and the Israelis would have to wait, the Foreign Relations Committee's subcommittee on foreign assistance approved an amendment to the fiscal-1978 foreign-aid bill. Sponsored by Case and Humphrey, it expressed "the sense of the Congress that sympathetic consideration should be given" to Israel's desire for military co-production programs with the United States.

Senators Jacob Javits and Frank Church prepared another amendment that said it was the sense of the Congress "that a policy of restraint in U.S. arms transfers, including arms-sales ceilings, shall not impair Israel's deterrent strength or undermine the military balance in the Middle East."

The clear intention of the committee was to force the president's hand.

The next day, Thursday, May 5, President Carter left for London, blissfully ignorant of what was happening in the Senate.

He left Vice-President Walter Mondale behind to mind the store.

Not until the following Monday, May 9, had Mondale become aware that Senate action was imminent. The full Senate Foreign Relations Committee was about to vote on the Case-Humphrey and Church-Javits amendments. And a quick nose count showed Mondale that the votes were there.

Mondale was in a highly uncomfortable position. As a senator, he had always supported pro-Israel actions. Since becoming vice-president, Mondale has been one of Israel's strongest advocates in the highest councils of government. His voice on the Middle East, as on other foreign-policy matters, carries considerable weight at the White House. He felt now that the memorandum had been a colossal error.

But he faced a complex political dilemma which could cut against his pro-Israel position.

The problem was that in the view of the White House, a view Mondale strongly shared, the Senate should not be allowed, through legislation, to preempt the president's freedom to conduct foreign policy. If the Senate approved the pro-Israel amendments, Carter's arms-export-control policy would be undermined. What Mondale could see forming was a classic case of confrontation between the executive branch and the Congress over foreign policy. It was ominously reminiscent of the Nixon-Ford days.

Mondale got on the phone that Monday, working over his former Senate colleagues. He called Humphrey, his political father, and several others on the committee, asking them to delay any vote until Carter returned. As soon as the president was back, Mondale told them, he would take the whole mess up with him.

While Mondale was calling around the Hill all day Monday, a strenuous guerrilla action was launched by State Department lobbyists. State's advocates were led by Lucy Wilson Benson, the undersecretary for security assis-

"...'Why can't the president watch what he's saying,' moaned an administration aide..."

tance with support from State's Near East bureau and Congressional Relations Bureau. They pleaded for time in Senate corridors, offices, wherever senators could be collared. "At least wait until Carter gets back. That's only a couple of days."

That day, the American Jewish community was heard from.

Rabbi Alexander Schindler, chairman of the Conference of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations, issued a statement. Israel, he warned, was becoming the "victim" of an otherwise laudable arms policy.

Schindler had several private telephone conversations with key White House officials, people he had dealt with in the past on Jewish affairs. He received general assurances that the problem would be resolved favorably in a matter of days. With Carter due back at the White House the next evening, the Jewish leadership concluded that it would be premature to fire any big guns.

The Jewish leaders still had confidence in Carter. They knew that the new administration had strongly backed legislation banning the boycott of Israel in any form by American firms doing business in the Arab countries. The administration also opposed secondary boycotts by other American firms of companies on the Arab "blacklist." The Nixon and Ford administrations had refused to support such legislation. The Carter White House not only had pushed it, but had become directly involved in negotiating the bill with both houses of Congress, the Business Roundtable (representing American corporations), and Jewish organizations.

By coincidence, the Senate overwhelmingly passed the antiboycott legislation (only North Carolina's Republican Senator Jesse Helms voted against it) just as the Israeli "arms flap" was exploding on the Hill.

Over at 1621 22nd Street, N.W., Washington, D.C., in the Israeli Embassy, there were apprehension and deliberate restraint.

The embassy is normally quite quick to sound an alarm among American Jewry at the first sign of any governmental action in Washington which might be detrimental to Israel. In this case, however, the decision was to wait while the administration worked out the confusion over PRM-12.

When Israeli diplomats first learned of Vance's testimony before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, on April 29, they tried to obtain clarifications from the State Department. What they got instead were noncommittal answers. With Carter, Vance, and national security adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski all preparing for London, nobody in Foggy Bottom had the authority to explain what might be the true American policy on arms for Israel.

The embassy was especially worried about the impact of this chaos on the approaching elections back home, but it finally decided that this was not the moment for a diplomatic escalation.

By Tuesday, May 10, Mondale realized the situation was critical.

Word from Capitol Hill was that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was ready to vote on the pro-Israel amendments. All of his phone calls, all of State's lobbying, had failed.

He called London, reached Carter, and told him what was happening.

Amazingly, it was the first time the president had been told in detail what was going on.

Mondale asked for swift action.

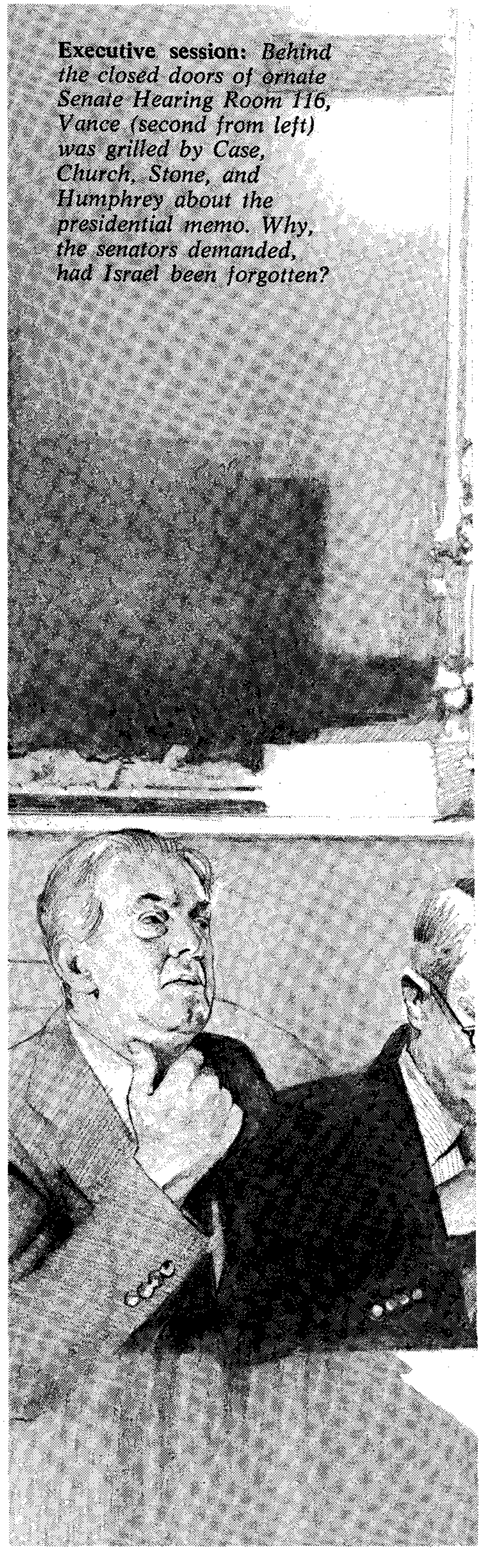
Carter was about to board his plane for the flight home. He told Mondale he'd respond as soon as possible.

Within hours, as *Air Force One* was flying over the Atlantic, Carter radioed a message to the White House. He instructed his staff to prepare for urgent conferences on the "Israeli arms flap."

Mondale immediately informed the anxious senators of his exchanges with the president.

The committee agreed to give the administration extra time.

On the afternoon of the following day, Wednesday, May 11, as Carter studied the PRM-12 problem in the Oval Office, Senator Henry Jackson of Washington, Israel's staunchest supporter in the Senate, came up with a compromise proposal. Acting with the assent of the authors of the amendments, he telephoned the White House and the State Department to say that the senators would drop their proposed legislation if the administration agreed to redraft PRM-12. Then he sent over a memorandum arguing that the "presidential decision" on the export of arms, when issued, should take into account the needs of Israel. PRM-12, as it stood, was "defective," he argued.



Executive session: *Behind the closed doors of ornate Senate Hearing Room 116, Vance (second from left) was grilled by Case, Church, Stone, and Humphrey about the presidential memo. Why, the senators demanded, had Israel been forgotten?*

Still, the diplomatic confusion persisted. Vance had stayed behind in London with Israeli Foreign Minister Yigal Allon. There are differing versions, however, of what Vance said to Allon. The State Department claims that the secretary had assured him that Israel would retain its access to modern American weapons. The Israelis, on the other hand, contend that Vance had confined himself to generalities on U.S. support, failing to clarify adequately how PRM-12 would be applied.

In Washington, on the morning of Thursday, May 12, the president acted at last.

At 7:45 A.M., he received his daily foreign-affairs and intelligence briefing from Brzezinski.

At 8:30 A.M., he met in the Oval Office with his senior staff. The purpose of the meeting was to decide, finally, how to deal with the Israeli crisis. This was the crucial meeting.

Clustered around Carter's desk were Mondale, Brzezinski, Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher, the assistant to the president for domestic affairs, Stuart Eizenstat, and Robert Lipshutz, counsel to the president.

The majority view was that the arms-export policy must carry special provisions for Israel. And the president should state the provisions explicitly at his news conference later that day.

Carter agreed.

At 9 A.M., a Senate delegation was shown into the Oval Office. The president informed them that he was willing to go along with the Jackson compromise. He would send a letter to Congress reaffirming American security support for Israel.

At 10:30 A.M., Carter conferred with Mondale, Brzezinski, and Stansfield Turner, director of the Central Intelligence Agency. They went over, again, what the president would say publicly about Israel.

At 2:30 P.M., Carter opened his press conference in the auditorium of the Executive Office Building, across the street from the White House.

The very first questioner asked Carter if he thought that Israel should accept the Palestinian homeland if the Palestinians "accept the fact of Israel." Carter was also asked whether or not he felt the United States "should share arms technology and co-production with Israel?"

Without missing a beat, the president shot back: "The answer to both those questions is yes."

He explained that the "homeland" was of "crucial importance" in arriving at a Middle East peace, then added: "It's absolutely crucial that no one in our country or around the world ever doubt that our number-one commitment in the Middle East is to protect the right of Israel to exist, to exist permanently, and to exist in peace. . . . And, obviously, part of that is to make sure that Israel has adequate means to protect themselves without military involvement of the United States. I have no objection about this arrangement—I'm proud of it—and it will be permanent as long as I'm in office."

Carter's statements were both a reassurance and a new concern to Israel, just five days before its elections.

"Why can't the president watch what he's saying?" moaned an administration official the next day.

The returns from the May 17 elections showed that the Labor party had lost to the highly nationalistic Likud party.

On May 19, two days after the election, Carter finally issued his "presidential decision" on arms transfers. The document still provided that only America's treaty allies—NATO, Australia, New Zealand, and Japan—would be exempt from general restrictions on exports. But, in the spirit of the Senate compromise, the president emphasized that the United States will "honor our historic responsibilities to assure the security of the state of Israel."

This was fine, but Carter's Middle East peacemaking has been blocked for an indefinite period.

A Friend's Farewell to James Jones

By William Styron

After sixteen years in Paris, James Jones returned to America in 1975 with his wife, Gloria; his daughter, Kaylie; and his son, Jamie. They sold their splendid, rambling Paris apartment on the Ile St. Louis and bought a big, old farmhouse on Sagg Main Street in Sagaponack, Long Island.

Jones was very, very glad to be back in the United States, and he especially loved it out there.

He was working on what he spoke of as his best novel, *Whistle.* It was to complete his war trilogy, which started with *From Here to Eternity* in 1951 and was developed in *The Thin Red Line* in 1962.

Jones had a congenitally bad heart and had suffered a series of heart attacks, the worst last January. He knew he might not have the time and the strength to finish *Whistle.* He also knew that if he finished it, his battle to stay alive might dissolve.

Slowly he gained enough strength to work a few hours a day. Then, finally, Jones felt bad once more, and Gloria drove him again to Southampton Hospital. But this time he kept sinking.

His friends, mostly writers, spread the news, and they gathered. Irwin Shaw, William Styron, Peter Matthiessen, Robert Alan Aurthur, Adam Shaw, George Plimpton, Willie Morris. They and a number of other friends filled the Jones house. There were a number of literary groupies there too.

On Thursday night, May 5, the doctors told Gloria that Jim was finished. It was a matter of hours.

And then Jones stirred, and created a scene that no respectable novelist would ever try to write.

From his deathbed, he asked Gloria for a drink of whiskey, which she gave him. He drank it down and slipped off the bed, angrily pulling all the wires and tubes from his body. "Gloria," he said, "I don't want to die, damn it. I don't."

On the strength of that kind of will, he survived four more days.

At 7:50 P.M. Monday evening, May 9, he died in the arms of his wife, in the hands of his children.

His novel *Whistle* was never quite finished. But his writer friends and his wife have decided that next spring *Whistle* will be published as he wrote it by Jones's publisher, Delacorte. Added to it will be detailed notes for the missing three chapters, which Jones had dictated to Willie Morris shortly before dying.

The memorial service was Sunday, May 15, at the Bridgehampton Community House. What follows is Bill Styron's eulogy. **—Editor's note.**

Well, Jim, it's all over—the dying part anyway. That ugly process called dying which we are assured by both physiologists and metaphysicians is a part of life—that part is over. And thank God it's over.

At the hospital, when I went into the place where they had caged you and saw you all naked, impaled against the white sheets like a spider monkey, the tubes and bottles and hoses trying to sustain you, the little wires monitoring your life processes, which were even then so swiftly fading—I looked at you there and I could not speak. You were pretty much out of it by then. I looked at you and I was afraid that you didn't know me, I was afraid that you would never know that I had come. But you saw me, something moved in your face or eyes —it wasn't precisely a wink, you were in too much anguish for such a facetious gesture—but you saw me, I know that.

Afterward I hurried out and hurled myself into the men's room—no, it said "Donated by Charlotte Ford Forstmann," so it must have been the elevator; also it moved—and I wept against the wall. I wanted to hide my grief not because I was ashamed of the display, but because everyone was still half drunk and noisy, trying to maintain through sheer hysteric hilarity the fiction that you were not going away, that you would remain among us forever and ever. It was a swank little hospital and I think I uttered some atavistic prayer that those extravagantly priced electronic boxes and beepers would pull off a great trick and give you a reprieve, bring you back to us for just a short while—but, alas, all of Ford's money and those medical men couldn't put Jim Jones together again.

Well, f--k it. "What does it all mean?" It was, as you remember, one of our favorite lines—a question we would ask each other as we walked some street in Paris or alleyway in Florence or across some beach in Haiti or Jamaica. It was of course a frivolous, callow question, but something in its sophomoric fatuity grabbed us irresistibly, and often caused us to crack up in helpless laughter. "What does it all mean, Jim?" Perhaps you know, now. Certainly none of the rest of us does—we who remain and curse God, if we believe in Him, for having taken you from us in the fullness of your powers, far, far before your time and in this glorious springtime singing with all of life's wonder, but also with a sense of its cruel brevity.

So, Jim, you found me out—weeping for you in Mrs. Charlotte Ford Forstmann's elevator. Not that there is anything demeaning in such a demonstration, private or public. As a matter of fact, although I don't think you

France, 1965: *William Styron and James Jones playing harmonicas in Biarritz.*

ever saw me crying before, I caught *you* in the act on more than one occasion. You were among the least sentimental of human beings. That unflinching toughness (underlaid throughout, however, by a great tenderness) was one of your largest strengths as an artist; but you dissolved like the rest of us in the face of the ineluctable realities by which we measure the tragic nature of life. Of course for you such realities more often than not were symbolized by men suffering in the endless crucible of war. And thus one evening many autumns ago I saw you (kneeling in that odd supplicatory stance you so often took in rooms, part rifleman's posture, part prayer)—I saw you weep bitter tears when you heard for the first time on a phonograph record the evocation of General Lee's farewell address to his troops at Appomattox. You wept because you more than anybody—certainly more than anybody of our generation—could visualize the horrible phantasmagoria behind those words: the blood, the slaughter, the innocent lads by the thousands piled up like cordwood at Spotsylvania, Chancellorsville, Shiloh, Vicksburg. For you, and you alone among the writers of your time, war was the inexpressible eternity, the never-ending agony embedded in our human condition. And I saw you weep again in Paris when reading aloud from the as yet unpublished manuscript of the marvelous novel of yours *The Thin Red Line.* I forget the exact scene. I remember it was not a particularly tragic episode; indeed, although somber and permeated with men's physical suffering, it had wild overtones of humor. Even so, all the more reason for you to weep—at war and its unutterable waste and futility and folly and loss.

In many ways, Jim, you were the most "American" writer of your generation, the most deeply implanted in the American grain. And your personality and literary style were so inextricably wound up in each other in a peculiarly American way that you were *sui generis.* I never knew an artist whose style was so inimitably and faithfully a reflection of himself. Let me give an example which is surely going to disturb the liberals who hear these words. You were not a bigot, but take the word *nigger,* which I often heard you use in conversation with a certain casual and disarming precision that was almost breathtaking. You were the only man I ever knew upon whose lips that word had no connotation of ugliness or animosity but instead was uttered with a kind of large, innocent, open sense of fraternity, and I often wondered at this, at how it could be, until I realized that in that word, or at least in the way you spoke it, there were profound echoes of your great predecessors Sherwood Anderson and Dreiser and, above all, Mark Twain—whose peculiarly border sensibility, part southern, part midwestern, but achingly American, you inherited in full measure.

The critics never got hold of this, thank God. Regularly, the critics hauled out their greasy little tool kits, but they never got hold of you at all, which is perhaps at this time a blessing, but I am certain that posterity—which is what matters—will see you in another light. Indeed, you were kinder to the critics than they were to you. At some vast literary gathering quite a few years ago, Peter Matthiessen and I watched the jackals descend on you. *Some Came Running* had just been published to resounding catcalls, and we watched you being besieged by the voracious little barracudas, creepy people masquerading as Alfred Kazin and Leslie Fiedler, literary magpies from the universities, book-review hacks from Kansas City, lustful uptown votaries of Lionel Trilling. I think Herbert Mitgang was there with his shovel. Why was your book a failure? was the gist of their collective assault, and —*mirabile dictu!*—you proceeded gently to tell them that it wasn't a failure at all, and hauled out of your pocket some notes to prove it. Jim, you were always a gentleman, even with assholes. God, how I loved you.

"What does it all mean?" "Bill, I'm just a grain of dust," you once answered, echoing Thomas Wolfe, who was another writer unfashionable and undervalued in his day and now. We were in Paris and a little drunk and we shook on that, agreeing that—equally—we were grains of dust. But now that you are dust, Jim, truly dust —no joke—I say this: I say that after the rage of life, after the battle, after all the battles, after the muck and the jungle s - - t and the blazing sun, after the wounds, after the fierce struggle with words, with language, after the strife with self, always the strife with one's own being, after the triumph and the falling down into lonely frustration, after the marriage and the love, after the endless love given and received, after the fame, after the glorious spume flying high over the breakwater at Saint-Jean-de-Luz, after the breaking of the head against the wall in the depths of the night, after the thousands of words with their sturdy, honest grace, after the loved and loving friends, after the fathomless blue depths in the seas of Jamaica, that ecstasy, after everything, wife and children and love, always love, after the unutterable mystery, after the brave fight against outrageous death, and vile death itself, and death's dark kingdom, after the power and the glory . . .

After all this, my beloved friend, Jim, James, you live.

You wrote for us. *You live.* ▬

This Polaroid Polacolor photograph was acquired by Boston's Museum of Fine Arts for its permanent collection.

The photographer is Marie Cosindas. The medium is Polaroid's Polacolor® Land film. The result is the remarkable photograph at the right, "Dolls," a work of art recently acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Now, Polacolor 2 film has the same unique metallized dyes found in Polaroid's SX-70® film. It has the same exceptional clarity and stability. And its brilliant colors are among the most permanent and fade resistant ever developed in photography. Polacolor film is used by amateur, professional and scientific photographers throughout the world. Polaroid, the choice of the artist in the creation of her art.

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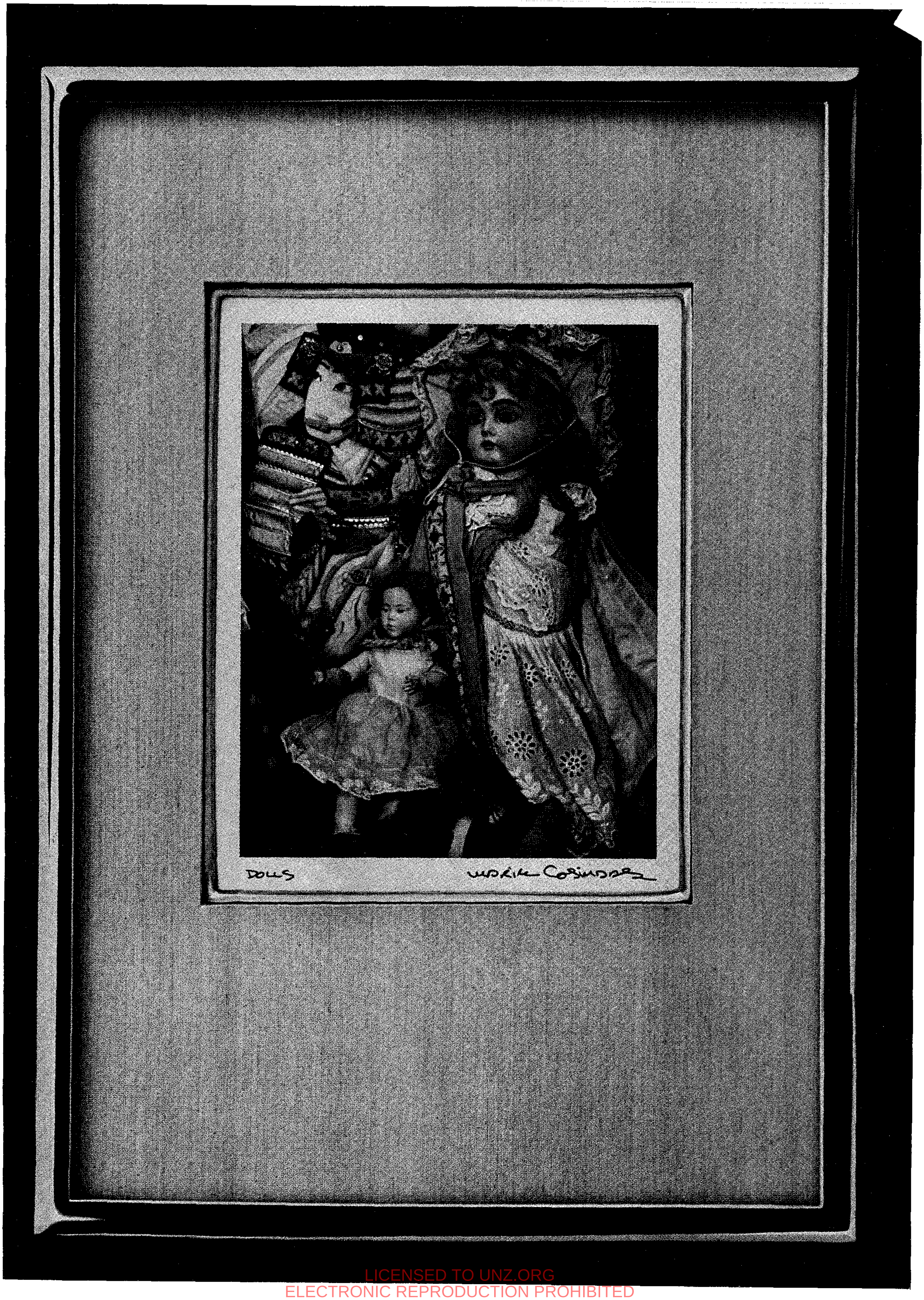

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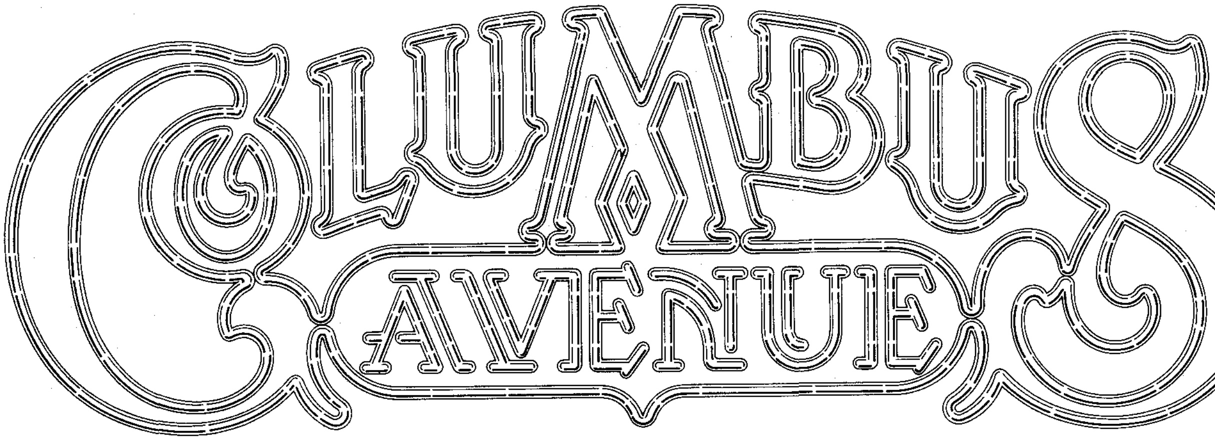


COLUMBUS AVENUE

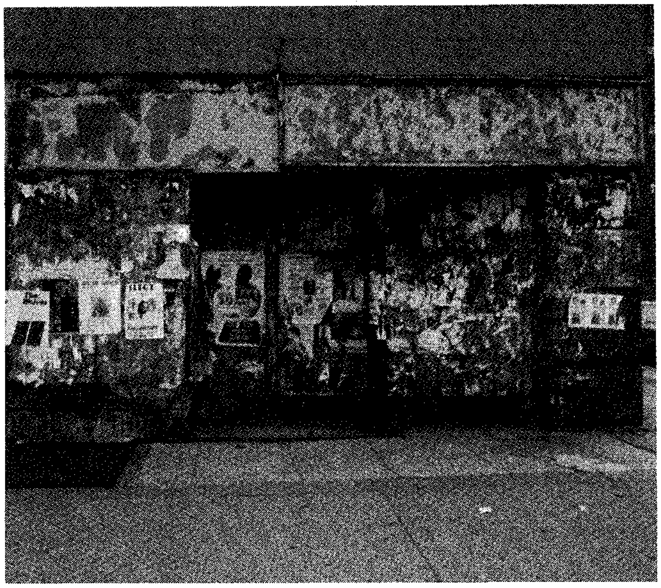
FOOD, DRINK, SHOPS, AND SERVICES—66TH STREET TO 86TH STREET

Rebirth of a Vibrant Street

By Gael Greene

☞ What have we got for a renaissance? I am leafing through Burckhardt's *Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy,* gift to a long-ago college sophomore from a cultured football hero determined to seduce the virgin mind. Chapter: "The State as a Work of Art." A renaissance was a renaissance in those days. So what is this flash on Columbus Avenue? A mild rash of brick-baring pubs and a sweetly chic taco stand scarcely add up to a cosmic upheaval. Still, Columbus, the old West Side dumping ground, is indubitably greening from 65th Street north.

When real-estate renovator Robert Quinlan first confided his scheme to gut and revive a rotting tenement on Columbus between 75th and 76th streets, I thought him earnest, innocent, and mad. Who would pay $210 for a studio apartment in this grimy combat zone? That was in 1972. Months later, Quinlan's Christopher Place apartments were mostly occupied with congenital West Siders and innocents from the American heartland not yet familiar with Manhattan status-geography games. Today dozens of Columbus Avenue fleabags and moldering welfare hovels have been ripped open and spiffed up. Frontage that once rented for $200 to $300 a foot now costs $500 to $1,000. Quinlan is still at it. He's bought the Merit Farms corner on 72nd. And Columbus even has its first disco, Trax.



Shoemakers, upholsterers, and glaziers couldn't handle the soaring rents and fled to make way for flea-market chic—taffeta half-slips and marabou and camisoles from the golden forties; stripped oak, Art Deco plastic, junk, and junque. Used-furniture dealers now call themselves antiquarians. The generalists—neighborhood groceries, 24-hour delis, mom-and-pop dime stores—have given way to the specialists: The Sensuous Bean (coffee), Le Yogurt, the Beauty Saloon (organic cosmetics). An Italian coffeehouse has been bold enough to cross the great divide, bringing gooey zuppa inglese to the barbarians. Acres of old brick have been sandblasted for look-alike tavern eateries. Two sincere Indian cafés have come and gone. Columbus Avenue's first Chinese restaurant has moved into No. 220. A Turkish bistro has survived a near fatal identity crisis. There are bars for every taste—gay, booze, rough trade, mating, and a few, dowdily unenlightened by any renaissance, where the neighborhood folk fall by to schmooze.

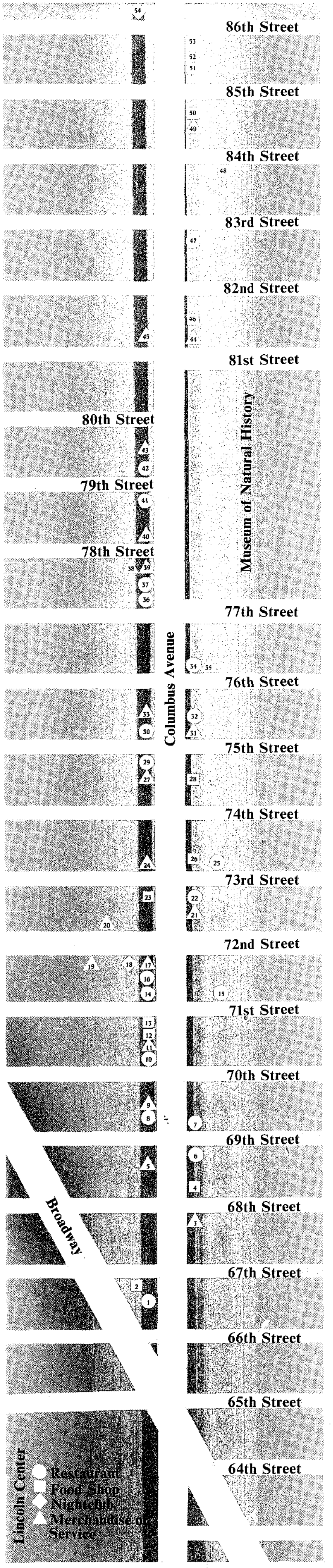
One of the true joys of Columbus is the shallow storefronts. Restaurants sprawl along the avenue, windows on the western world—an R. Crumb cartoon, every shade of brown and beige and pink. The fashion look is *Rags* and rags. And the drama of one dinner at the great curved window of the Museum Café was a professional woman in a pink brassiere trying to hail a cruising police car while screaming into the corner pay phone. A waiter lent her a chef's coat.

But the street is safe now—bright, beams flashing, and aglow from a cozy constancy of cruising cops. I feel safe enough to walk from 79th south alone, and even the side streets seem unthreatening in the false daylight of sodium vapor lamps. Today the only apparent menace is doggy doo. The mumblers are benign. The shopping-bag women tend to their garbage. And the one "Hello, beautiful" is just sweet, *en passant,* spontaneous, not an attack.

The rebirth here is motley—elegant, *haimish,* embryonic, intellectual, exploitive, tacky, phony, and pure. As my friend the apple-cheeked girlie-book editor from California observed after a fiercely mediocre dinner on Columbus Avenue, "It's not easy to stage your renaissance in the middle of reality."

Additional copies of this handbook can be obtained for $1 from *New York* Magazine, Department H, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Illustrated by Gerard Huerta



1. **Café du Centre**
2. **Judy's Deli**
3. **67 Wine and Spirits Merchants**
4. **California Market**
5. **M & S Hardware, Inc.**
6. **Genghiz Khan's Bicycle**
7. **The Red Baron**
8. **Rikyu Japanese Restaurant**
9. **Turaffe, Ltd.**
10. **Le Yogurt**
11. **The Beauty Saloon**
12. **The Sensuous Bean**
13. **Pan American Food Market**
14. **Victor's Café**
15. **Los Ponchos Café and Restaurant**
16. **T. J. W. Gleason's**
17. **Aracena and Segal**
18. **Trax**
19. **Stone Free Kids**
20. **Stewart Ross Stone Free**
21. **Jezebel**
22. **O'Neal Bros.**
23. **The Silver Palate**
24. **Nathan Zlotnick's Group Upholstery & Leather Furniture**
25. **La Tablita**
26. **Anita's Chili Parlor**
27. **The Second Coming, Ltd.**
28. **Miss Grimble**
29. **Monastery**
30. **Magic Carpet**
31. **Ruelles**
32. **Ruskay's Restaurant**
33. **Eclectiques**
34. **Dobson's**
35. **Muddy Fingers, Inc.**
36. **Museum Café**
37. **Taco Villa**
38. **As Time Goes By**
39. **Mythology Unlimited, Inc.**
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Map by Paul Richer

COLUMBUS AVENUE

SHOPS AND SERVICES

By Veronica McNiff

Brisk and early one morning, I arrived to explore the renascent Columbus Avenue. The avenue, however, did not rise to the occasion. There was not a soul on the street . . . not even a garbage truck in sight . . . and most certainly no stores had unlocked their doors. The avenue looked unused, and I felt much as if I'd turned up at a party on the wrong date.

But by lunchtime, a few places were open, and cats had appeared in shop windows. Midafternoon found mothers and babies sitting in the spangled shade of the big plane trees behind the Museum of Natural History, and shop owners were sunning themselves on the sidewalks. By early dusk, Columbus was in full swing . . . thronged with strollers and ablaze with light. And so it stayed until late, with a couple of good night places winding things up in the early morning.

Obviously, sidewalking and shop-browsing Columbus Avenue is not an early-bird kind of thing. The street's tempo is European; its hours and ambience reflect the lives and interests of the people who make up the neighborhood—dancers, actors, musicians of all kinds, psychiatrists, potters, securities traders, silk-screen printers. Their willingness-to-be-pleased is turning this once seedy (and still not *entirely* reborn) avenue into a rather endearing street. Don't, however, expect to be overwhelmed with devastating chic of any kind. Frankly, too many of the shops are full of post-junque merchandise. Others, though, have plenty of interest to keep you afoot.

What follows is a not entirely capricious listing of places that caught my interest. You don't have to agree with my assessments—after all, what makes neighborhood ventures thrive is exactly the kind of tenacious and subjective affection that leads each of us to compile maps of favorite places. Here's mine for Columbus. Choose a nice day for your peregrinations—and if you start at 86th Street, as I did, you may make curtain-up at Lincoln Center in time to see some local folk going through their paces.

Code: AE, American Express; BA, BankAmericard; CB, Carte Blanche; DC, Diners Club; MC, Master Charge.

The first stop, **Stryker's**, a long, narrow pub just around the corner from Columbus (103 West 86th, 874-8754), is "a pretty exciting jazz place," says *New York*'s jazz critic, Gary Giddins. Stryker's frequently plays host to large ensembles, and the place gets packed. In June, Lee Konitz will continue his stand on Wednesdays and Thursdays—he's a great saxophonist of the forties, widely heralded in Europe and the critics' darling here. On weekends this month: the Joe Puma trio, the Richard Sudhalter Quartet, or the Warren Chaisson Quartet. "Stryker's," Giddins says, "is the kind of place you go in and everybody's smiling." Minimum, $5 (plus $2 cover on weekends). Open Monday through Saturday 9:30 P.M. to 3 A.M.

Since I can never resist serious enthusiasts, I was charmed by the crew of savvy bikers at **Bicycle Renaissance** (No. 505, near 84th, 724-2350), where the mood's neighborly and easygoing. These people like their customers; everyone who comes in receives the same friendly treatment. James Ellis and Moy Wong and their colleagues are custom-frame builders; Moy builds "jeeps," special city-street bikes made to withstand anything: potholes, curbs, taxis. His own sturdy compact has shock absorbers, springs, and tires like a tractor. The store primarily sells new bicycles to tourers (people—like owner Peter Macdonald—who ride for pleasure), but there are also moderately priced trade-ins that go fast. Ten-speeds cost from $85 to $800 or so; a custom-built racing model may go for $1,200 (gold plate is $250 extra). "But we custom bikes as much as we can, even

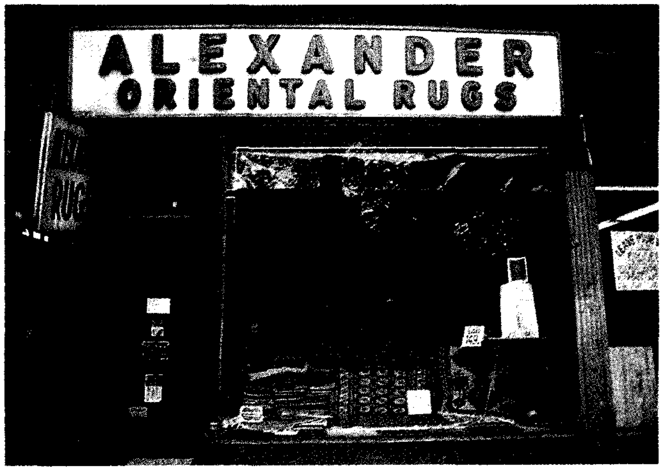
BICYCLE RENAISSANCE
Phone 724-2350

Bicycle Renaissance

inexpensive ones," says John Zimmerman, pointing out the seven manufacturers' lines, including Motobécane, Fuji, and Nishiki. Bicycle Renaissance offers a 90-day free checkup on purchase, four years' guarantee on parts, and a lifetime guarantee on the frame. There's a selection of serious bikers' wear—shoes, gloves, and the like—and more mundane but useful items, like bicycle clips and baby seats. "Earl Monroe dropped in last year and bought the biggest bike in the shop—a 25-inch Fuji," said Peter. "He could have used one twice as big. Still, he wanted it." Open Monday through Friday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturday 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sunday 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. BA, MC.

Returning to the west side of Columbus, you'll find **Don C. Fontaine's As You Like It** (No. 442, near 81st, 362-2500). This tiny dressmaker's is a mere tuck in the threadbare fabric of the block. But Fontaine, an amiable graduate of the Fashion Institute of Technology, numbers a good many "names" as customers, and as an ex-dancer, he knows how clothes should fit for movement. Camille Yarborough, poet and actress, has him do "lots of African and ethnic things," he says, and Lola Falana and Barbara McNair have had evening clothes made here. The day I visited, he was sewing tiny glass beads onto vivid pink chiffon with the most excruciating patience. Charges seem fair: a simple, unlined dress, $50; a skirt, $35. He's open Tuesday through Friday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturday 11 A.M. to 8 P.M. No credit cards.

Alexander Oriental Rug & Carpet Company, Inc. (No. 410, near 79th, SC 4-6500), is my favorite among the avenue's Oriental-carpet establishments—partly, I admit, because its atmosphere lives up to the rug bazaar of imagination. The owner's family mills about, and the multitudes of semi-antique to antique Orientals are baled or rolled on shadowy shelves, offering only alluring glimpses of pattern and color to tease the eye and quicken the interest. Quality seems good—actually fine, in some cases (go into the "museum" room to view older, better rugs, wall-hung)—and the merchandise seems to have been chosen with discernment. A certain gruff honesty prevails. Whenever I expressed interest in a rug, a salesman told me quite straightforwardly whether it was old or had been chemically washed. An old floral kilim called forth appreciation with tones of bois de rose, greige, and muted browns. Seven feet six inches by four feet nine inches, it was $495. Aghast? Just remember, even rug dealers can't believe what they can get for Orientals these days. Open Monday through Thursday 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., Saturday 9 A.M. to 5 P.M., Sunday 11 A.M. to 5 P.M. BA, MC.



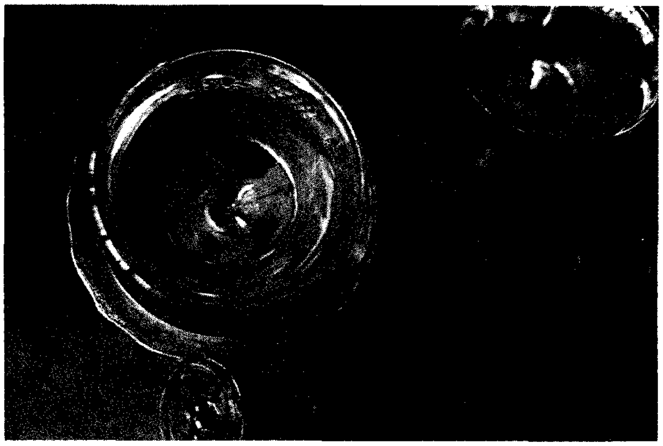
Alexander Oriental Rug & Carpet Company, Inc.

Naturally, there are flea markets. If it's a rainy day and you want to get out of the house to go rummage or ragpick, okay. There are two largish examples within three blocks of each other. Basement-level **Browsers Welcome, Ltd.** (No. 380, at 78th, 724-0688), is an eleven-room kitsch catacomb where disconcerting items scuttle in and out of one's bemused vision. Eight antiques dealers rent space on the premises. There is a china and glass antestore which has a few nice things but no coherent image. It's open Monday through Saturday 10 A.M. to 6:30 P.M., Sunday 11 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. BA, MC. Uptown, and on the other side of the street, is **ReCollections** (No. 441, at 81st, 787-7151). Here, Beryl Gilman has a surprisingly good selection of late-eighteenth-century and mostly nineteenth-century Japanese wood-block prints. Some are fine-quality, and all are of pleasing visual standards. He's happy to show folio after folio—actually, one suspects it's because he likes to look them all over again. Prices range from $10 for book illustrations to $550 for a Shunsho, while others reach the $800 mark. For $150 I bought a large nineteenth-century greeting-card woodblock, and I can't wait to get it framed. Open Monday through Saturday 11:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. No credit cards.

Mythology Unlimited, Inc.

And so to **Mythology Unlimited, Inc.** (No. 370, near 78th, 874-0774), where you can spend an hour—as I did—pawing over the impulse items picked up by Bill Bailey and Laurie Eichengreen here and there . . . in Japan, from designer friends. There are car-shaped "E-racers," Chinese folding scissors that would fit into a matchbox, Japanese posters, kites, Hanafuda cards (framed, these make superb graphics), and cult photographer Edward Ruscha's book works. I coveted the classic photo essay *The Sunset Strip*—an endlessly unfolding panorama of the highway as it was in 1966 ($8). Yet the fact is, Mythology's big business is custom-designed T-shirts. Silk-screener Bailey "didn't want to work in an ivory tower in SoHo," so instead he's designed T's for half the residents and restaurants of the avenue. Minimum order is six dozen; $250 doesn't include designing the artwork. At any given time, there are a number of exclusive-design T-shirts to buy here, ranging from $6.50 to $8. Open daily 1 P.M. to 7 P.M. No credit cards.

How strange—here we have **As Time Goes By**, a thirties china and glass menagerie flourishing at the same address, No. 370 (724-7698). ATGB, specializing in Harlequinware and Fiestaware as well as Depression glass, is one of the musts of the avenue. The clean, bright windows burst with color, just like the interior, which, as carefully tended as a flower garden, is packed with sets of glass and china tableware planted according to color groupings. Brilliant hues predominate in the Harlequinware: coruscating oranges, indigo, jade, chartreuse greens, and turquoise, all in the nice, reassuringly clunky "modern" shapes of their time ($10–$15 for a dinner plate). Then . . . the glass, ranging from pale to puissant, fragile bubble-pink to luminous bottle-green, pleasantly ranked in serried array. If you think I'm raving—well, I'm a color freak. And this store is well worth the visit, even if you think you don't like this genre of china and glass. ATGB is not cheap, however. A pair of Depression-glass stallion bookends, weightily Steubenlike, were $60. But



As Time Goes By

Photographed by Dan Wynn

lovely. I saw them elsewhere for $30, and bought them. Open daily 1 P.M. to 8 P.M. No credit cards.

A few steps east off Columbus will bring you to the hobbit hole of **Muddy Fingers, Inc.** (57 West 76th, 787-9709). This soothing little potter's studio offers classes for adults and children. Step down into the shoebox-size place, pleasantly redolent of moist clay, to find a selection of the owners' work displayed for sale. There's quite a gamut of styles, ranging from relatively fragile white beakers and bowls to earthier pieces of darker glazing, but all are simple, attractive, and usable, reflecting the potter's sensitivity toward shape, texture, and glazing techniques. A small pitcher, girdled and handled with rolled clay, is $4. A coffeepot with removable drip-filter cone is $10. But—as the notice says—OUR STOCK CHANGES WITH EACH KILN LOAD. Open Monday through Thursday 11 A.M. to 10 P.M., Friday to 9 P.M., Saturday and Sunday 1 P.M. to 6 P.M. No credit cards.

Muddy Fingers, Inc.

Skip a couple of blocks now to 75th Street, where **Eclectiques** (No. 328, near 75th, 595-1414) lives up to its *nom.* What else do you call a place where a Mission oak child's chair ($75) perches on the dignified lap of an aged, knurled Jacobean-style carved chair (one of a $200 pair)? There's a brooding air about this dim, cluttered store that's both alluring and a little disquieting, but still—this is pretty close to being a real antiques shop. Unfortunately, nearly everything seems rather battered. There's a certain amount of once fine nineteenth-century Orientalia, some early-Italian chairs, and a selection of artwork which includes a stagy, atmospheric painting (four feet by five and a half feet) of a mansion by storm-light, a good value at $125. Because of the lighting it's hard to tell just what Eclectiques has in store for you. Don't pass it by if you like to browse among antiques with a European flavor. Open Monday through Saturday 1 P.M. to 5:30 P.M. No credit cards.

Ruelles

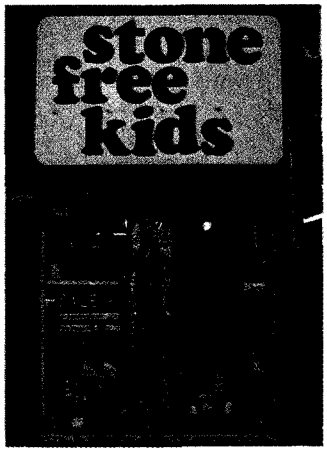
Perhaps by now you're scanning the landscape in search of some nice little café where you can digest at leisure the sights you've seen and prepare yourself for the next round. In which case, the newly opened **Ruelles** (No. 321, at 75th, 595-4531) is a mixed blessing (and that's *good*). Up on the mezzanine of the extensively renovated premises is a charming place where you can indeed order cappuccino ($1.25) and locally made apple strudel ($1.25) served on marble-topped European café tables. (Later, the owners intend to serve wine and cheese in the evening.) But to reach the upstairs you must steel yourself to resist the enticements of Ruelles's raison d'être: the store's ground floor. This fantasy environment is aburst with wondrous flowing garments in lace, cotton, chiffon, silk, and chenille, and many of the designs hover on the border of soft sculpture or craft art. There are accessories and jewelry too. The amplitude of stock—endless wearable one-of-a-kinds—is exciting, even overwhelming. ("We bought so much stock, even the basement is overflowing," say the owners, mother and daughter Ruth and Ellen Mensch.) If you can postpone the pleasure of looking through the goodies (both men's and women's) until after your café break, you may get a balcony-edge spot from which you can bird's-eye the merchandise at leisure. A beautifully striated, handwoven chenille shawl is $100; a lilac Irish lace wrap-over blouse (from a collection costing $50 to $400) is $50. It's all very good-natured, if at times just a bit exuberant. But why carp? Ellen, an FIT textile-design graduate who lives locally, and her mother, an interior designer, have definite ideas about style, and Ruelles is a remarkably generous and praiseworthy commitment to the avenue. Open Sunday and Tuesday through Thursday noon to 11 P.M., Friday and Saturday to 1 A.M. BA, MC.

The Second Coming, Ltd. (No. 304, near 74th, 595-1447), has what's probably one of the nicest gatherings of nostalgia oak in the neighborhood. I openly admit I do not like this kind of furniture, but this shop's stock is encouraging; it seems to have been selected with some awareness of the qualities that make good design—proportion, quality (of wood, construction, finish), and function. The Second Coming's new premises are spacious, and pieces are placed so that you can view each clearly. The owners say they travel three days a week looking for stock, and they appear to find a better quality than do many who merely cram anything oaken into their stores. Finishes here tend to be soft, low-gloss; pricing is humane, but it's no use telling you that five nicely scaled spindle-back chairs are $400, because they'll be gone by the time you get there. In the moderately large, guaranteed-secondhand-clothing department at the back, Rosalind Russell is Queen of Costume. There's a lively selection of men's shirts; I liked the 1950s H-bar-C design of turquoise figured cotton, embroidered with oil derricks gushing silver-Lurex strikes and fair bursting with studs, at $12.50. Open Monday through Saturday noon to 7 P.M., Sunday 1 P.M. to 6 P.M. AE, BA, MC.

Nathan Zlotnick's Group Upholstery & Leather Furniture, Inc. (No. 280, at 73rd, 362-9990), is archetypal prerenovation Columbus Avenue. At first glance, the windows reveal merely a mountain of junk furniture, springs aspringing and upholstery arip. Turns out this is one of those upholsterers that decorators don't tell their peers about. Nothing's too small or too grand. (For $25, the firm has covered a footstool in a customer's own needlepoint, Mr. Zlotnick says, and—at the other end of the scale—covered two planeloads' worth of English reproductions with silks and brocades for the Mexican government.) Currently, Group Upholstery is making seats for a 1937 Bentley from leather sent specially from Scotland. Says Mr. Z. laconically, eyeing a stack of Danish-modern leather couches, "I get a lot of business from psychiatrists too." Open Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., Saturday 8 A.M. to 4 P.M. No credit cards.

West 72nd Street is one of the main arteries of the West Side, and some of its more noteworthy stores press close to Columbus. **Stone Free Kids**, Sheila Gholson's child-size shop (124 West 72nd, 362-8903), is an absolute must for the well-turned-out prepubescent. Sheila goes to Europe on biannual buying trips, and much of her merchandise reflects, in miniature, the newest looks for adults as well as for infants, *terribles* or otherwise. (Her clothes fit premature babies to kids up to size 20.) The minute window is a seething mass of colorful, witty toys (soft, handmade things, including black dolls made in Appalachia, $12.50 and $20) and stupefyingly chic

The Second Coming, Ltd.



Stone Free Kids

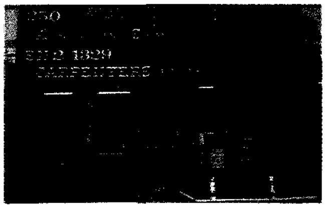
summer wear. This year, the smart West Side/Westhampton-child sallies forth in straight-leg jeans ($7 to $15) and variegated versions of the Fiorucci look in shocking pink, bright purple, bright green . . . and gold lamé, of course, as in the tiniest-ever bikini ($11). The Castelbaljac look is big, Sheila informs, as are wraparound skirts and dresses, French or handmade locally ($8 to $45). Right now, savvy West Side moms are snapping up bright cotton French undies for kids' street- or sleepwear ($7.50 to $10.50). Stone Free is known for its natural, non-chemically-treated fabrics, most of them 100 percent cotton. Open Monday through Saturday 10:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. BA, MC.

One should certainly mention **Stewart Ross Stone Free** clothing (105 West 72nd, 362-9620), where you'll find men's and women's clothes in the presently fashionable European landed-gentry manner. This means raincoats, etc., from Browns of London; La Squadra labels; quiet, well-bred basics in good materials. I'm surprised this shop doesn't sell shooting sticks. Open Monday through Saturday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. AE,MC.

Trax

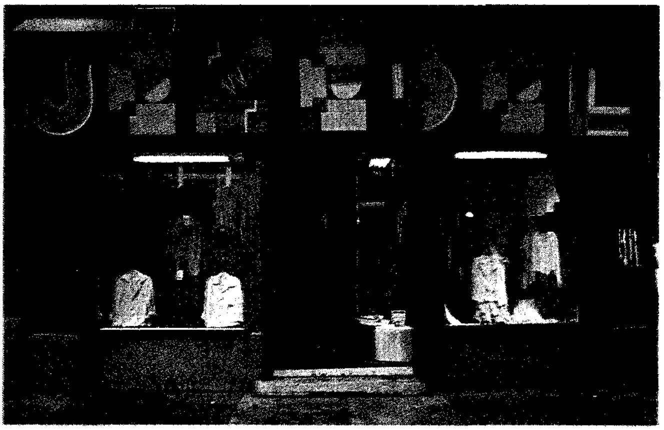
Meandering back from your trip along the downtown side of West 72nd, you'd find it easy to overlook a narrow blue glass door with the logo **Trax** spelled out on it in silver (100 West 72nd, 799-1448). The entrance leads down an unprepossessing flight of stairs to a most surprising new night place. Trax is designated, manager Kirke Walsh says, as the haunt of music- and film-industry personages . . . off the road, in town, living locally, and so on. People like Dave Mason, Peter Frampton, and Arrowsmith enjoy the nonattention they get here. There's a restaurant area featuring health food and all-American dishes—but, most important, there's live music by musicians for musicians on an unscheduled, as-and-when basis (it usually happens on weekends). To this end, Trax has evidently spent no small fortune on sound and lighting equipment. The atmosphere's stimulating in a slightly threatening way; designer Stan Peskett leaned heavily on the industrial aesthetic to create Trax's Stygian chic. The cavernous space is painted so deep a blue it looks black, its shadows pierced by shafts of colored light, and the ceiling's a writhing complex of pipes, tracks, and ducts. Cover, $5. Open Monday through Sunday 8:30 P.M. to 4 A.M. AE, DC, MC.

Cross to the east side of Columbus again to reconnoiter **Jezebel** (No. 265, near 72nd, 787-5486), a shop specializing in the epitome of nostalgiawear. There's plenty of interest here, ranging from the naughty innocence of white-lawn-and-lace Victorian shifts ($35) to the vampy bias-cut evening dresses of satin, chiffon, and crepe. Most of the clothes are in the thirties and forties styles. I would willingly have settled for the forties red dress, sprinkled with tiny white hearts and buttoned with enormous pearl disks, $25. Or parted with $65 for a long, sexy sliver of ruched magenta crepe in which to slink through the evening. Perhaps evening garb is the best buy for nostalgics—for sheer glamour and impact, the nighttime thirties and forties are hard to beat. Be that as it may, Jezebel offers men and women a large stock of stylish, clean items starting at $10 for shirts, blouses, skirts. Open Monday through Saturday noon to 7 P.M. MC.



Aracena and Segal

If you nip back across the street you can stop at a rather better than run-of-the-mill unpainted-furniture maker, **Aracena and Segal** (No. 250, near 72nd, EN 2-1329). This is not so much a store as a woodwork shop. Inside, it's all work space and wood samples; finished items await their owners close by the door. A&S does not pretend to be inexpensive, and prices are displayed clearly in the window. But a customer reordering shelving gave a firm endorsement of the workmanship here, and on inspection the furniture seemed well constructed of good-quality seasoned wood. A seven-shelf bookcase, 30 inches wide, of unfinished pine, is $120. A modern wooden file, two drawers on glides, costs $150. A child's chair with hinged seat is also a stepladder, $75. A four-drawer chest, sixteen inches by 43 inches by 30 inches, costs $120. Open Monday through Saturday 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. No credit cards.



Jezebel

The Beauty Saloon

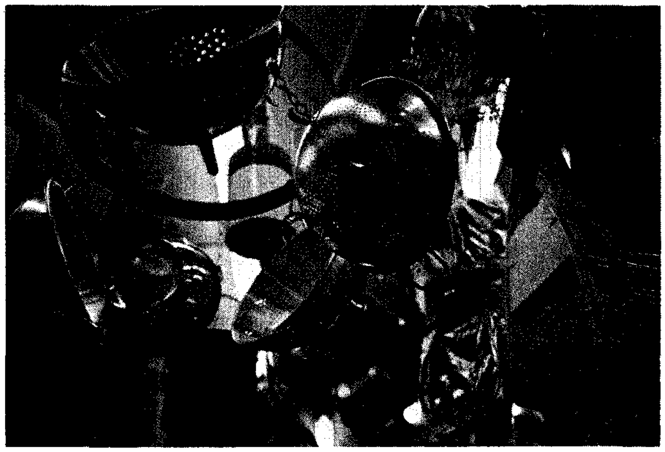
Stroll southward a block and drop in at **The Beauty Saloon** (No. 228, near 71st), where Judith Zimberoff, presiding over a huge mahogany bar and well-stocked shelves, dispenses a range of hair-care and body lotions and portions from California, many of which contain natural fruits and herbs. She also sells a small line of makeup. The tile-floored saloon is not merely half a store, as are several on the avenue; it's more of a fifth, and a real tonic at that. Judith got the idea for her Beauty Saloon during a year and a half as a bartender. "People really related to me across the bar," she says. Certainly, comfortably slumped on a high chair with your elbows propped on the shining surface, you'll feel free to share your hair and beauty problems with her. You can read the blackboard on the back wall enumerating the house specials, or search the shelves and their big, funkily labeled containers until you see the label of your fancy . . . honeydew-melon bubble bath, perhaps, or peaches-and-cream all-over body lotion. There are flavored massage oils, like chocolate mint, cherry, and lemon, and the serious-hair-care line provides nine types of shampoo for all kinds of problems. I tried the chamomile shampoo and amino conditioner for dry hair and liked them a lot. Judith thought the shampoo would bring out blond highlights, and it did. I think. The Beauty Saloon also stocks fifteen essential oils that enable you to mix your own scent and individualize the bubble bath and the lotions of your choice. More good news: Almost everything's pegged from $2 to $6.

Open Monday through Friday noon to 7 P.M., Saturday 11 A.M. to 6 P.M. No credit cards.

Turaffe, Ltd.

Turaffe, Ltd., several doors down (No. 214A, near 70th, 580-0162), has been open for nearly three years, selling moderately priced men's sportswear. Now John Rafferty and Turgut Kaytmaz have added things for women too. For these, the look is raffinée: simple shapes and soft materials, lavished with bold color. A fuchsia challis drawstring blouson is $36, as is a multicolor pinstripe rayon strapless top and button-through skirt set by Joe Collins. For men, the look is of the moment, as you may judge by the currently best-selling items—jackets and caps translated from racing silks into six colors of satin, $30 and $10, respectively. Turaffe also has a good custom-order service as well as handwoven collarless cotton overshirts with drawstring pants, $65 the set, that look good for summer. Open Monday through Friday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturday 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. AE, BA, DC, MC.

Back for the last time across the road—to **M&S Hardware, Inc.** (No. 186, near 68th, TR 4-5608), where every inch of the prosperous-looking, densely packed interior is utilized for display—even the ceiling. Indeed, there's quite a handsome selection of accessories—baskets, Bulova clocks, mugs, and the like—as well as the usual essentials that keep most of us running in and out of our local hardware emporiums. Many of these basics, though, are better designed here than the norm: bright plastic clothes pegs, Chinese brooms, cleanly styled dimmers and switch plates. And M&S keeps a guest book for its celebrity clientele. John Lindsay buys this, Edward Villella buys that, Patricia McBride buys lots of baskets, and the other day Gwen Verdon was in for a grommet kit—she's making her own shower curtains. George Balanchine is always buying Pyrex storage jars. A natural-birch folding stool, minisize for city terraces, was a good buy at $5. Open Monday through Saturday 8 A.M. to 6:30 P.M. BA, MC.



M & S Hardware, Inc.

DINING OUT

By Gael Greene

Columbus Avenue restaurants must be judged with two sensibilities: convenience and taste. Up and down the resurrected avenue, bistros, tavernas, cafés, are jumping. One must assume it's hunger. Or sloth. Or innocence. Or partial paralysis of the taste buds. So why am I so cranky? Because researching the restaurants of Columbus Avenue has been a marathon of mediocrity. Oh, now and then I've hit a scattered high—great chocolate cake, homemade bread, crisp Chinese vegetables out of context. And sometimes my junk-food hunger has been stirred.

Perhaps a taxi strike could get me, West Sider, back to Victor's, the Red Baron, and the Museum Café. And I am susceptible to moods that might take me to Ruskay's for breakfast. But for the best food on the western front, you have to explore the delis and dine among the fickle Chinese on Broadway. For a gloriously romantic setting, it's the Café des Artistes and Tavern-on-the-Green. For consistently competent "French" food: P.S. 77 on Amsterdam, although it's too expensive. Clearly, the renaissance on Columbus Avenue feeds a profusion of appetites. Alas, not mine.

Victor's Café

Long ago, when only the brave, the foolhardy, and the stoned dared to walk north on Columbus beyond 72nd Street, **Victor's Café** (No. 240, at 71st, 877-7988), a celebrated haunt of the Underground Gourmet, served the best Cuban food in town. Now the plain little luncheonette has sidewalk-café airs, a teeming cellar dining room, a marble façade on 71st; two can still float away in a sea of sangría and peasanty fare for under $25.*

Longtime aficionados say Victor's is not what it was. Whatever that means. Still, the neighborhood adores it. West Siders crowd into the house for hearty stews, moist suckling pig ($7.50) with crisp, crackling skin in a pool of fatty juice, big platters of rice and black beans, mellow fried bananas, and achingly sweet milk shakes of mango and papaya.

Cuban food is hearty and primitive. Victor's does not often make the earth move. And the kitchen has a cruel hand with seafood. But on a recent evening, oxtail stew ($4.95) was hearty and full of zesty flavor. And I suppose fried pork habanero ($5.95), with its perfume of lemon and garlic, satisfied a kind of junk-food taste. The bread is terrible. The sandwiches should be ordered toasted. There are sweet, wet, custardy desserts with wonderful names that translate "heavenly bacon" and "liquor Panetela," and cream cheese served with guava shells, candied orange peel, shredded coconut, and diced papaya. Open daily 8 A.M. to 1:30 A.M. AE, DC.

If only the kitchen at the **Red Baron** (No. 201, at 69th, 799-8090) were a notch more masterful. Still, in moments of laziness or lack of inspiration, the Red Baron is pleasing to me as a West Sider, and to my neighbors the Lindsays, Mary and John. It has a patina of age . . . mellowed brick and a cozy hodgepodge of World War I memorabilia, stained glass, giant iron chandeliers, and a crackling fire in one corner. East Siders feel safe here. It looks familiar.

I like the booth we're sitting in tonight, and the amiable, amateur service. Dinner con-

The Red Baron

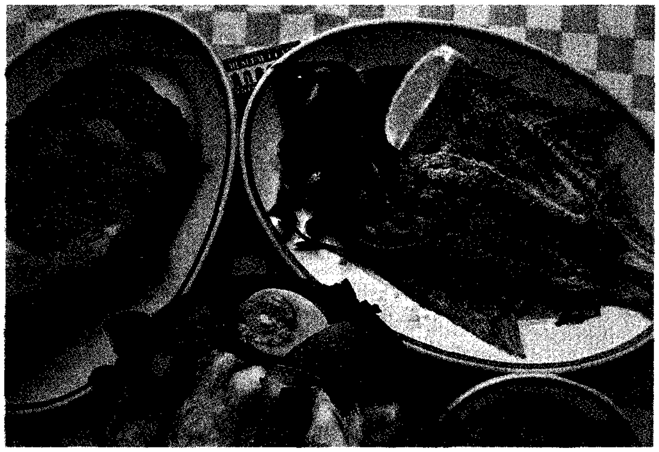
**Prices given, unless otherwise noted, are dinner prices.*

firms that time passes, cooks come and go . . . but the Red Baron kitchen is consistent. The food fills without thrills. Portions are huge; the menu is a loose translation from the French, with eccentricities such as scallops, mushrooms, and honey-glazed walnuts ($7.85) and crocked rubbery shrimp with dill ($2.75—and just strange). Fettuccine ($2.25) is mushily rich with bits of prosciutto. Stews and sautés are Americanized and hearty, but the frog legs ($8.25) are like plastic, mired in a sickly tomato sauce. It's not easy to get chicken livers as rare as I like them. These ($6.85) are pink—a trencherman's portion, smothered in onions and apples, nicely satisfying but never to be confused with serious cuisine. A weary trifle with canned peaches and a mundane walnut cheesecake ($1.70 each) remind us: Homemade is more an indication of genesis than of greatness. Open daily noon to 4 P.M. and 5 P.M to midnight; Sunday brunch noon to 4 P.M. AE, CB, DC, MC.

It was love at first sight. The **Museum Café** (No. 366, at 77th, 724-7509) was an instant institution from the moment it opened seventeen months ago, a pioneer at the wilderness edge of the renaissance. Now there is a gaggle of imitators, but the café still does it best . . . whatever "it" is—more or less edible food, I guess, at less and less reasonable prices. (Dinner for two with drinks, wine, tax, tips can run $40.)

Museum faithful are young, organic (as opposed to contrived), and they can sip barely drinkable wine by the glass and make a meal of the house's spicy three-alarm chili ($2.25) with a cooling cloud of sour cream, or a vegetarian spinach salad (large, $3.50)—walnuts instead of bacon. So they're not spending that much. And they love the ambling sprawl with its sawdusted tiles and its great arched windows framing the greenery of the Museum of Natural History.

There's no discernible pattern here for happiness, unless perhaps it's fish. The chef respects most creatures of the sea—except for truly inedible stuffed shrimp balloons ($7.95). And he does calf's liver rare if you ask ($6.95). Crisp Chinese vegetables come with entrées. Oysters ($2.95) suffer a fatal overkill of melted leathery cheese. Nothing can save the duck ($7.95)—dried out and stringy. Among the desserts: sublime orange yogurt pie ($1.75) in a graham-cracker crust. Cinnamon does nothing for the coffee. Open Sunday through Thursday 11:30 A.M. to 1 A.M., Friday and Saturday to 2 A.M. No credit cards.


Museum Café

Genghiz Khan's Bicycle

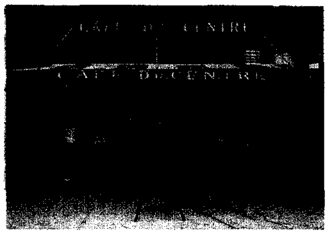
Genghiz Khan's Bicycle (No. 197, at 69th, 595-2138) is in Turkish remission after a devastating siege of the Continental blahs. GKB began by serving delightful Middle Eastern appetizers and gentle, boring variations of overcooked lamb. Then one day the GKB logo vanished. Upper Circle, the awning said. That life was mercifully brief. Now Genghiz Khan is back, Turkish as ever, a long-stemmed rose at every table, entrées at lunch from $2.25 (also omelets), from $6.50 at dinner . . . not the best Turkish kitchen by far, not the worst . . . the room still sleekly handsome, romantic, and intimate.

But the wonderfully exotic hors d'oeuvre selection—salty taramasalata, chick-pea hummus, moist stuffed grape leaves and mussels, iman bayildi (a voluptuousness of eggplant that literally made the priest faint)—once a delicious lunch for two with warm pita at $6.50—is skimpier now, and $9.50; the eggplant is not worth a swoon. The moussaka ($7) can be fresh, hearty, and agreeable, but even if you ask for kofte kabob (ground-lamb patties, $6.50) rare, they will arrive tasteless and gray, with a toss of abused vegetables. To call theirs an "exquisite dessert tray" is rash. Oriental pastries should be syrupy and wet. These nut-wrapped logs of flaky thin phyllo (50 cents) are surprisingly sedate. Still, with the right company and a giant snifter of the house cocktail—vodka, gin, arak, and fruit juice—critical faculties do blur. Open daily 11:30 A.M. to 1:30 A.M., weekend brunch ($3.95) 11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

Taco Villa

The junk-food hunger that now and then seizes me has almost no critical perspective on Mexican food. Since I have eaten the best—in the kitchen of Diane Kennedy, a virtuoso—I can't get too serious at **Taco Villa** (No. 368, near 77th, 580-7826). Not a single possible Mexican theme is missing here: serape stripes, hacienda shingles, fake adobe, native dolls, paper flowers, yarn eyes of God, and reverent icons of Zapata and Pancho Villa. Two can eat with lots of Mexican beer for $25. And lunch in the enclosed sidewalk café costs a pittance.

Candidly, the triumph of the evening is the taco chips—thin, crisp, and freshly toasted—to dip into peppery red hot sauce or rather mundane guacamole. And perhaps an unemotional bravo is due the flauta ($4.75)—a crisp tortilla stuffed with shredded meat, guacamole, and sour cream (though when it comes to sour cream, perhaps I cannot be trusted). The menu lists peppered pork chunks ($5.25), chicken breasts ($4.75), tripe stew ($3.25), but why not stick to the quintessential? We ordered guacamole, inky squid, and rice (moist and filling), and a single flauta, taco, enchilada, tamale, and chile relleno, fuel for two, followed in kamikaze spirit by a gluey stewed banana ribboned with coconut cream ($1) and a watery flan ($1). Anita's Chili Parlor did most of this better across the street till fire shuttered her brilliantly designed cantina. But she means to return. Open Sunday through Thursday 11 A.M. to midnight, Friday and Saturday to 1 A.M. AE, CB, DC.



Café du Centre

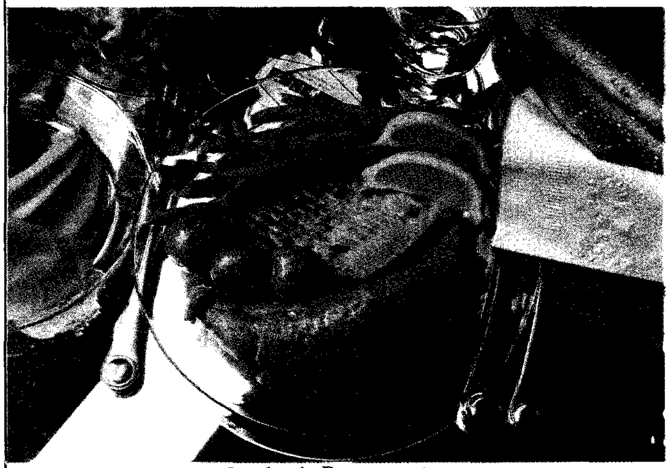
The first French infiltration of Columbus was warm, spirited . . . skillful, even. But the **Café du Centre** (No. 152, near 66th, 799-2254), a simple bistro wedged between two sprawling pubs, quickly deteriorated. The kitchen grew desultory; the room, dowdy overnight. Then suddenly, briefly, one evening a few weeks ago, there was an astonishing moment. A wonderful dinner . . . well, wonderful in context: fresh homemade bread rich as cake, moist garlicky snails ($3.75), sweet scallops en brochette ($7.95), a fresh bouquet of crisp vegetables, tortellini in a wickedness of cream ($5.50), a pleasant rendition of veal cordon bleu ($7.75), and—the clincher—game hen, the stuffing humble but pleasing ($7.50). With a pleasant wine, the ingenuously charming service, the middlebrow jukebox, the tariff, which was about $40 for two, seemed reasonable in these unreasonable times.

The reality of a second visit was disillusioning. Not a single dish came near that brief flickering of triumph, except for the wondrous bread. Among the misses: quiche ($1.75) reminiscent of a grilled-cheese sandwich, tasteless pâté ($2), undistinguished onion soup ($1.75), uninspired veal piccata ($7.50), inferior calf's liver ($7.50), and overcooked game hen ($7.25) in a glaze more suited to cherry pie. Desserts ($1.95) are handsome and insipid, mostly of the sweet-and-fluffy school. There was a lively crowd at the bar, but the restaurant was deserted. So perhaps the chef has every reason to feel manic-depressive. Yet he's serious about vegetables and scallops ($3.25). Too bad he's wildly uneven. Open Monday through Saturday 11:30 A.M. to 11 P.M. AE.

Ruskay's Restaurant

Success has not dimmed the amateur stamp—both good and bad—of **Ruskay's Restaurant** (No. 323, at 75th, 874-8391). It was once an amusingly lacquered, mirrored luncheonette with a handful of booths and tables; expansion has not slicked away the hip sweetness or had much effect on the kitchen. There is one set meal, no choice: $5 at lunch, $10 at dinner. And the current chef is better than some of his predecessors, but that's faint praise. Still, the neighborhood adores Ruskay's. And the place has its moments. I remember a tasty lamb stew and an occasional splendor in the dessert. But also disgusting unidentifiable meat with soggy noodles. Over the years it has averaged out to more or less ambitious, ungifted home cooking. A recent brunch in the new shiny navy-blue annex with a pianist on the balcony was typical. The waitress promised champagne and orange juice—"all you can drink"—but not till the end of the meal did she suddenly realize "you brunch people need more champagne." Since the champagne tasted like beer and the brew was room temperature . . . no loss. The thick and fluffy banana pancakes were bad-good in the same way as a vintage Lana Turner movie. An omelet—cucumber—requested soft and loose in the "French way" came American-drugstore: rubbery wrap with a filling of cream cheese spiked with raisins and cinnamon that was disgustingly good on the Irish soda bread. With the omelet, delicious chunks of pan-sautéed new potatoes still in their skins.

In the exposed kitchen a waitress was overheard ordering two fried eggs "for a man who has just stopped a robbery." That's Columbus Avenue theater. Open 24 hours a day. Weekend brunch ($5) 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. No credit cards.



Ruskay's Restaurant

(Parentheses)

If all it took was a reheatable quiche and a can of snails and a tin of mushroom sauce, we could all be restaurateurs. **(Parentheses)** (No. 392, at 79th, 787-6922) sounds familiar. Caesar salad, onion soup, cheesecake. Got it. But the menu is a play on grammar, divided into "Prefaces" (from $1), "Adverbs and Adjectives" (salads, $3.50 up), "Subjects" (from $5.25 to $8.50), and "Desserts" ($1.50) (someone ran out of imagination). (Parentheses) is essentially a sidewalk café surrounding a bar with a giant TV set, and it was disconcerting one night recently to be watching *Jesus of Nazareth* to the jukebox sound of "Dancing Queen."

In the first few weeks (Parentheses) seemed promising, given its modest reach. Quickly, though, it seems to have settled into a fitful mediocrity. A Parker House roll was drowned in the onion soup. Stuffed mushrooms ($2) were moist but boring. A spinach quiche ($1.85) was stale in a soggy crust. A hamburger ($2.50) ordered medium rare arrived medium on a cold English muffin and minus the crisp onion rings the menu promised. Rice smelled faintly rancid. And an overdone chicken breast ($5.75) was smothered in an overwhelming mushroom sauce. The steak was tough but tasty, rare, as requested, and gently peppered with a dash of cream. Desserts include a splendid chocolate cake; rich, dense marble cheesecake; and a pecan tart that is warmed and chewy as taffy. Open daily 11:30 A.M. to 2 A.M. AE, BA.

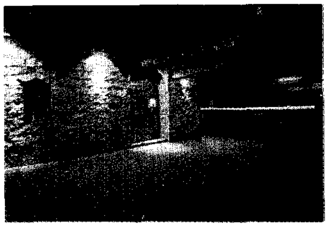
(Parentheses)

Dobson's (No. 341, at 76th, 362-0100) is beautiful, with its legacy of bared brick arches and a long glass sweep looking out on the avenue. The flowers are fresh. The staff is sweet and efficient. One night my friend the bear grouched: "What's that on the tablecloth?" and instead of cutting us dead in the classic New York whiplash, our waiter went "Tsk, tsk" and went off in search of a clean cloth. The emphasis here is on sea fare: mussels marinière ($3.75), steamed cherrystones ($4.25), broiled Idaho trout ($5.75), seafood

Dobson's

en brochette ($5.75), stuffed shrimp ($5.75). And with desserts for 95 cents and $1.75, that's almost Underground Gourmet turf.

Alas, most of the food is only edible. Whole baby flounder, watery and tasteless ($5.25), and the gummy pillows advertised as stuffed shrimp were not. There is a vegetable abuser lurking in the kitchen, too, doing nasty things to the coleslaw and string beans. Miss Nita's stew ($3.95) is chockfull of oysters, but bland. The cold salmon ($6.95) was moist enough, but very fishy. Still, someone back there has a keen respect for shrimp—they are gently cooked. And the desserts are mostly a delight—tart lime pie (only $1), moist chocolate cake ($1.50), and a dense cheesecake elegantly pavéed with thin slices of apple ($1.75). There is a handsome bar, but a thirst for wine means Mateus or Bolla. Dobson's is almost always full, and everyone looks happy. Maybe they're in love. Open weekdays noon to midnight, weekends to 1 A.M.; weekend brunch ($4.95), noon to 4 P.M. AE, BA, MC.


Monastery

The survival of the **Monastery** (No. 316, at 75th, 787-1353) puzzles me. The we-did-it-ourselves Gothic décor is sad. The smell of bubbling fat for a fondue bourguignon ($20 for two) wafts stale. The French reach falters. But your Junoesque hostess, Anna, is a Slavic Wonder Woman, fiercely eager to please. The sauerkraut is fresh, faintly sweet, delicious. And perhaps there ought to be a refuge for expatriates homesick for leaden dumplings and Hungarian gypsy pork cutlet ($6.75), tenderized and tasty, smothered in onions and apples. "Did someone recommend us or did you just walk by?" Anna asked. Heaven loves a survivor. Open daily 5 A.M. to 1 A.M. AE.

Parillada ($7), the Argentine mixed grill—skirt steak, short rib, sausage, blood pudding, kidney, and sweetbreads—is the tour de force at **La Tablita** (65 West 73rd, 874-9120), a tiny, narrow tunnel of a cantina just east of Columbus on 73rd Street. There are loving touches at La Tablita, a sense of family and genuine caring. "Is something wrong?" the waitress asks, seeing our leftovers. Alas, the grill is too carelessly handled . . . almost everything is overcooked. And the salad is a disgrace. Yet two pork chops in a provolone melt ($4.75) were moist and tasty. And the best desserts of Columbus Avenue bakeries are gathered here, including an irresistible bittersweet marble cheesecake ($1.75). La Tablita does seem to have its loyalists, content with the pasta ($3.25 and up), entrées (from $2.75), and Argentine wines gently priced. Open daily 4 P.M. to 1 A.M. AE, BA, CB, MC.

DINING ON A BUDGET

By Gertrude Snyder

Columbus Avenue was unfamiliar territory; I approached it both enthusiastically and cautiously, as one would a new culture. I ate, and often, in eighteen restaurants in the Underground Gourmet price range (dinner entrées under $6). Many of these are bars with glassed-in sidewalk extensions; lively places, noisy with talk and jukebox tunes. Their popularity, though, ought not to be used as a measure of their quality; the food along the avenue was no more than adequate. Those restaurants I've chosen for mention are the best of the moderate-priced eateries on Columbus between 66th and 86th streets. At the others within those boundaries, I suggest you take the chili, burger, or cheesecake route.

Oenophilia
Oenophilia

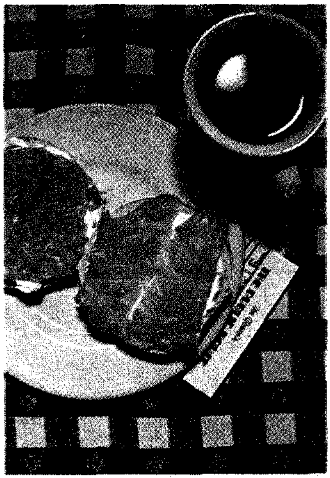
Don't eat a thing before you get to the newly opened **Oenophilia** (No. 473, near 83rd, 580-8127)—you'll want to try everything. The room is white, with ceiling spotlights. A block and tackle hung floor to ceiling divides the dining area from an art gallery. Wine casks and

Oenophilia

greenery face the entry. Appetizers vary: soup du jour, $1.50 to $1.75; artichoke with Béarnaise or a salad, $1.75; melon and prosciutto, $2.25; fettuccine, $2.25; oysters, $2.95. Entrées range in price from fillet of sole or striped bass with mustard dill sauce, $5.75, to filet mignon, $8.75. A beautiful boeuf bourguignon (not on the summer menu) came with whole onions, mushrooms, string beans, carrots, and rice, $5.25. The desserts: a rice pudding with fruit sauce, apple cake with vanilla sauce, or fresh fruits in Grand Marnier, each $1.50. With an appetizer, dessert, and coffee, you'll be able to dine well on a budget. And there's a weekend brunch for $4.95. The liquor license is yet to come; it's okay to bring your own wine. Open Sunday through Thursday 6 P.M. to 11 P.M., Friday and Saturday until 11:30 P.M., Saturday and Sunday brunch ($4.95) noon to 3 P.M. AE, BA, DC, MC.

Magic Carpet (No. 320, at 75th, 799-3717) serves fine Lebanese food in a glass-covered sidewalk extension and a large inside room. Lunch and dinner prices are the same, although the menus differ. Most appetizers (baba ghannooj, hummus, grape leaves) are $1.50. Lunch burgers, $2.25 to $2.75, come with lettuce and tomato, onion, and fries; larger salads are 95 cents to $3.95; pita sandwiches, $1.50 to $3.50; quiche with salad is $3.95. The dinner menu offers an elaborate couscous—chicken, $5.95, or lamb, $6.50—the chicken was one of the more memorable ever eaten by this couscousophile. Stuffed lamb or chicken, $5.50, and stuffed eggplant, $5.75, are served in more than ample portions. Homemade desserts include the best pecan pie on the avenue, $1.50, and Middle Eastern pastries from $1.20 to $1.30. Open Sunday through Thursday 11:30 A.M. to midnight, Friday and Saturday to 1 A.M. AE, BA, CB, DC.

Magic Carpet


Joe Gleason's The Public House

Scull and oars hang from the high tin ceiling above the tables and booths at **Joe Gleason's The Public House** (No. 400, at 79th, 874-8726). The tablecloths are checked green and white; the floors, raw wood. You must consult a blackboard above the kitchen pass-through for the menu. The food is unremarkable, but of surprising variety. Chopped sirloin, baked chicken with herbs, or a filet-mignon sandwich are

$4.95, all with potato and salad. Sandwiches are $1.25 to $2.85; quiche, $1.85. Octopus salad, $2.75, is a rare treat. A three-layer wedge of devil's-food cake with chocolate-cream filling and dark-chocolate icing, $1.50, was worth all its calories. Weekend brunch, $3.50. Open daily 11 A.M. to 4 A.M. AE.

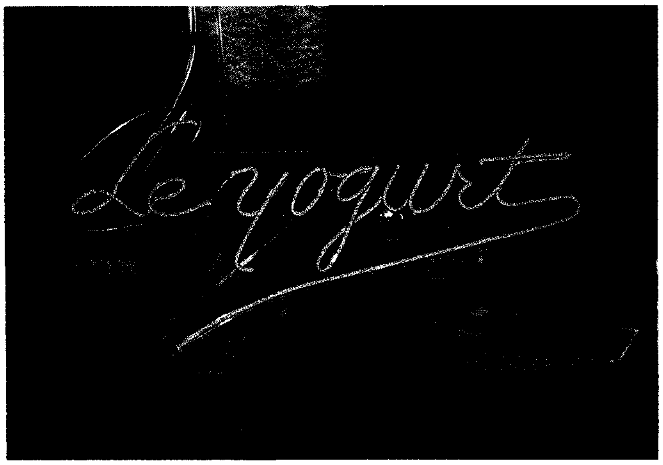
There are a big glassed-in sidewalk café and two inside rooms and bar sheltering stained glass and mirrors at **O'Neal Bros.** (No. 269, near 72nd, 399-2355). Brothers Michael and Patrick O'Neal (Patrick's the actor) also own the Ginger Man, O'Neals' Baloon, and Aunt Fish; together, the siblings stage a good show. The new chef has been a *garde-manger* at the Palace. The menu here is extensive. Onion soup, hot and thick, is $1.65; quiche with salad, $3.25; chili co-stars with onions and sour cream, $2.65. Salads run from $1.75 to $3.75; steak sandwich, $5.75; burgers, $2.50 to $2.85. Omelets, which come with shoestring French fries, cost $2.95. Entrées go from scallops Provençale, $4.95, to sirloin with Béarnaise sauce, $7.95. Miss Grimble's cheesecake is $1.85; pecan pie or apple cream tart, $1.25. The Sunday brunch is $4.25. Open daily noon to 2 A.M. AE, DC.

O'Neal Bros.

T. J. W. Gleason's

T. J. W. Gleason's

T. J. W. Gleason's (No. 246, near 72nd, 362-7255) is attractive, with its fresh flowers on checked tablecloths inside an enclosure on the sidewalk. Inside, there are tables and a bar. There are no printed menus; you read the blackboard for the usual avenue fare, here well prepared and presented with care. Hamburger, $1.50; cheeseburger or chili, $1.65; salads, 95 cents to $3.95; quiche, $1.85 to $2.35. Pastas are $3.95; steaks, $4.25 to $6.75; seafood, $3.95. I had a delightful cold-lobster lunch with a side dish of warm mussels, $3.95. Clam chowder is 75 cents. Desserts are more interesting than most; hot fruit cobbler or fruit shortcake, $1.50; cheesecake, $1.25. Imported beers and waters. Weekend brunch is $3.95. Open Monday to Saturday 11:30 A.M. to 4 A.M., Sunday noon to 4 A.M. AE.



Le Yogurt

Le Yogurt (No. 224, near 70th, 724-7816) is a mini-restaurant (it seats sixteen) decorated with a potted tree and fresh flowers; its young owner, formerly a clothing designer, has lavished TLC upon it. Everything is delicious, and the service is gratifyingly quick. Hot stew of beef is $1.85; soup, cold or hot, $1.75. The menu suggests combining stew or soup and small salad, $2.65, or pita sandwich or quiche and a cup of soup, $2.95. Quiche of vegetable and yogurt, or of shrimp and cheese, with salad, is $2.95. Frozen yogurt is 60 cents to $1.45. Homemade desserts, surprisingly rich, were 55 cents to $1.50. There's a minimum charge of $1.25 at the tables during busy hours. Open Sunday through Wednesday 11 A.M. to 11 P.M., Thursday through Saturday to midnight. No credit cards.

Rikyu Japanese Restaurant (No. 210, near 70th, 799-7847) serves Japanese food efficiently in unobtrusive surroundings—the lamps, screens, paintings reflecting shades of umber and beige. Waiters wear green-sashed navy blouses with white Japanese characters advertising sake. At lunch, the ballet of the lone waiter was remarkably swift. The food's quite good. Regular luncheon prices go from $3.05 for tempura fried vegetables to $5.60 for beef sukiyaki with a side dish of tempura or sashimi—sliced raw fish. A good buy is teishoku (a three-course lunch, its entrée the daily special), $4.45. Lunches offer a choice of soup, and salad, rice, dessert, tea. An à la carte menu includes a bowl of rice with Japanese usuals, $2.05 to $4.10. Dinner prices are about 50 cents more. Open daily noon to midnight. A tatami room seats fifteen shoeless diners. AE.

JAPANESE RIKYU RESTAURANT

Rikyu Japanese Restaurant

LOS PANCHOS CAFE RESTAURANT

Los Ponchos Café and Restaurant

A new white-stuccoed dining room, patio, and bar serving good Mexican food, **Los Panchos Café and Restaurant** (71 West 71st, 864-9378) is well hosted and pleasantly staffed. Appetizers are $1.50 for guacamole (cold and thick), nachos, or chalupas. Seafood is $5.25; casseroles are $4.50; combination platters (for an all-over tasting) run from $3.50 to $5.50. There's much interplay of taco, enchilada, and tortilla, with fillings of meat, fowl, seafood. Eggs rancheros are served with rice, sausage, avocado, pimiento, $4.50. For dessert, forget the pecan pie. Try guava with strips of soft white cheese, or combine mango and guava, $1.25. A pitcher of sangría is $3.95. Have it made with white wine. Lunch is a daily special, served with chili, salad, and a glass of wine or sangría or a bloody Mary, $2.95. Open daily 11:30 A.M. to midnight. Weekend brunch from 11:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.; brunch ($2.95) from 11:30 A.M. to 4:30 P.M. AE, BA, CB, DC, MC.

FOOD SHOPS

By Florence Fabricant

In the early seventies, when the avenue began its 180-degree turn and went from "frightening to fun"—as one shopkeeper put it—interesting food boutiques began to appear. Of the 53 food shops on or just off Columbus, we've selected the ones that have something good to offer that you probably won't find around the corner in your own neighborhood.

86th Street Wine and Liquor

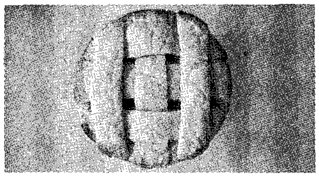
Florence Weissman, a former literary agent, owns the **86th Street Wine and Liquor Shop** (No. 533, near 86th, 873-7021). Every inch of this narrow corridor is lined with bottles. Half hidden under the counter top are some prized ones, ready to be dusted and sold: '53 Château Petrus, '49 Château Margaux, '59 Château Lafite–Rothschild ($75 each), and several wines of the Romanée-Conti. Ms. Weissman even has a rare 1929 Château d'Yquem ($225), the molten gold Sauternes, purchased at auction. At the opposite end of the price list sit a number of specials, including Tavel for $1.19 and Côtes du Rhône for $1.49. Delivery available throughout the metropolitan area. Open Monday through Thursday 8 A.M. to 11:30 P.M., Friday and Saturday to midnight. No credit cards.

Powers Fish and Oyster Market

Powers Fish and Oyster Market (No. 531, near 86th, 362-2800) is living testimony to the fish-industry slogan "Eat fish, live longer." Powers has been in business since 1889; today it's Angelo and Eddie Palmiotti who are in charge of the fish—sleek mackerel, pale flounder, and bright salmon nestling in the ice. Powers's stock is encyclopedic—minuscule periwinkles to coax from charcoal shells, glossy conch meat to dice and marinate for seviche or Bahamian salad, delicate salmon, trout, and meaty tuna steaks to grill, all at the lofty prices one expects to pay for fish these days. Still, whiting is the bargain, at 99 cents a pound. Open Monday through Friday 8 A.M. to 6 P.M., Saturday 8 A.M. to 4 P.M.

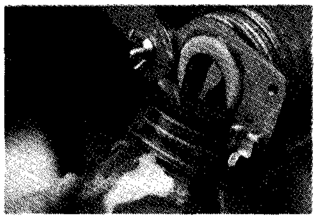
Most of the greengrocers on Columbus have occupied the same quarters for decades. **Park's** (No. 515, near 85th, 595-2582) is the new kid on the block, one of those first-rate Korean produce stands that sell superb lettuce (including ruby leaf), coriander, glossy bunches of spinach, jewel-like scarlet and emerald hot peppers, Oriental roots such as daikon as well as Hispanic ones like yutia. Fresh tofu to stir-fry in sesame oil, sprouts of mung bean or soybeans and nuts in their shells are among the other attractions displayed alongside everyday oranges, apples, and onions in this indoor-outdoor stand. A limited selection of Spanish and Chinese groceries is tucked into crannies here and there. Park's will deliver orders totaling over $7. Open daily 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.

The Party Box, Inc. (75A West 85th, 362-1800), will cater parties for 50 people or more with the same attention to detail and design required by Bloomingdale's, *Glamour*, and the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, all customers. Jane Wilson and Jeff Perlman design edible still lifes of verdant crudités and antipasti. Also distinctive are their gleaming, giant, caviar-filled brioches, like fanciful lacquered boxes, and their interesting casseroles and salads (niçoise, paella, and more) and in decorator colors, everything presented on boards, in baskets, in stoneware crocks. Buffets are priced from $8 to $25 per person for the food. Party Box can provide servers and bar if needed. Advance booking is essential. This, a new location, should be open in early June.



Mom

Mom moved into a tiny shop just off Columbus last November (66 West 84th Street, 877-5171), did it up in red-and-white gingham, and began selling pies. "Mom" is actually Mom's daughter, Judy Choate. Armed with her mother's top-notch old-fashioned pie-crust recipe, she puts together an assortment of savory main-course pies in two sizes—individual ($1.75 to $1.95) and nine-inch ($6.25 to $6.95, to feed four to six). Some of the pies are already unfrozen, requiring a brief warming, while others are frozen for an hour's baking at home. Nothing in the supermarket can match them for quality. "Patchwork," the most popular, also wins my vote for the most successful, with its spicy ground-beef-and-vegetable filling. Serve it with sour cream. The chicken pie is short on gravy. Select the Saturday beef bourguignon special ($1.95 and $6.95) instead. The spinach-mushroom soufflé pie ($1.95 and $6.95) is a good meatless choice, but the overseasoned vegetarian "Wizard" held no magic for me. Mom has lunch or supper ready Monday through Saturday from 11:30 A.M. to 8:30 P.M., Sunday 11:30 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.



Terra Pure Food Market

Terra Pure Food Market (No. 451, near 82nd, 874-8131) is not your everyday health-food store. Homespun to the heart, this cluttered market specializes in natural raw materials sold in bulk. Soybeans, soy grits, wheat berries, natural rice, triticale (a cross between wheat and rye), beans and dal in rainbow hues, rolled oats, couscous, date sugar, fructose, and brewer's yeast are scooped from bins and burlap, weighed, and gently priced. There is tea in bulk, including Red Zinger that's 50 percent cheaper than in the packages. There are canisters of natural herbs which Grandma recommended for healing: lobelia for fever, skullcap for insomnia, motherwort for rheumatism. Clover honey in bulk, Greek olives brined in sea salt, chapati, tortillas, sticky dried fruit, six-inch cinnamon sticks are also stocked in this refreshingly uncommercial natural-food shop. Open Tuesday through Friday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturday 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

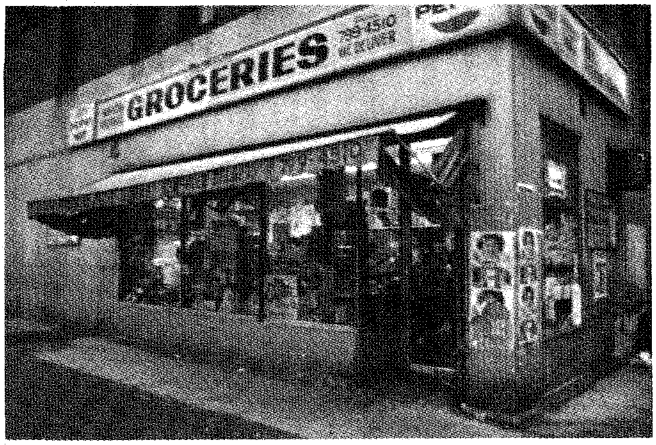
Sylvia Hirsch, that spunky, talented little Texan who calls herself **Miss Grimble**, is a Columbus Avenue pioneer. She installed herself on the avenue (No. 305, near 74th, 362-5531) eight years ago, when it was a wild, rough frontier. A patrol car from the 20th Precinct would baby-sit outside. But the pecan-pie and chocolate addicts found her and beat a path to her door for her irresistible, costly fixes. Today Miss Grimble's walls are covered with framed plaudits from food pundits, like so many diplomas. The sweet but never cloying pecan pies ($3.50, $5.50) still deserve the honors. Creamy cheesecake is a theme with ten variations to salve the craving, not the conscience ($5 to $18, depending on size and flavor). These temptations and many more are waiting Monday through Saturday 10 A.M. to 7 P.M.

Miss Grimble

Miss Grimble

Last January things got pretty hot around **Anita's Chili Parlor** (No. 287, near 73rd, 799-7618), and it wasn't the chili. A fire gutted the building that housed the snappy white-and-orange vest-pocket restaurant. This emergency temporarily disrupted service, but the guacamole and guitars are due to resume in early fall. (A branch is about to blossom in Chelsea, at 18th Street and Eighth Avenue.) In the meantime, Anita Corey will provide chili for a party (starting at $3 per portion, minimum eight portions, with beans, mild or hot, and suitable garni). She is also capable of spirited chicken enchiladas, a stylish but gentle guacamole, cottage-cheese enchiladas, and crackling fried-chicken flautas. All food must be ordered in advance—a week's notice is recommended—and delivery service is available. Call anytime.

When you are too busy or too tired to cook, Sheila Lukins and Joanna Green will do it for you. **The Silver Palate**, making



Pan American Food Market

its debut June 20 at No. 174 (near 73rd, 799-6340) will provide anything from snack to supper, all ready to serve and eat on your linen-covered table, in front of the TV, or spread on the grass in the park. The menu features soup, entrée (poached bass, perhaps, or game stew, or cassoulet), salad, bread, dessert—each item sold by the portion and framed with a flourish of ribbons, ruffles, and baskets. A divertissement of pâtés, several cheeses at their prime, crudités all scalloped and fluted, some breads, feathery mousses, butter cookies, and cakes will round out the ever-changing inventory. A luscious cool, pale-green purée of pea soup, creamy salmon mousse dappled with bits of salmon, buttery bursts of flaky croissants, and some icy scarlet radishes for crunching contrast will nourish and refresh on a hot day. Another menu will be orchestrated on a Near Eastern theme. (Prices, still tentative, will be about $10 per person for four courses.) Open Tuesday through Saturday 11 A.M. to 7:30 P.M.

As one might expect, the avenue named for Columbus has strong Hispanic ties. The shop with the broadest range of products for various Latin American dishes is **Pan American Food Market** (No. 236, at 71st, 799-4510). The entire spectrum of beans—rosy, yellow, green, black, and white—sacks of rice and masa harina, and all the proper seasonings to inflame these starches clutter this mini-superette. The butcher in the rear has spicy mahogany chorizos ($2.75 a pound); blood sausage; cuts of pork; dark fibrous beef; and salt cod. Second- and third-degree peppers—serrano, jalapeño, and chipotle; chopped, sliced, powdered, puréed, and whole—diced baby cactus to enhance a salad, green tomatillas for salsa verde, frozen soursop pulp, and bottled tamarind juice are some of the other exotica to be found here. Open Monday through Saturday 9 A.M. to 10 P.M., Sunday 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.

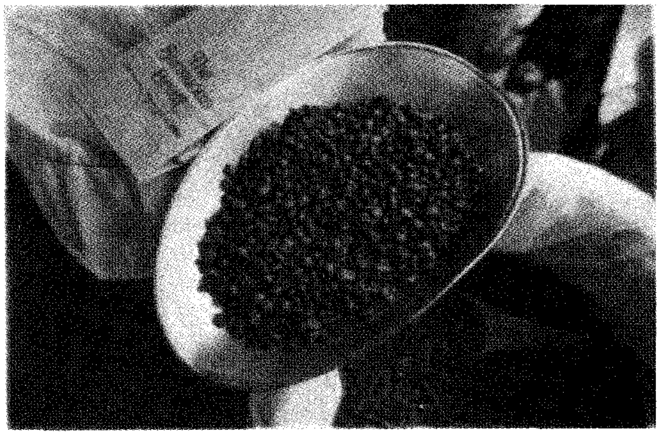
The appearance of a boutique selling coffee in the bean for custom grinding is the sure sign of an upwardly mobile, economically secure neighborhood these days. **The Sensuous Bean** (No. 228, near 71st, 724-7725) is another of the good shops that come in small quarters on Columbus. Joe Pumphrey and Irv Lerner manage fourteen coffees without much room to spare. I was particularly impressed with their Haitian, a blend that produces an intense yet mellow brew with a generous bouquet. The all-purpose "Sensuous Blend" has less character. S.B. also carries very satisfactory decaffeinated espresso for people who can't mix demitasse and dozing. The tea department offers ten varieties in bulk plus much of the Twining and Celestial Seasonings inventory. One clever item sold here is GLUH fix (35 cents for five), a tea bag filled with spices to drop into a glass of hot wine—instant Glühwein, exactly as it is served in the ancient Twelve Apostles Wine Cellar in Vienna. Open Monday through Friday 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Saturday 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M., Sunday noon to 6 P.M. BA.

California Market

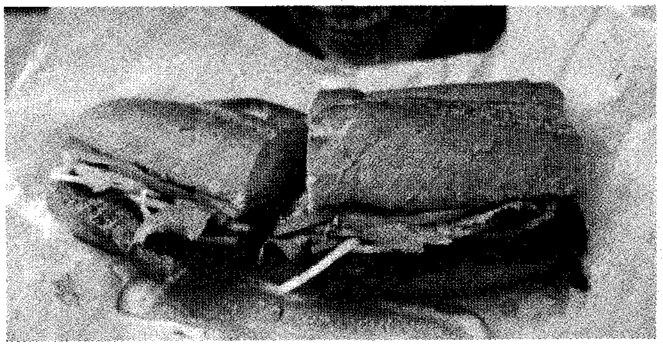
Two blocks away, the **California Market** (No. 185, near 68th, SU 7-2393) is a dependable source for fresh herbs: mint, chives, dill, parsley, basil, and sorrel. Alert, peppery bunches of watercress and arugula, ripe plum tomatoes, and baby green beans were in fine condition for the salad bowl. Open Monday through Saturday 8 A.M. to 6 P.M.

You have to go to 68th for the **67 Wine and Spirits Merchants** (No. 179, 724-6767), one of the more complete wine shops in the city. Particular attention is paid to the wines of America, Germany, and Bordeaux. Dozens of American vineyards are represented, including hard-to-find Stags Leap, Château St. Jean, Joseph Phelps, Martin Ray, and Callaway. Crowning the superb collection of German wines is a Schloss Vollrad trockenbeerenauslese 1971 for $155. In the Bordeaux department, 67's exclusive Château de Camensac is a velvet Haut-Médoc, a classified growth but a reasonable $3.49. Many bottles offer good value in the medium price range. Open Monday through Thursday 9 A.M. to 8:30 P.M., Friday and Saturday 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Every block on Columbus has a deli that's happy to pile cold cuts on a hero roll, but **Judy's Deli** (100 West 67th, 877-4555) is unique. To the people at ABC across the street, Judy Joseph's "subjective delicatessen" is an institution. Judy and her partner, Darlene Wasko, know their customers by name, and serve up their food with copious helpings of warmth, personal concern, and good cheer. If you have ever felt unloved, the sure cure is a few minutes at Judy's. In addition to a catalog of the usual sandwich fillings, there are Judy's daily specials. Thursday's spicy barbecued-pork hero ($2.15) is the best hero in the neighborhood (but Tuesday's pot roast has too much gristle). Judy's poetic vegetable soup (50 cents) borders on the Oriental; the complex but clear broth is infused from ingredients as diverse as yucca root and tomatoes and aswim with a medley of vegetables which still retain their primal crispness. Open Monday through Friday 6:30 A.M. to 5 P.M. ■



The Sensuous Bean



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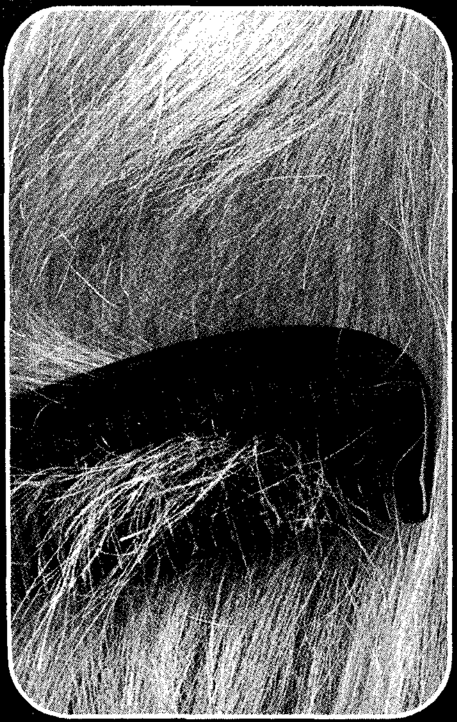
You've done so much to make your hair gorgeous that now it's really in trouble.



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The Explanation. The Treatment de Pantene is an intensive corrective conditioner. With its carefully balanced blend of very effective ingredients, it restores the look and feel of health to damaged hair.

The exclusive Pantene Swiss Conditioners* Pantyl and Phytantriol, combined with Panthenol (which converts to Vitamin B_5 on the hair), penetrate deep into the hair shaft, regulating its moisture balance, and giving hair a soft touch, lustre, and highlights.

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Use the Treatment once a week on damaged hair until it becomes normal. Then once a month to maintain its healthy look, body, and manageability.

More on damaged hair. Go easy on heat appliances. Cover hair in the sun. Be gentle. Use a natural bristle brush—Pantene makes them. And get the Treatment.

You do so much to make your hair gorgeous. Doesn't it make sense to do something to help it stay that way?

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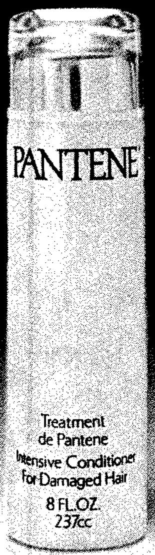

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Stevie's Wonders

By Priscilla Tucker

"...Burrows clothes are blown in the wind. They are lithe, sexy, sensual, full of joy..."

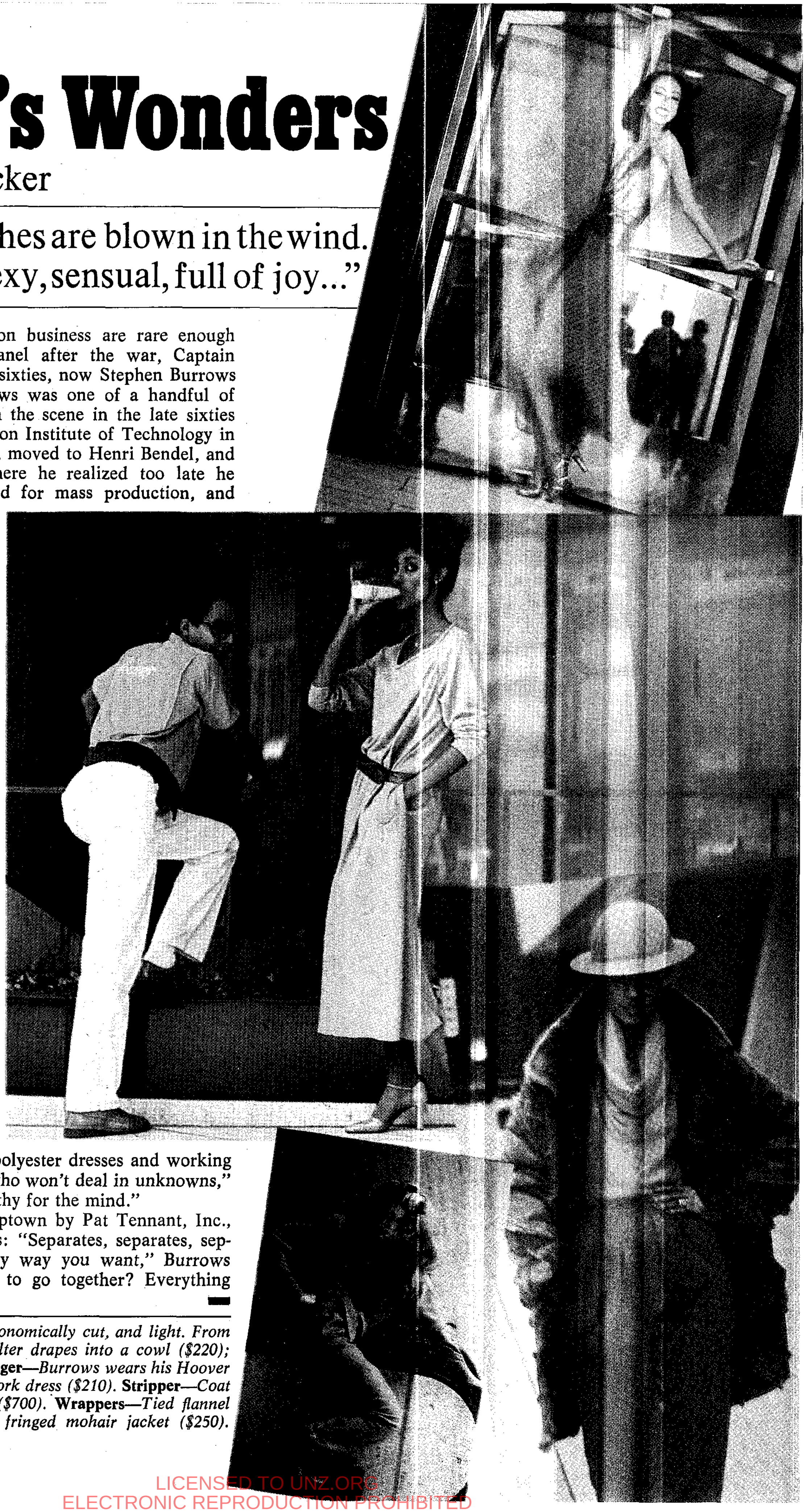
Comebacks in the fashion business are rare enough to rate headlines: Chanel after the war, Captain Molyneux in the early sixties, now Stephen Burrows in spring, 1977. Burrows was one of a handful of black designers who came on the scene in the late sixties (he graduated from the Fashion Institute of Technology in 1967). He opened a boutique, moved to Henri Bendel, and then to Seventh Avenue, where he realized too late he wasn't temperamentally suited for mass production, and dropped out of sight.

Now he's back with the best clothes in New York, a fall collection for sale at Bendel in August. Burrows clothes are blown in the wind . . . bits of chiffon layers, bias skirts, soft pants that tie around the ankle, weightless coats that are all cut and no tailoring. They are light, lithe, sexy, sensual, full of color and joy.

"They are particularly for the city and particularly for this city," says Bendel's Gerry Stutz, who keeps borrowing his most original and extraordinary cut, a shoulder-sliding drawstring blouse ($135). "It sits on your shoulder where God flang it and never moves more than half an inch. Wherever you tie it, it hangs perfectly. It all has to do with a little curve on one side. I always say Steve knows as much about the body as if he had studied premed."

With Seventh Avenue behind him, Burrows is feeling loose and free. "I don't want to dress everyone if it means polyester dresses and working for all those insecure people who won't deal in unknowns," Burrows declares. "It's unhealthy for the mind."

His new collection, made uptown by Pat Tennant, Inc., at Bendel, is really just pieces: "Separates, separates, separates—put them together any way you want," Burrows says. "Who says colors have to go together? Everything looks good together."



Burrows clothes *are unstaged, economically cut, and light. From the top:* **Swinger**—*Gold-mesh halter drapes into a cowl ($220); skirt is chiffon wisps ($125).* **Swagger**—*Burrows wears his Hoover jacket; model, turquoise jersey work dress ($210).* **Stripper**—*Coat of shearling strips is super-light ($700).* **Wrappers**—*Tied flannel pants ($160), jersey cowl ($90), fringed mohair jacket ($250).*

Photographed by Charles Tracy

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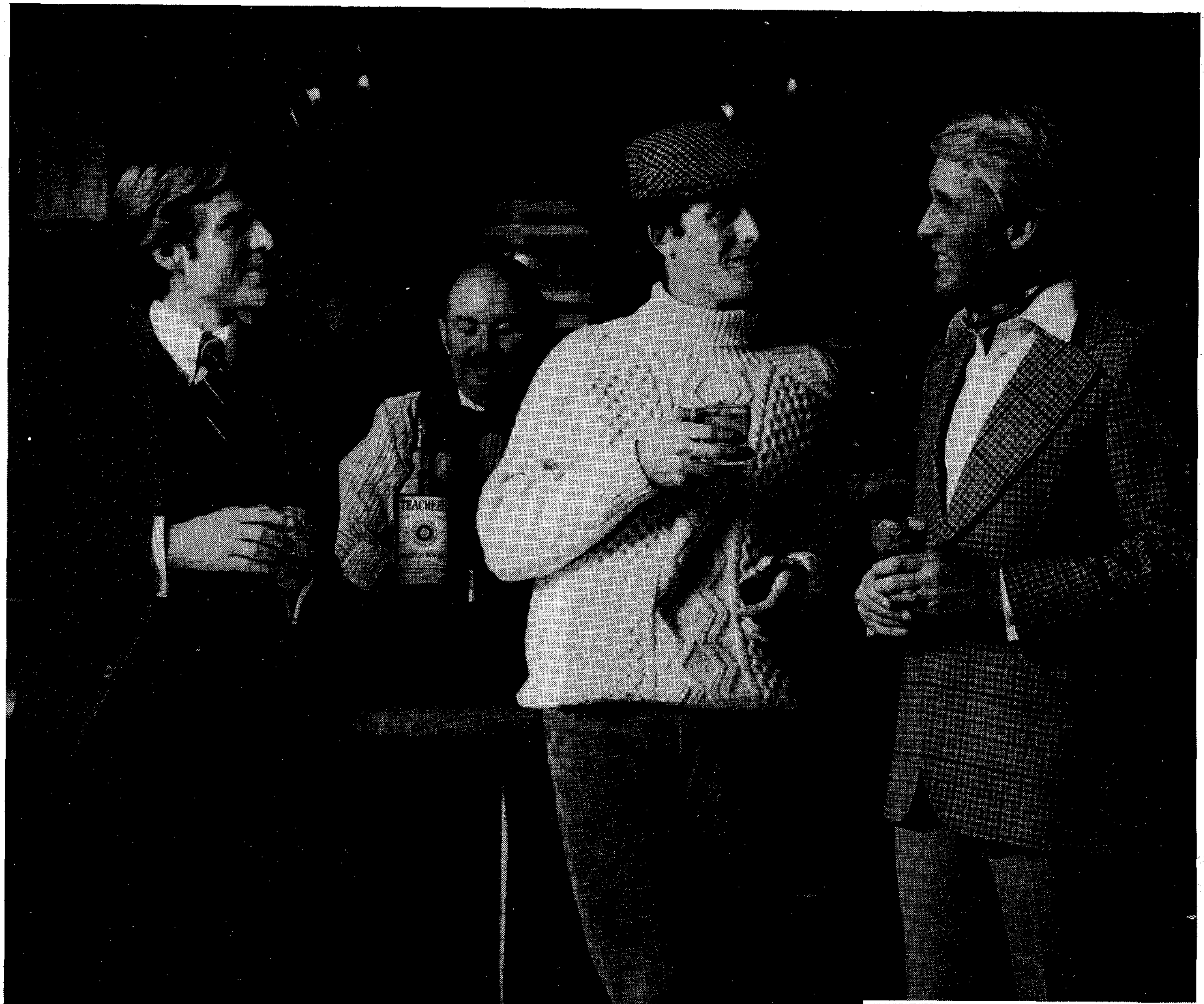

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How Thieves Are Hiking Your Utility Bills

By Sol Chaneles

"... Energy thefts in New York City have doubled in three years to a 1977 estimate of $145-million worth, and *we* pay for it..."

Sam Popovich is an energy thief: He rigs meters to record only a fraction of what they should. Popovich isn't his real name, though it's close, but he doesn't need any advertising. As utility bills keep rising, more and more landlords are seeking him out and hiring him to perform his magic.

A solid, friendly man, with strong, callused hands, Sam has been fixing meters for years, but, he explains, "just for friends and business people that did me favors." Then, about three years ago the demand for his kind of work suddenly soared, and seventeen months ago he went professional. Today, Sam is one of not hundreds but literally hundreds of thousands of people in New York City who are into the business of utility theft. Even in the well-to-do areas of Queens and Staten Island, Con Ed has found $50,000 homes rigged for stealing—and has handed affluent culprits thousands of dollars' worth of back bills. It is estimated that one out of every five utility customers is now hiring a professional thief like Sam or short-circuiting his bills himself. Energy thefts in New York City literally doubled in the last three years, to a 1977 estimate of $145-million worth, and are expected to double yet again next year.

"Hot juice," as this "free" gas and electricity are called in the business, has become a normal part of many landlords' and business managers' calculations. But who actually pays for it? The "juice" is frequently stolen directly from a neighbor—you or me. Even if it is stolen from Consolidated Edison or from Brooklyn Union Gas (B.U.), *we* pay for it because the Public Service Commission lets the utility companies pass on the cost of such losses in the form of higher rates. Nobody can guess how much more any of us may be paying for directly stolen gas and electricity, but it is estimated that the typical New Yorker is paying at least 10 percent extra—about $17 a year—in referred costs.

Vern Lewis (not exactly his name, of course), a middle-aged black man from Georgia, met me in a Bronx bar to explain his involvement in this racket. Lewis told me, "Some landlords are supposed to give gas and electric to their tenants—particularly those on welfare—as part of the rent. They give it, but they don't pay the company; I shunt the wires. I get into the walls to fix up gas connections [to avoid the meter]. I even rewire hookups."

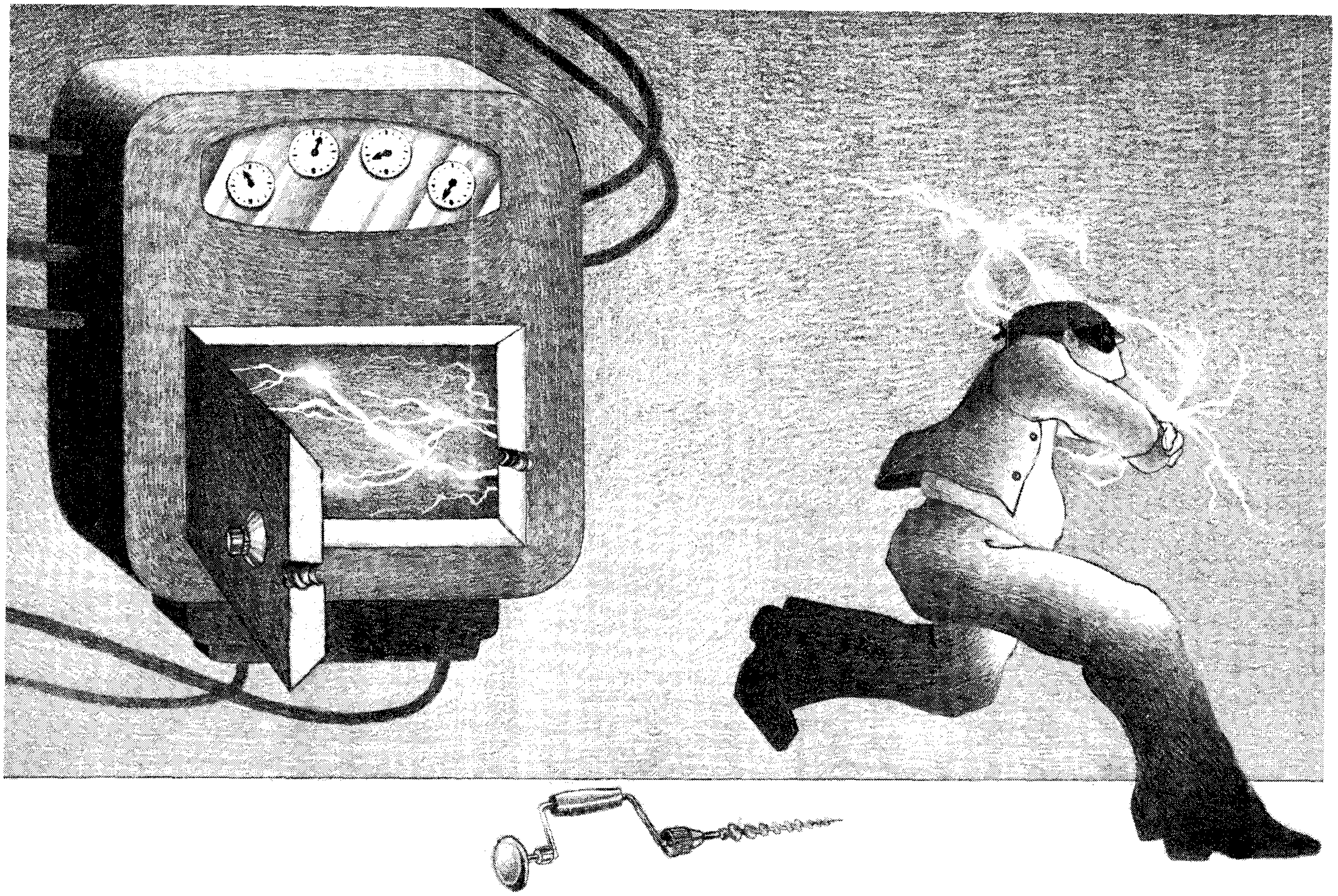
So many New Yorkers now use this illicit service that the market has established more or less standard prices. Barrel keys to open standard meters fetch about $300 each, but they soon earn back the investment if used to pick locks on several meters—at a standard fee of $50 and $100 each. Small customers sometimes pay 25 to 30 percent of their "savings." A phony meter—often one with its internal mechanism inverted so that it does not record current flow—costs $150.

The fee for impeding an electrical meter runs only $10 to $50, but do-it-yourselfers often spend only $3 to $15 for magnets to strap around their meters. Set in the right place, a magnet counters the field of the electromagnet that turns the meter's dials, so they turn very slowly. Other techniques are harder to spot: After drilling an almost invisible hole into the plastic cover, the accomplished technician can use a stiff wire to put a tiny drop of epoxy glue where it slows down the meter gear. Quick shunts around electrical meters cost only $10 to $20, but a well-done professional bypass can cost anywhere from $100 to $300. Quick shunts around a gas meter cost only $5 to $10, but a professional job covered by a false wall costs anywhere from $100 to $250.

These black-market services have spread with startling rapidity—in some cases to rather unlikely locations. B.U. security people recently found that a storefront church was stealing gas to warm the sinners.

Such thieves, however, worry the companies less than the fact that their employees take bribes to cover thefts. Bronx District Attorney Mario Merola recently charged two Con Ed workers, one a customer field rep and the other an investigator, with taking $48,000 in bribes to cover up $450,000 worth of

Sol Chaneles is chairman of the Department of Criminal Justice at Rutgers.



"...Bypass wires and cables cut into Con Ed's circuits ahead of the meter in all ten West Side buildings I randomly visited..."

stolen kilowatts. They had allegedly been taking $1,000 a month since 1973 to falsify meter readings at ten Bronx markets. Supposedly the investigator broke the seal on the meters each month, set back the dials, then punched his own identifying number into the new seal, a standard procedure. But he "bled the numbers" to make them almost illegible.

In an attempt to stay the flow of stolen gas, B.U. security chief Mario Gabos now sends squads of investigators out to systematically "blitz" all buildings in specific areas. Gabos and his boss, Ed Thompson, are catching about 60 gas thieves a week. In the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, on Van Brunt Street, they recently nailed the landlord of an eight-family building. Its gas had long ago been cut off for failure to pay bills. When a plainclothes investigator checked the curb valve in front of the apartment house, he found it on. He was turning it off when the building's managing agent hailed him and offered a $30 bribe. Like other B.U. employees, the plainclothesman was under orders to accept the bribe and then report it immediately. The bribe-giver, feeling lucky, promised more cash if the investigator would protect ripoff arrangements in five other buildings. B.U.'s security forces reported the bribery to the D.A. and called the cops to race with them into the other five buildings before the evidence could be destroyed. All five were rigged. The managing agent, whose lifestyle reflects his gains, was arrested on charges of grand larceny. He pleaded guilty and is being sued for payment in civil court.

Another Brooklyn landlord who owns five apartment houses, 12 to 42 apartments in each, hired a plumber to feed his furnace on B.U.'s gas, and buried the two-inch line in concrete alongside the pipes that serve his tenants' stoves. He too was arrested. This landlord paid a total of $75,000 to cover theft in four of the buildings, disclaiming ownership of the fifth.

The extent of this lucrative business is hard to assess, but Con Ed's security experts are ready to lay you odds that an impromptu visit to the meter room of any randomly chosen building—business, residential, or professional—would be likely to reveal stealing. Being a criminologist, I tried some direct observation. I made random visits to ten buildings on the West Side. It was easy to get into the basements unannounced; I just maneuvered my way around piles of garbage and debris. In all the buildings I checked, I found bypass wires, often new cables that cut into Con Ed's circuits ahead of the meters. It's harder to spot rigged meters, but next to some abandoned brownstones, gas pipes and electrical conduits, like archaeological evidence, poked rusty ends above the surface—remains of one building's tapping the other's energy lines.

I also checked New York University's complex of dwellings around Washington Square and found the students uncommonly well informed about theft technology. Many knew about "secondhand stores that sell mechanical kinds of stuff"—magnets and hair dryers, even vacuum cleaners. Hair dryers and vacuum cleaners, it turned out, are used for fixing gas

meters. In the standard gas meter, a bypass tube runs part of the incoming gas through a tiny turbine that turns the dials on the meter. Using a plastic hose hooked to a hair dryer, students blow air backward through the turbine to set the dial back. And as for the morality of these young thieves, "You don't get caught unless you get greedy" —a remark made by one chemistry major—seems to be the guiding principle.

Public rage at Con Ed tends to pass as the rationale for the stealing. As Sam Popovich says, "The companies can afford the loss." And in his case, this position makes emotional sense. He was laid off after working for twenty years as an electrician: "You think they cared about me when I was out of work?" It also makes financial sense: "I sell enough barrel keys and rigged meters in November to be able to spend the winter in Miami Beach with my wife and her mother." But for the rest of us, this position makes no sense at all. *We* and *not* the company actually foot the bill.

Yet there is no public outcry and therefore no public support for a counterattack on this form of larceny. On the contrary, old friends of Sam's who are still on utility-company payrolls keep him, and others in the business, posted on the companies' new designs in antitheft meters. And at City Hall not much is being done either. Mayor Abraham Beame's administration has failed to provide money to coordinate the efforts of police and other agencies that might respond to the crisis. And yet city buildings, and especially city-rented offices, are themselves a favorite target for illegal taps.

It looks as though nobody wants to be the fink who helps Con Ed crack down on a working mother who cheats or on a laid-off electrician, like Sam; the average fine is $500. Even the district attorney's office is loath to prosecute such cases. As yet, not one energy thief has been sent to jail.

But winking at energy-stealing loses its rationale in an energy crisis. Chiselers waste energy—one of the best clues to energy theft is an open window in cold weather—and rising bills have made the theft more costly to the unwitting victim. Residential and commercial rates for electricity have more than doubled since 1971.

Talking tough, the New York State Public Service Commission has made it clear that it won't see such costs simply absorbed by consumers' bills: Con Ed and B.U. must at least try to curb theft and collect back bills from cheaters. And in January, Con Ed began, very gingerly, to send don't-tamper-with-your-meter notes to customers, along with their monthly bills. These fliers also hinted at grim stories of novice thieves wounded in the act of tapping. These accidents do happen. One workman was badly injured recently by an exploding meter in a 42nd Street store. He had short-circuited the wires while arranging a tap. Con Ed has also started a bounty system, whereby any employee who reports evidence of a ripoff gets a $10 reward, and Brooklyn Union Gas, which, says Ed Thompson, has paid its employees bounties since 1926, is now rewarding successful tipsters with a percentage of back bills when they are paid.

This is not all. Con Ed has developed a strike force of nearly 200 trained investigators—some of them veteran cops. Its information is provided by a new breed of criminologist, like giant-size Ed Glister, who trained at City University and can track "hot juice" by a computerized audit of customers' accounts. Glister's rapid mind, which bristles with such crime-detection tricks as statistical probabilities, functional analysis, and discriminant variants, helped Con Ed employees detect 14,000 theft cases last year and collect $6 million for stolen energy.

These new criminologists put little

Illustrated by John Cayea

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faith in the fancier locks that companies have been putting on meters. Says consultant Charles Schnabolk, *"Any* mechanical device can be compromised." So he is designing an electronic device that sends a continuous signal over power lines. It warns the company whenever and wherever anyone tampers with the regular flow of current. So far, so good. But then there is the problem that any customer can refuse to let meter-readers or investigators into his home to check an indoor meter. It takes months to force entry by court order, long enough for the evidence of stealing to be removed. The companies have been pleading for legislation to let them move more meters out of private areas. Meanwhile, they risk looking like the local CIA, sending hundreds of gumshoes into their customers' private lives.

Such ethical considerations are, of course, important, but the really pressing question is how far the "mob" will go. Neither the companies nor law enforcers dispute that gangsters are into the energy racket. Mob machine shops now turn out keys to pick the most intricate new locks. On renovation sites, mob-supported "plumber's units" arrive with blueprints and sophisticated, expensive tools as well as a thorough knowledge of work-site schedules and utility-monitoring habits. By the time plumbers are finished, meters and lines are, in fact, clever counterfeits tied to underground shunts that may take years to uncover.

Some of the mob's biggest new profit centers are energy-guzzling businesses, like laundromats, hamburger emporiums, bagel shops and other fast-food stores, and soft-custard and ice cream parlors. The mob puts in hot young managers and pays them 10 to 20 percent of what they can "save" on utility bills. The district attorney's office has recently dug up evidence that Mafia corporations are stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of energy each month.

In response, the utility companies are trying to introduce "sub-metering" systems that measure all gas and electricity flowing into multiple dwellings by a central monitor. This method would make the landlord responsible for any loss, and it would thus be he who tracks down crooked tenants, crooked employees, or both. But, as in most approaches, this one also runs into trouble. Tenants don't want the rent collector to become a sneaky big brother.

The problem looms large. "They'll never beat it," says Sam. "Everybody's doing it. I even have some cops and security guards who work for big drugstores and supermarkets as my customers. How are they going to stop

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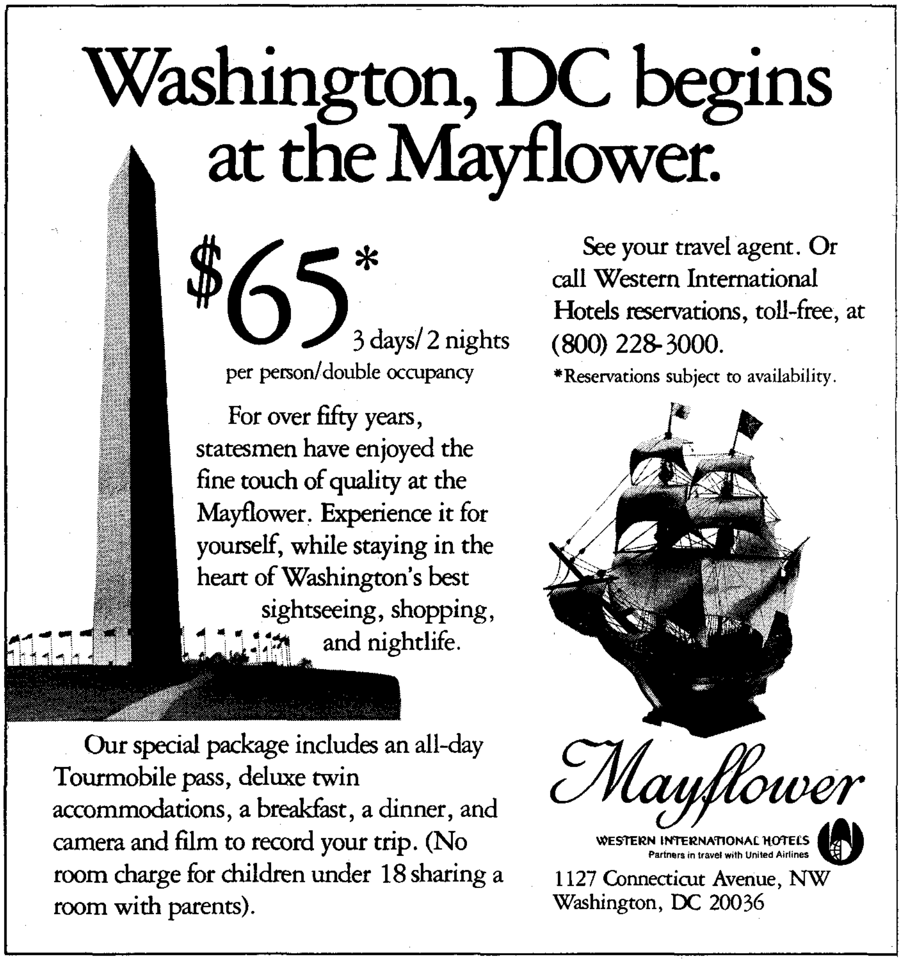
it?" And Sam Popovich may well be right, particularly if the gas and electricity thieves become anything like as sophisticated as the rogues—many of them bright students—who have been giving Ma Bell her greatest headaches over the last few years.

In this electronic age, the thieves easily move to higher levels of skill. For $100 to $175, anyone can buy a handy build-your-own kit to make a "blue box"—a tone pulsator which keeps the telephone company's billing equipment from registering the toll on the call. And the "black box"—another even more sophisticated tone pulsator—costs $300 to $500 as a kit, and can penetrate the computers that make up the telephone system's network of trunk lines.

In New York City alone, Bell Telephone now loses about $30 million a year in tolls for stolen long-distance calls. Like the energy-company losses of $145 million this year, this stolen service is added to the average consumer's bill. While Bell press agents talk hopefully about "pulling the plug" on the "blue box," there is no really effective defense against the criminal use of such highly developed technologies. And catching toll-call thieves is so difficult that the telephone company looks mainly for large-volume thefts at a single location. For instance, Ma Bell last year uncovered hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of thievery in the midst of millions of dollars' worth of "fool-proof" security at the new federal prison off Foley Square—across from the city's brand-new central police headquarters. With almost no technological gadgets, the prisoners were operating a massive telecommunication theft under the noses of their $20,000-a-year guards.

True to the urban ethic, most people assume that the utility companies, the city, Jimmy Carter, or some other third party must solve the problem, perhaps by improved security gadgets. Such faith is pathetic. Like any other form of crime, this one thrives on anonymity, on the absence of effective resistance to acts that make urban life miserable, dangerous, and costly. We expect faceless cops to stand off nameless criminals. Yet, urbanologists, like Jane Jacobs, have long since shown that we can never hire enough security forces to protect us in areas where nobody cares. There's no safety unless friendly "eyes on the street" call the cops when someone is in danger. Until the average citizen gets savvy about such thefts right there in his own pipes and wires, neither public bodies nor private persons will exert the thousands of little pressures that bring a fundamental change in behavior. ■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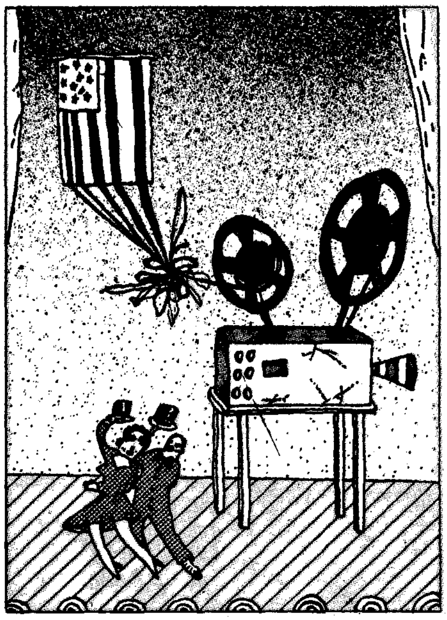
STURM UND DURANG

"... *History of American Film* is a smoothly developed, hilarious portrait of a society capable of creating the Big Mac ..."

Unless I am extremely careful in my description of **A History of the American Film**, Christopher Durang's play currently at the Arena Stage in Washington, you may get an entirely wrong idea about the work and its intent. That wrong idea is entertaining enough; Durang has given his play a surface whose glitter is bright and true. Do not be blinded by this outer gleam, however; this is a deep and powerful work which also happens, almost as an afterthought, to be extraordinarily funny.

The title somewhat defines the play. Everybody since Shakespeare has, at one time or another, thought up some kind of entertainment built out of the stuff of popular movies—sometimes, as in the case of *Dames at Sea* or *Boy Meets Boy*, with agreeable results. Durang has gone somewhat further; his plot is a sweep through *all* movies. The heroine, named Loretta, is the unseen baby in the cradle in *Intolerance*; orphaned, as in *Orphans of the Storm*, she goes out into the cruel world, spends her last quarter to see *The Jazz Singer*, hooks up with Jimmy, in the shantytown of *A Man's Castle*. Jimmy's career takes him through a Cagney phase; he strikes it rich and lives in *Citizen Kane*'s mansion, and then runs a bar in *Casablanca*. There, he and Loretta meet again, only to part; not until reels later, as the *Earthquake* destroys Los Angeles, are Jimmy and Loretta free to plan a life together. Meanwhile, in one of several subplots, we find the Joad family harvesting their *Grapes of Wrath*, then running afoul of anti-Communist investigators, and, later, if I remember correctly, dropping the bomb on *Hiroshima, Mon Amour*.

All this plot business Durang manages with an organizational skill verging on genius, building his dialogue out of everybody's favorite movie lines, and deftly blending an outrageous mélange of storytelling styles into a graceful, consistent exposition. What is truly astounding about his play, however, is its constant undertone of incisive satire. This isn't just another funny-movie play; it is a disturbing, wonderfully observant essay on how Movieland's distorted truths have become national ideals. Satire of this brilliance is difficult to handle, and Durang's awesome accomplishment is the smoothly developed horror in this undertone. Without having to say it in so many words, he has created a thoroughly convincing portrait of a society capable of creating the Big Mac.



American Film has had a successful run this year; the Washington production (nicely staged by David Chambers, with splendid songs by Mel Marvin) follows earlier ones in Hartford and Los Angeles, and now several producers are angling for yet another one for New York next season. Earlier this season, the Yale Repertory performed another Durang play, *The Vietnamization of New Jersey*. That, too, is a stupendous piece of social satire behind a front of wild hilarity, a reenactment of the horrors of the Vietnamese war if the locale had been, instead, American suburbia. I found this a somewhat less tidy play, burdened with an excess of bright ideas and, perhaps, several endings too many. But Durang has fabulous talent and, thanks to some careful schooling at Yale, a good sense of what drastic rewriting can accomplish. Along with his fellow Yalie, Albert Innaurato (with whom he once collaborated, by the way, on a marvelous piece of parody called *The Idiots Karamazov*), Durang has emerged as part of that small light in the distance, the promise of renewal for American theater. The vitality of spirit in their work, young and unformed though it be, is a source of enormous refreshment.

James Joyce wrote **Exiles**, his only play, in 1915. The work is clearly autobiographical: Joyce himself, returning to Ireland after years of self-imposed exile in Italy, accompanied by his common-law wife and their small son, trying to build a life that can incorporate both trust and freedom, exiled once again by the rigid moral strictures of a surrounding society which they do not admire. The play is exceptionally tense and tender; its writing, spare and doom-haunted, is so beautiful in itself that one risks the danger of missing the slender thread of plot.

Aside from a few small, semipro productions, *Exiles* has seldom been given hereabouts; that is a mistake because it is a haunting, poetic drama. The current revival at the Circle Repertory, directed by Rob Thirkield, is fairly close to splendid—enough, surely, to suggest the measure of the work. Its faults include the failure by several members of the cast to hold on to a consistent Irishness in their speech patterns; it would probably be better if nobody tried. Some of the stage work is what you might call fidgety: too much moving around, too much toying with too many small props. But Alan Jordan and Stephanie Gordon, as the Joyce surrogate and his mate, are altogether fine, as is Neil Flanagan as the newspaperman who attempts to invade their domesticity. And Anthony Austin, as the small son, has been inspired to turn in so exemplary and pure a piece of juvenile acting as to lure me into forgiving the director all other transgressions.

Also runs. **I Was Sitting on My Patio This Guy Appeared I Thought I Was Hallucinating**, at the Cherry Lane, is Robert Wilson's latest, and not very much longer than its title. It consists of two monologues, delivered successively

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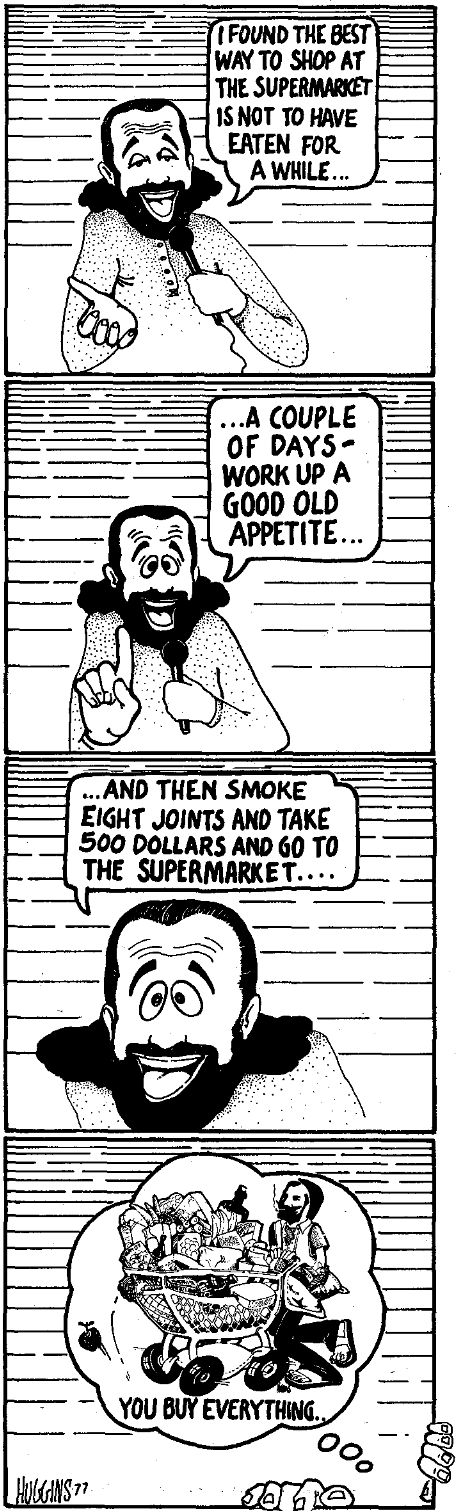
by Mr. Wilson and Lucinda Childs, both virtually identical as to text (beginning with, and occasionally coming back to, the title). The two actors appear on a nearly blacked-out stage, punctuated by a couple of abstract, white furniture oddments. From time to time a screen drops down, on which movies and slides are shown: some penguins, some ducks, a cocker spaniel on a bed, a series of X rays from a baggage-inspection device at some (unspecified, of course) airport. Before Mr. Wilson's monologue, a bell rings loudly.

The above is a reasonably accurate description of the events during this 90-minute entertainment. (I am trying hard, you may have noticed, to avoid using the word *play*.) Yet, once you assimilate some notion of what Mr. Wilson is up to—that, as usual, he is attempting to sketch some fairly coherent dramatic ideas in his customary antidramatic, nonlinear manner—something recognizable as a good evening of theater does begin to take shape. Most of the monologue material consists of disconnected paragraphs having to do, in some half-remembered way, with relating to people. After an immersion in a sequence of these fragments, you at least begin to realize that most of these relationships were unhappy. I do think Mr. Wilson is shirking some responsibility by using virtually the same material twice over. But perhaps he is trying to tell us something about the universality of interpersonal failures. Or perhaps not. I liked the piece quite a lot.

Playwrights Horizons, which launched Innaurato's *Gemini* last fall, tried out the same author's **Earth Worms** in a workshop last week. Neither play nor production were finished commodities, but that is the value of showcases like the little colony (Horizons and the Lion) now flourishing on Far West 42nd Street. There is no substitute, to a playwright, for the experience of learning before a live audience what will and won't work. There are few substitutes, to a live audience, for the pleasure of watching a major play outgrow birth pangs.

Earth Worms is an important play. Set, like *Gemini* and *Benno Blimpie*, in Innaurato's own South Philadelphia Italian ghetto, it tells a disturbing story about a bride brought in from "outside" and abandoned by a weak husband who cannot outgrow his background. The story is surrounded by ritual, a venomous ballet about narrow-minded parochial schools. The play is still imperfect, but so much power comes through that its eventual stature is easy to predict. ■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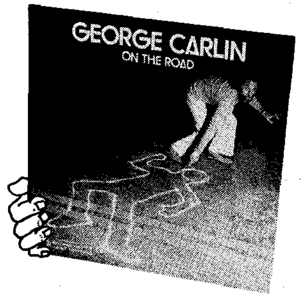
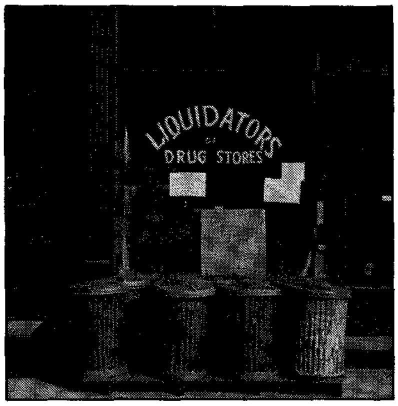


BEST BETS

Recommendations of events, places, and phenomena of particular interest this week

By Ellen Stern



What's in Store

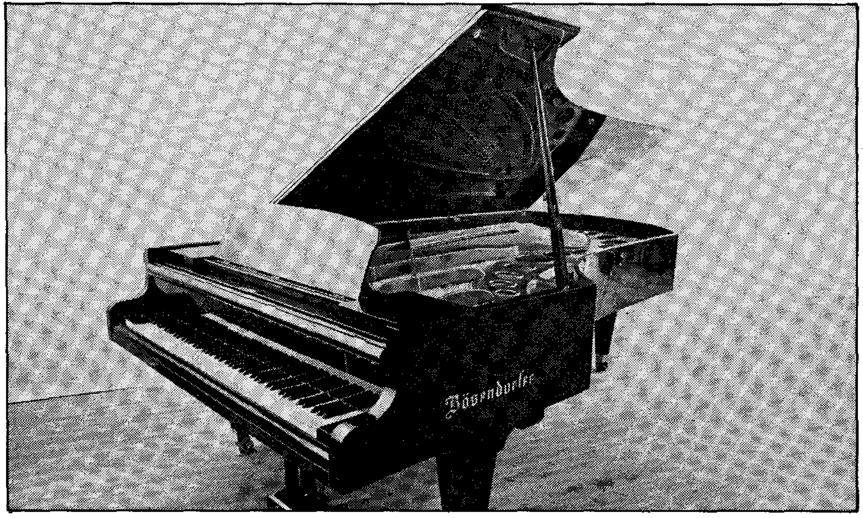
"I thought I was going to be documenting, but it didn't really turn out that way," says Henry Cox, who is wrong. It *did* turn out that way. His photographs of New York shop windows are documentary indeed. Most of the shops he's shot are already gone. "I liked the places, that's all. I also love light. There was a lot of waiting for the sun." Cox has captured windows of pillows on Allen Street, breads on First Avenue, needlepoint on Madison, roast ducks on Mott, furniture on East 21st, restaurant equipment on the Bowery, and such. This place on West Broadway was his first.

HENRY COX/*June 4–July 2/Foto Gallery/492 Broome Street/925-5612*

Best Bites

A City Herbal, by Maida Silverman (Knopf, $5.95 and $10), is a lovely guide to finding what grows in vacant lots and sidewalk cracks, in alleys and parks. . . . **Stalking the Edible City**, a course on the same sport at the New School, begins June 15 ($80).

TERRY HOURIGAN



The Play of Fancy

This is the Bösendorfer Imperial Grand. It is nine feet six inches long, has eight extra keys that were added at Busoni's request when he played the D minor Chaconne, takes 62 weeks to make, is one of less than 400 made a year at the factory in Vienna, costs $35,000, and is probably worth it. It is, simply, the most beautiful piano we have ever seen, the most splendid we have ever played. "I hate to use superlatives," says Jerome Grossman, who has sold five in the past three months, "but there is *nothing* I know of that starts to compare with this." Avery Fisher owns one. Frank Sinatra allegedly owns two; wouldn't he just?

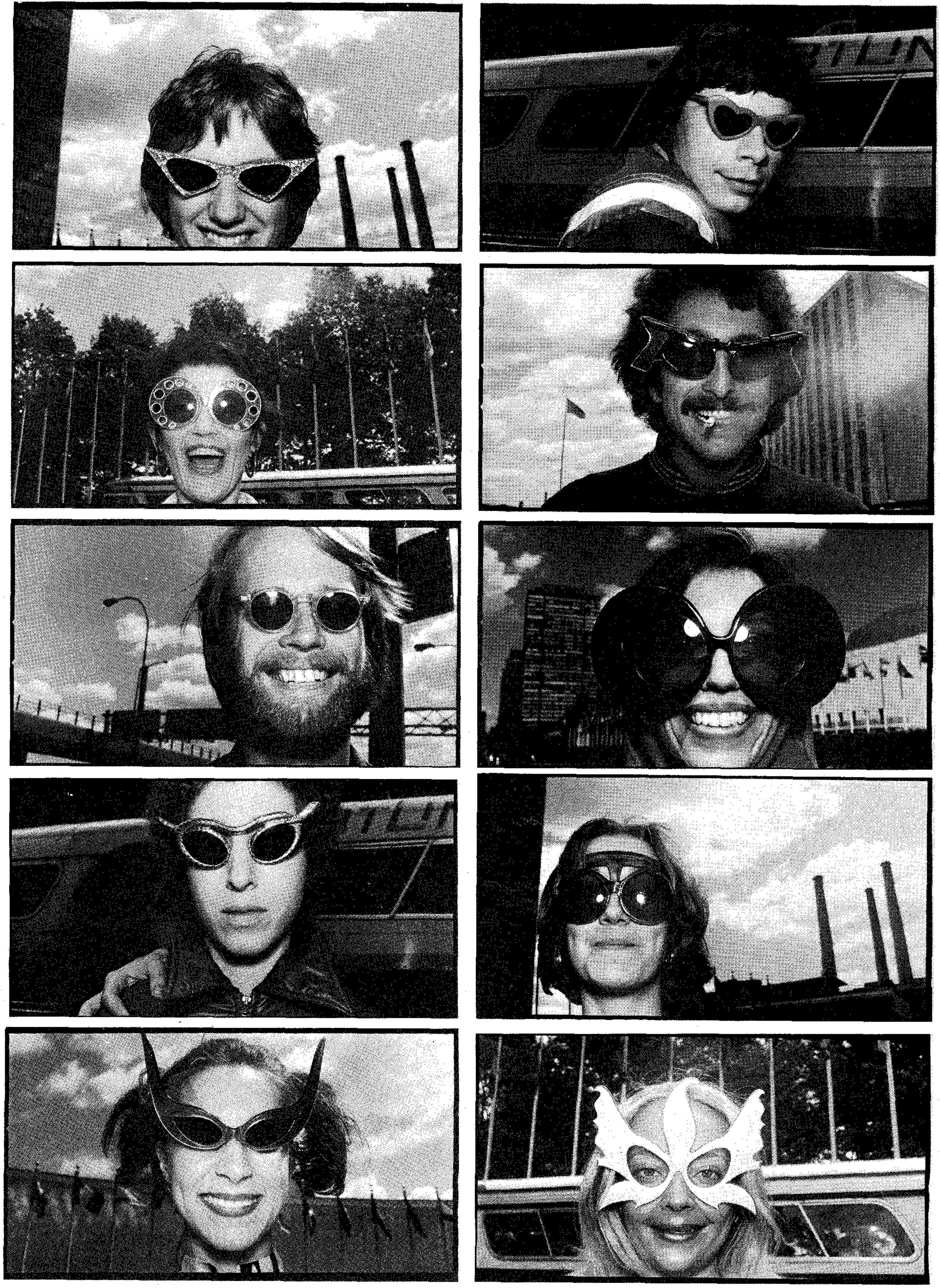
JACK KAHN PIANOS/*158 West 55th Street/581-9420*

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY

Crop of the Pix

"I hope I didn't make a mistake coming out here," said Carl Laemmle of his voyage to Hollywood. Hardly. On June 8, 1912, he opened the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. And on this June 8, MOMA opens a Universal retrospective. More than 310 movies will be shown, with a lot of horror, Hitchcock, Mary Pickford, Lois Weber (the director of 400 films, including 1916's *Where Are My Children?*, about abortion, and 1923's *A Chapter in Her Life*, about Christian Science), three *Destrys*, two *Broadways*, three *Back Streets*, two *Imitation of Lifes*, two *Magnificent Obsessions*, and gems like *Alias the Deacon*, *The Great Circus Mystery* (a serial), *City of Stars* (a 1925 Universal Studios tour), *Dolly's Scoop* (starring Lon Chaney and Louise Lovely), *The Dumb Girl of Portici* (starring Anna Pavlova), and *See America Thirst* thrown in. Above: *The Mummy*.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES: 65 YEARS/*June 8–January 29/Museum of Modern Art*



IAN PATRICK/STYLED BY MARIE ZZOT

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Art/Thomas B. Hess

BREAKTHROUGH WITH TANKS

"...Alexander Liberman's reputation obviously has suffered because he's done too many things too well. He won't stay put..."

"There is only one problem in the world," says the hero of Thomas Mann's *Dr. Faustus*—probably the best text ever written on modern art and artists (present company excluded)—"and this is its name: How does one break through? How does one burst the cocoon and become a butterfly?"

You can witness such a phenomenon—the drama of a breakthrough—in the retrospective of paintings and sculptures by Alexander Liberman, spread across the pleasant meadows, and in the mansion, of the Storm King Art Center (through 8/29).

A breakthrough in art is mysterious. It's not statistical—everybody knew exactly when to cheer which home run by Roger Maris. And it's not scientific—Dr. Ehrlich's "magic bullet" was precisely number 606. Among paintings and sculptures, for a long time, you're not sure. You sense a transformation. There's a new factor—a new brightness, perhaps. And there's a troubling silence, a feeling of ambiguity that floats somewhere in between pleasure and dismay. What rough beast is slouching among Liberman's steel constructions that poke cylindrical volumes at the Hudson sky as if in defiance, and cast medieval shadows across the sod, still torn from the monstrous tugging and hauling that brought them to these highlands?

Perhaps there's no new factor. Perhaps the work is being presented in such a way and scale that you can see it clearly, as if for the first time. Is the breakthrough mostly in the eye of the beholder? Or, to put it bluntly, has Liberman been underrated all these years? He's been an active artist in the New York art world since 1950. After a whole generation of familiarization, is his work emerging for what it is, cut loose from the stereotypes that distorted its public aspect for so long? His reputation, obviously, suffered because he's done too many things, including photography, design, directing the editorial content of *Vogue* and of all the other Condé-Nast magazines, as well as making paintings, sculptures, and prints. And he's done too many things too well. He won't stay put.

A "breakthrough," Thomas Mann suggested, comes when the highest possible state of intellectuality is converted "into a voice expressive of the soul and a warmth and sincerity of creature confidence." You could say that ideas become refined to the point where they glide into sensations. Passion and discipline find community.

Liberman, I suppose, would insist that his evolution, from a circle incised with hair-fine neatness on a square of black oil paint to the 30-ton steel flamboyance of *Iliad*—that is, from 1950 until yesterday—is as logical as the growth of crystals or the circulation of the blood. First come the circles. Then two circles which, brought together, describe a triangle. Triangles lead to diagonals, whence it's only a step to the imbricated gestures of the latest canvases. In between these stages come various arcs, sweeps, and other variations on Liberman's Great Circle theme. The artist convinces you that he's convinced of his own interior plausibility.

A butterfly is probably just as convinced of its interior plausibility—its ineluctable metamorphosis. Still, as Mann observed, the big question remains: How to get out of the cocoon? The question for Liberman, it seems to me, was how to break out of a Western delight in moderation, protocol, and rational scale to achieve a wilder, more open, freer modality. He did it step by Cartesian step—but there was madness to the method. First (to review the sequence again) came the circles—as sleek as a poker chip, as clean as a scalpel, as contemplative as the belly button of Lao-tzu. The shapes increased radically in dimension—every circle, after all, dreams of becoming The Equator. Liberman accommodated his paintings to the new scale with acrylics. You can make an acrylic brush stroke as big as the Ritz. The technical difficulties in executing oversize sculptures were solved by using old steel boilers and storage tanks. They are comparatively inexpensive, solidly constructed, and open a wide range of applications. Liberman doesn't use them as *objets trouvés*, however, nor does he expose their sentimental "junk" aspect. The tanks in *Iliad*, for example, were sandblasted, straightened, and painted with red lacquer, like any efficient chunk of technology. The tanks for *In* were left with their mantles of rust and abrasion, but for a generalized—you could say an "abstract"—state of decrepitude. Such tanks usually come in units five feet in diameter and six feet long. Liberman can weld them together for cylinders over 50 feet long. With crafty propping and bracing, he can get away with extraordinary levitations.

The cylinders loom, careen, shift profile as you walk around them. Gene Goossen has compared them to Greek columns. But Liberman avoids the enlightened materialism that Goossen attributes to the Greeks and to Greek-Revival Americans. Like the wily architects of the Parthenon and Paestum, Liberman is a connoisseur of illusions. There are no straight lines to classic Greek architecture, only apparent plumbs. Liberman's forms, too, follow no functions beyond the metaphorical compulsions of his subject matter.

The point becomes clearer when you compare Liberman's sculptures with the impressive group by Mark di Suvero, on the other side of the hill. Di Suvero's sculpture is engineered. Form follows, indeed form expresses, function. Each girder plainly supports, and is supported by, contiguous members in a closed (i.e., balancing) system. On the other hand, Liberman is involved with artifice—all the old archetypal magic. You can't deduce a skeleton from a profile. His works concern invocation rather than weight-loading; they attempt to contact lost rituals and spells.

Like Mallarmé, Liberman chooses to work as if God exists. The concept of an atheist, progressive, common-sense art is too earthbound for his temperament. So, like the poet, he invented his own sanctuary, his own heaven and hell, and he fills them with the mystery and fatality of private dreams. He constructs a public art for private celebrations, dedicated to a divinity whose theogony remains

Balancing act: *Alexander Liberman's 36-foot-high steel sculpture,* Iliad *(right), at the Storm King Art Center.*

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on the, so to speak, drawing board.

Such a scenario is appropriate to only one aspect of Liberman's work. His need for a monumental scale also derives from the artist's formal disciplines. A medium compels exploitation. Acrylics are water-based colors. Thinned, they can be applied with a six-foot broom as well as with a paintbrush. The five-by-six-foot module of storage tanks asks for extension. Liberman's art acquired a public face almost through the necessity of its materials.

Furthermore, the giant scale permitted the artist to shed those remnants of late Cubism that had jangled through some of his earlier works. Grown to full stretch, his images have become more unified; they're all of a piece, with beginnings, middles, and ends subsumed. In *Iliad*, for example, the "problem" of hoisting active planes up into the air is "solved" by making the base pillars an indispensable part of the sculpture—rather like abstract caryatids. Shorter elements of cylinder seem to develop functionally from them. Some are sectioned at a bias to reveal an ellipse of surprising elegance. The strong sense of movement among the sliced planes—the body language of the steel, so to speak, its torque and levering—is both triggered and brought to resolution by the massive supports.

A huge sheet of rusted steel lounges gently against the cylinders of *In*. It was hoisted into space and then allowed to lean; its shallow bend retains a memory of life among the cranes. There's something about the size of all this steel—its sheer acreage—that trips an association with Russia.

Liberman is Russian-born, Paris-bred, English-polished. In other words, a typical American. Still, a game of geo-aesthetics is hard to resist. Wandering among these vast cylinders, you recall the giant cannon outside the Kremlin—its mouth can hold a platoon of tourists. Or the terraces of Peterhof. In a nation of steppes, artists dream of endless space—Malevich's whites, Rodchenko's blacks, Tatlin's spirals.

Of course, Liberman is no more Russian than Rothko was. His scale and light are characteristically New York. If his work does recall Russia—if there's something of Siberia around the edges—it must be because Russia and America have grown so close. They're the two modern states; they share the same nightmare.

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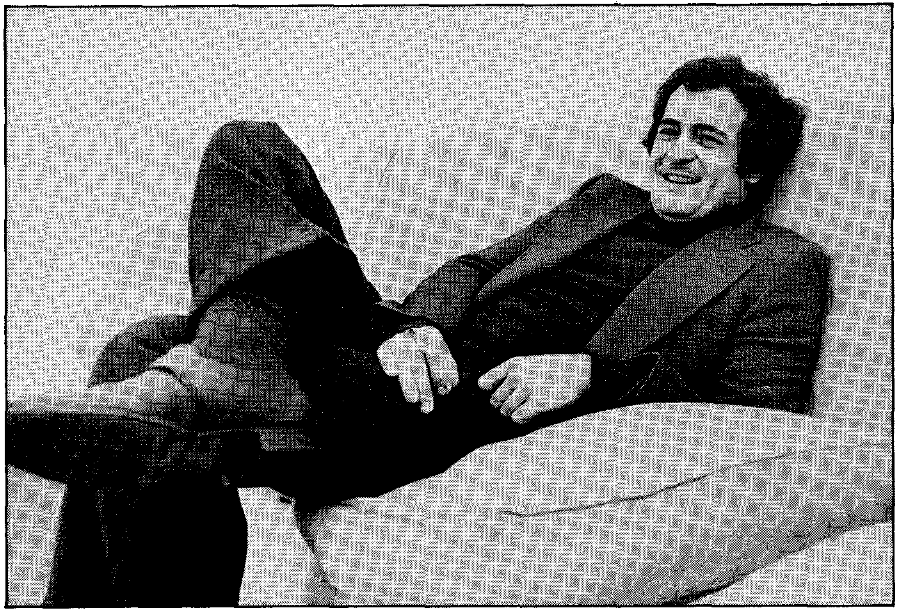
The Lively Arts / Paul Gardner

'1900': IT WON'T BE BERTOLUCCI'S LAST TANGO

"...Bertolucci's *Gone With the Wind* of Italy has consumed four years. He can't push on until the tempest is resolved..."

The finale to an Italian opera, Last Tango in Rome, *will soon be staged in New York. The libretto concerns the unreleased English version of a historical movie called* 1900. *A celebrated cast, given to impassioned duets, brooding arias, and dramatic trios, features Bernardo Bertolucci as the director (baritone), Alberto Grimaldi as the producer (bass), and Paramount as the American distributor (chorus). The opera begins with the ensemble's lyrical "Carissimo Bernardo" and ends with the chorus's reproachful dirge, "Arrivederci, Bertolucci." O Dio! It is as tangled and thrilling as a steaming plate of pasta.*

SYGMA



Taking a break: *Bertolucci is hopeful that his epic will be released here soon.*

After months of lawsuits and counterlawsuits among *1900*'s main players, with Bertolucci and Grimaldi now communicating through legal factotums while Paramount turns a cold cheek, the background to the movie kingdom's biggest *scandalo* in years vibrates with the stuff that operas are made of. Bertolucci grew up in Parma, the birthplace of Toscanini, Verdi, and Tebaldi. "Everything in Parma is melodrama and music," he once pointed out. Everything about *1900* has become melodrama—and dissonant music.

The mischief is mostly about *1900*'s length. Grimaldi signed a Paramount contract promising, roughly, a three-hour film in return for a $1,750,000 guarantee. But Bertolucci's *Gone With the Wind* of Italy ran a bit over five hours. That's more than Paramount wants, although this version has already been shown in six European countries. After a brief intermezzo, 20th Century–Fox suggested it might release a four-hour *1900*. Worrying about American distribution, Grimaldi, an urbane producer of movies for Fellini and Pasolini, and of Bertolucci's own *Last Tango in Paris*, edited it down to three hours, fifteen minutes. Feeling betrayed, Bertolucci announced, "That isn't my film; that's a trailer, a travesty." So far, an English-language version hasn't been released anywhere.

"At last, I think we come to the finale," sighed Bertolucci as he finished his newest "authorized" version in Rome and immediately sent the 33 reels (four hours, twenty minutes) to Grimaldi's New York office. "If a major studio doesn't want it, we'll find an independent." Then Bertolucci, exhausted but confident, flew here, hoping to strike a compromise chord. One company, Caribou Films, wants to acquire his latest cut, and is ready to start negotiations immediately. Caribou's president, James Guercio, says, "We're committed to this film."

The cost involved is not in dollars alone: *1900* has cornered Bertolucci's career since shooting began four summers ago. At age 36, he is considered the most distinctive filmmaker of his generation. His brilliance was confirmed with *The Conformist* and *The Spider's Stratagem* (his personal favorite), but to the media he remained an obscure, esoteric personality. *Last Tango in Paris* catapulted him to "stardom." That was five years ago. Now he can't push on, creatively, until this international tempest is resolved. "I can't abandon *1900*, it's my responsibility."

All the principals of this reel-life spectacle, accompanied by legal jugglers, court advisers, and confidants, are now huddling for the denouement to a story fraught with ambiguity and intrigue. A Caribou executive doesn't believe a major studio really wants *1900*. "It's too political." Bertolucci doesn't understand why Grimaldi seems to have turned against his film. "I think he has decided to hate it. But is this a good strategy?" Il Signore Grimaldi murmurs, "My friend is surrounded by sycophants who tell him he's God. It started with *Tango*."

Visiting the *1900* set three years ago at Rome's Cinecittà studios (built in the mid-thirties by Mussolini as a salute to a medium he intended to shape), Bertolucci said to me, "After a success like *Tango*, people look at you with wide eyes, but you are beneath . . . the same person. For good or bad. I once had to wait four years to make a film. I couldn't raise the money. Suddenly I have a hit and they say, 'Bernardo can do anything.' " His choice was *1900*, first planned as a six-part series for Italian TV. But Bertolucci's ultimate conception, refined over two years, was too ambitious for television. "It's a recollection, a collage of my childhood, of my friends, of my father," he said quietly, moodily. "Every movie becomes, for me, autobiographical. I always draw on memories, and memories of dreams."

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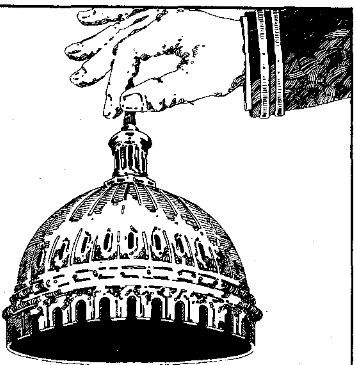

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When *1900* finally opened in six European countries, it lasted five hours and ten minutes and was split into two parts. Richard Lester successfully made two movies from his merrily overweight *Three Musketeers*, but that was easily dividable slapstick adventure. Francis Ford Coppola's two *Godfathers* were conceived as separate films. But Bertolucci's approximately $7-million epic, which follows the collapse of a wealthy landowning family in the northern province of Emilia, the birthplace of Italian socialism—and Bernardo Bertolucci—doesn't really make a whole if you see only half. And if chunks are cut, you're left with a hole.

Years ago a contretemps erupted between director Jacques Rivette and the producer of his *L'Amour Fou*. The completed work lasted a flabbergasting four hours and twenty minutes. But the French can be most rational when you least expect it. *L'Amour Fou* opened in two versions—the original and an abbreviated two-hour edition. But this doesn't seem to be any answer for *1900*, either.

Bertolucci's version of the story: "I do not expect *1900* to be seen at one sitting. It is too much. My film must be released in two parts. It should play twin theaters in the big cities and, in small towns, Part II can follow Part I at the same theater. Why should this be so difficult in English-speaking countries when it was done already in Europe?

"During production, we knew the film was going to be long—longer than the three hours. Grimaldi says to me, 'Go on, Bernardo, make it!' There seems to be no problem. I saw him on the set once. After watching my first rough cut, of six hours, Grimaldi danced around the screening room saying, 'Fine, we'll have *two* movies!' I remember this clearly. And the proof is that he released it as two movies in Europe. Why didn't he say 'impossible' then?

"*1900* is the biggest smash in Italy. It took in over $10 million. It was popular in Denmark, Greece, France, Germany, Switzerland. Now I hear Grimaldi says the film is too long, boring. Is this a good strategy? Is it boring just because Paramount wants a three-hour film? The executives, distributors never heard the English sound track. To help Grimaldi, *I* make cuts. But this takes time. I say, 'Let me finish the English dubbing *before* I cut.' His three-hour version is cheap and miserable. He doesn't tell me who edits it. If I hear someone say they like this version, it makes me sick and I cannot speak to them.

"Grimaldi made the cuts on the negative. This is a violence on the body of the movie. It is a violence on my body. It is a violence on *his* body."

Grimaldi's version: "I am willing to release a long version here, but the distributors refuse it. Always I have tried to support Bernardo, and his *1900* was shown in Europe. But now, for over six months, I plead with Bernardo, 'Please, prepare a shorter version in English.' For six months he does nothing!

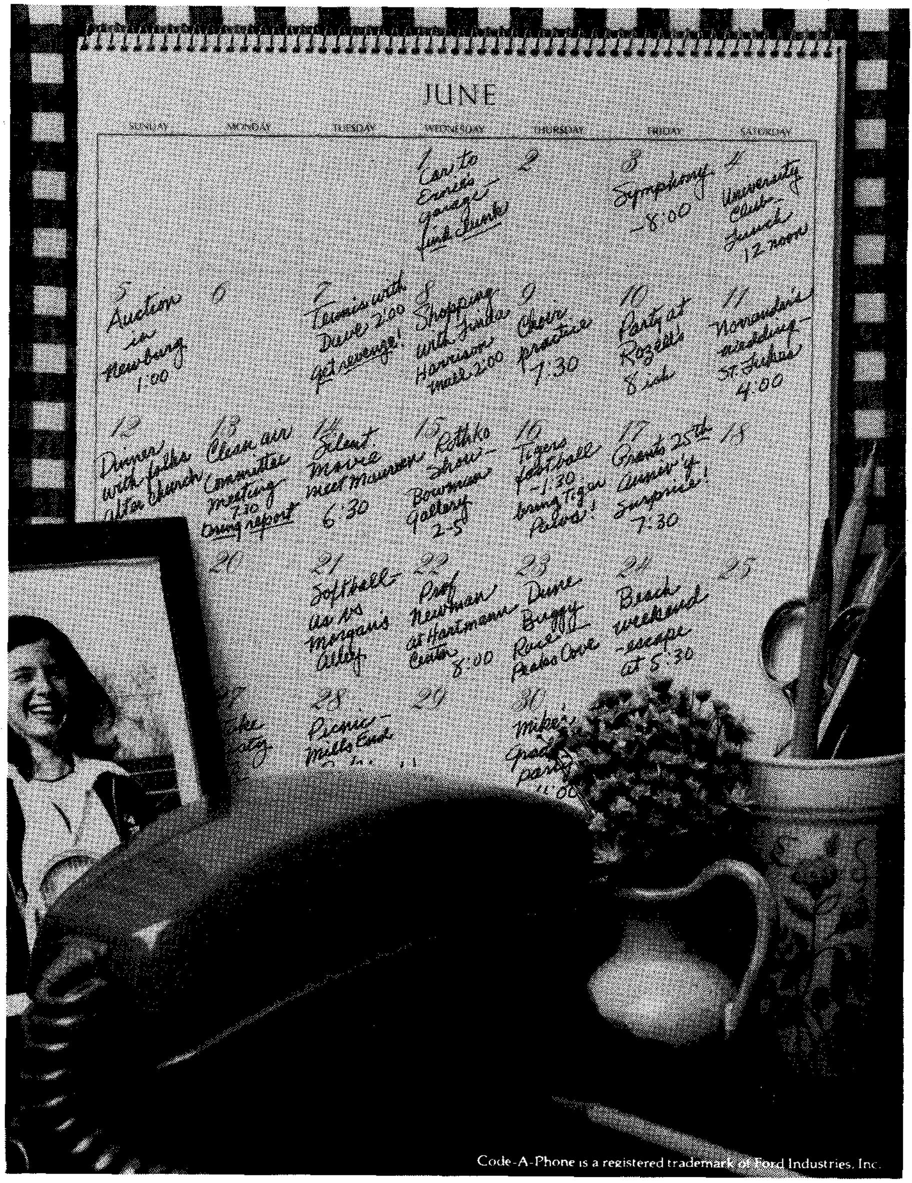
"Yes, I knew the film, when we shoot it, is going over the contractual length. And he *knew* about my contract. But he says don't worry, we'll edit later. All the crew is loyal to him. I was blackmailed into silence—or there would be a strike. And I see the film become a monument to the communist ideology.

"*1900* did extremely well in Italy, it grossed about $8 million; but it is Italian history and one third of the voters are Communist. And there was much publicity because Part I had been seized for 'obscenity.' In other countries, business was fair. I never wanted two movies.

"Bernardo thinks the politics bothers the Americans, but the politics is already passé. It's just too damn long. The Americans did not want an X-rated film, so I removed some nudity. I had one of the best editors make the three-hour version. It isn't ideal; I *want* to show a film approved by Bernardo, but if there's no compromise—or no buyer—in the fall I will release this version myself."

Grimaldi's trims, "to tighten," include a flash-forward to the killing of a partisan on Liberation Day, 1945; a peasant leader's speeches to the laborers; the landowner's fund-raising rally for the Fascist party; a peasant's first meeting with his politically active girl friend; frontal fondling among a nude threesome; the extended comeuppance of a sodomizing Blackshirt; and an elaborate waving-of-the-red-flag sequence. Some feel these cuts depoliticize the film, although Grimaldi says they strengthen the political statement.

Obviously, Bertolucci crammed a lot of drama into *1900*. Politically, the film reflects his own deep conflict between Marxism and his upper-middle-class milieu. What may elude filmgoers here is the historical fact that the Communist party has effectively administered Bologna, the capital city of Emilia, since the Second World War. "But the heart of my film is our liberation from fascism," he explained that day at Cinecittà. "Today Italy still pays for a lack of reform that should have come after the war."



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6
7 Tennis with Dave 2:00 get revenge!
8 Shopping with Linda Harrison mall 2:00
9 Choir practice 7:30
10 Party at Rozell's 8 ish
11 Norminder's wedding — St. Lukes 4:00
12 Dinner with folks after church
13 Clean air Committee meeting 7:30 bring report
14 Silent movie meet Maureen 6:30
15 Rothko Show — Bowman Gallery 2-5
16 Tigers football — 1:30 bring Tiger Pillows!
17 Grant's 25th Anniv'y Surprise! 7:30
18
20
21 Softball — us vs Morgan's Alley
22 Prof Newman at Hartmann Center 8:00
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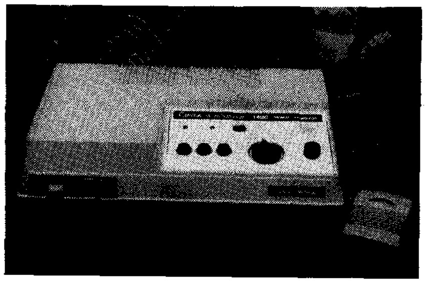

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Quoting the Marxist philosopher Antonio Gramsci, he explained that he believed in the “pessimism of the intelligence” and the “optimism of the will.” Bertolucci adjusted his wide-brimmed hat, tilted rakishly over a mop of dark curly hair. “It means we must find solutions in Italy; the hour for tears is past.”

Bertolucci’s knowledge of art history is reflected in *1900*, which shimmers with great visual poetry. For *Last Tango,* he studied the paintings of Francis Bacon. *The Spider’s Stratagem* was influenced by Magritte. He planned to pore over Edward Hopper landscapes for Dashiell Hammett’s *Red Harvest,* a Grimaldi project being developed now by someone else. For *1900* he immersed himself in late-nineteenth-century Italian Impressionism. “You can learn so much about lighting from studying paintings,” Bertolucci said as he prepared to shoot a love scene between Robert De Niro and Dominique Sanda. “If lighting is always the same, the picture is flat, a wine without flavor. With lighting, you create music with music.”

Now Bertolucci, shaking off jet lag, relaxes briefly in an apartment on Central Park South. He has just arrived from Rome, where De Niro, on holiday, had brought him a special bottle of wine, bought in Parma. It was a nostalgic token of the unreleased epic shot there and a sort of good-luck present for his New York trip.

Wearing jeans and a T-shirt, Bertolucci sits on a couch, smoking an Italian cigarette. Clare Peploe, his British girl friend for the last several years, plops on a cushion. She is very elegant and blond, with china-blue eyes. Clare believes Bertolucci has many British traits: He was taught never to show anger or hostility, to always be polite. “But we were all an expressive family in Parma,” she remembers. “By the time *1900* was finished, nearly everyone had celebrated a birthday with cake and champagne.”

“For all the actors, the peasants, the crew, myself,” says Bertolucci, “I come to New York to take care of my movie. Grimaldi and I had a kind of father-son relationship, but the son must have his own identity. I hope this *is* the last act. My new version has a faster rhythm, but it is precise. My films have had their American premiere at the New York Film Festival. It would be good to open *1900* there. The spirit is happy.” He peers through a latticed window at the city. “New York reminds me of Venice,” Bertolucci says, laughing. “It is both beautiful and miserable.” ■

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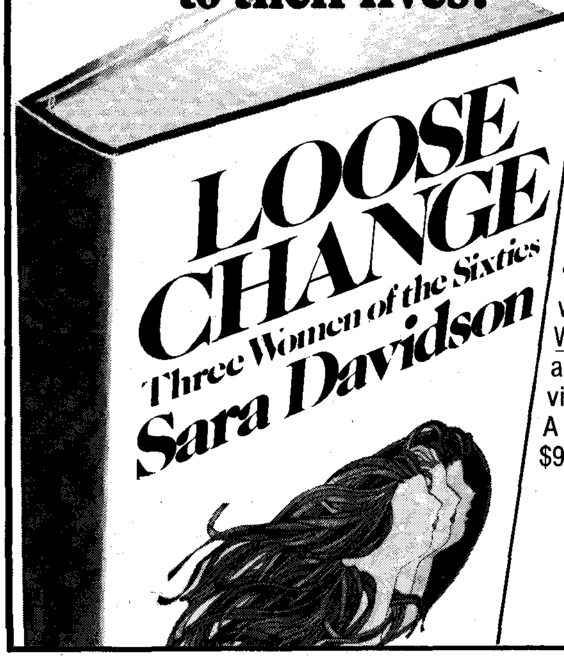

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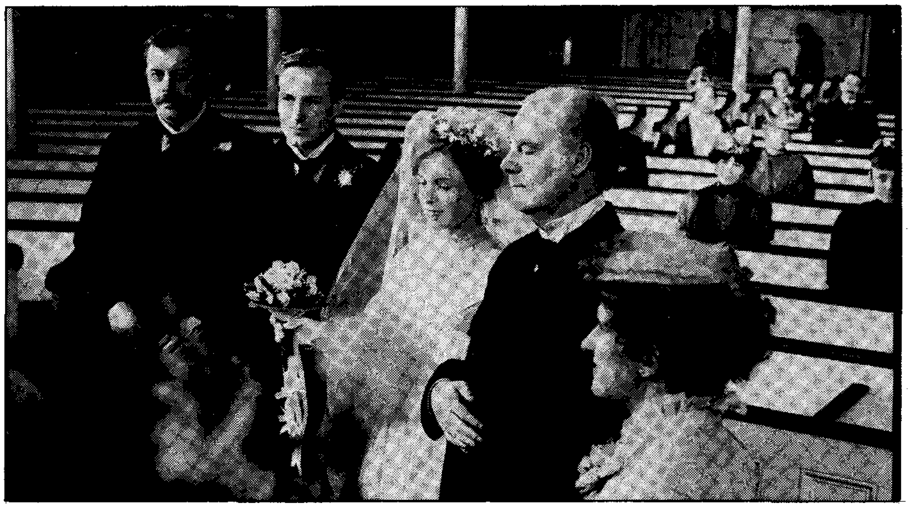
MATTHEW KLEIN



I do, I do: *Standing left to right are best man Frederick Coffin, groom Bill Hurt, bride Jill Eikenberry, dad George Ede, and maid of honor Kate McGregor-Stewart.*

An assistant art director named Leigh Rand was composing the bride's bouquet. Rosebuds of the palest pink intertwined with lily of the valley. "The bride is the only one worth lily of the valley at $5 a bunch," she remarked. "We had a $900 bill after one of the early episodes. I thought, This is ridiculous. *I* can arrange flowers. So I went to the flower market and bought all these for $50." She pointed to the large arrangements for the altar. "I think I always wanted to be a florist anyway," she said. "It's very peaceful work. Everyone else is racing around."

She was right. It was 9 on a Monday morning, and the cast and crew of *The Best of Families,* a Children's Television Workshop series-in-the-making, were about to tape a wedding in Brooklyn's Plymouth Church of the Pilgrims. The groom, played by a young actor named Bill Hurt, was being groomed in the vestry. The bride, played by Jill Eikenberry, was being veiled. William Duell, playing the custodian of the church, was adjusting his suspenders ("I'm getting typecast," he laughed, reminding us that he'd played the custodian of Independence Hall in the Broadway and Hollywood productions of *1776*). John Kouwenhoven, professor emeritus of English at Barnard and author of *The Columbia Historical Portrait of New York*—who is on the board of advisers for the series and was cast, for fun, as the minister—stood at attention in his black robe. Executive producer Ethel Winant huddled under a waterproof poncho. Cameramen wheeled up and down the aisles. Outside, hailstones fell and bounced among the cables. It was May 9.

"Are you a guest or a parent?" we asked a gray-tailed extra.

"I don't know," he said. "I was a congregant when they called on the telephone, but it could modify itself into a heathen walking by, I suppose."

The Best of Families concerns three fictional families—upper-, lower-, and middle-class—living in New York between 1880 and 1900. A research staff is on hand always, because details count. Just as they did in the ill-fated *Beacon Hill.* "But this is *not* a drama set in period clothes," Ethel Winant was insisting between gusts of cigarette smoke. Winant does not smile at references to *Beacon Hill.* "We really want to let people know what it was like to live here then." Location shooting had already taken place at the Bijou Theater on West 45th Street, made to look like Tony Pastor's Music Hall; in Prospect Park; and on the Brooklyn Heights Promenade. Plymouth Church, on Orange Street, is a landmark where Henry Ward Beecher ministered and Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, and Booker T. Washington worshiped.

The costumes, thanks to designer Ann Roth, are as authentic as can be. Some she made, some she borrowed from Brooks–Van Horne, some she picked up in antiques shops, and the most interesting she leased for a year from one Irving Stern. "He's a 96-year-old eccentric from Philadelphia," she told us, "who had this great collection. I don't know much more about him except that he had something to do with the archduke of Austria."

Ethel Winant wandered over. She was anxious about the empty pews out front. The lousy weather, or the casting office, was to blame. "We might have to drop a line in about how it's too bad more people couldn't come because of the epidemic," she joked, and then she spotted Stuart Awbrey, one of the show's publicists. Mustachioed Stu found himself swiftly wrapped in a costume and placed in a pew.

"Miranda!" came a shout from the stage manager. Miranda Barry is one of the researchers. "There's no taboo about their looking back up the aisle when the bride comes down, is there?"

"No, not a bit," replied Miranda, clutching her clipboard.

"Should the assemblage sit or stand during this?"

"They're supposed to be seated."

"Do we have any leeway?"

"No. Traditionally, they're seated."

Ethel Winant walked over to confide in the stage manager. "Even if it isn't done that way now," she whispered, "if there is anybody living who went to a wedding in 1883, we'll get a letter about it."

And so it went for hours and hours that stormy morn in May. When the etiquette was worked out and the rehearsing done, the taping would take hours more. This was the last day on location; shooting continues through July at the old 20th Century–Fox studios on West 54th Street.

The Best of Families, which may or of course may not be the best of series, will premiere this fall. Whatever it is, it was shot in New York. For that, we are glad. ▬

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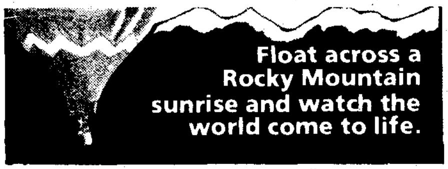
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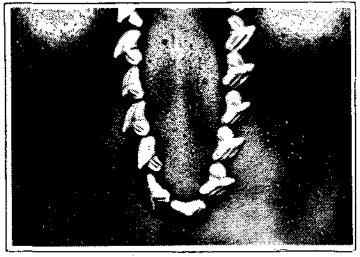

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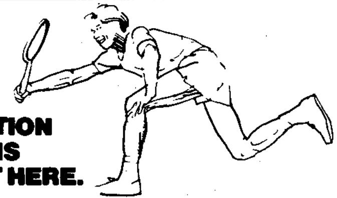

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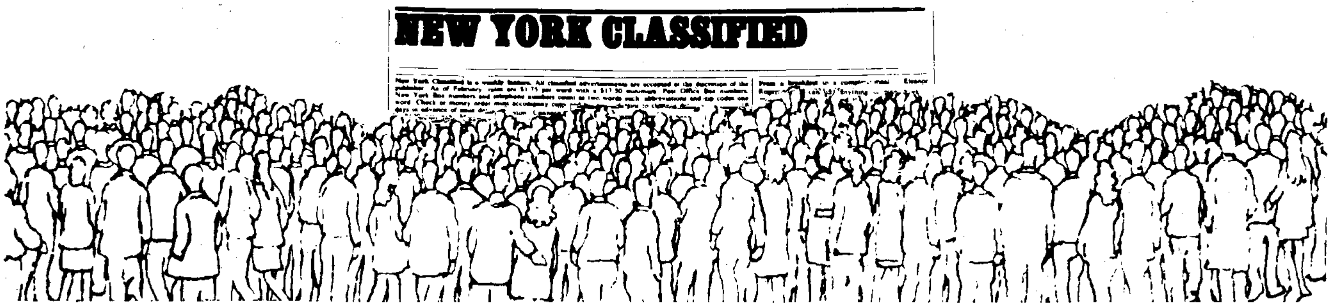

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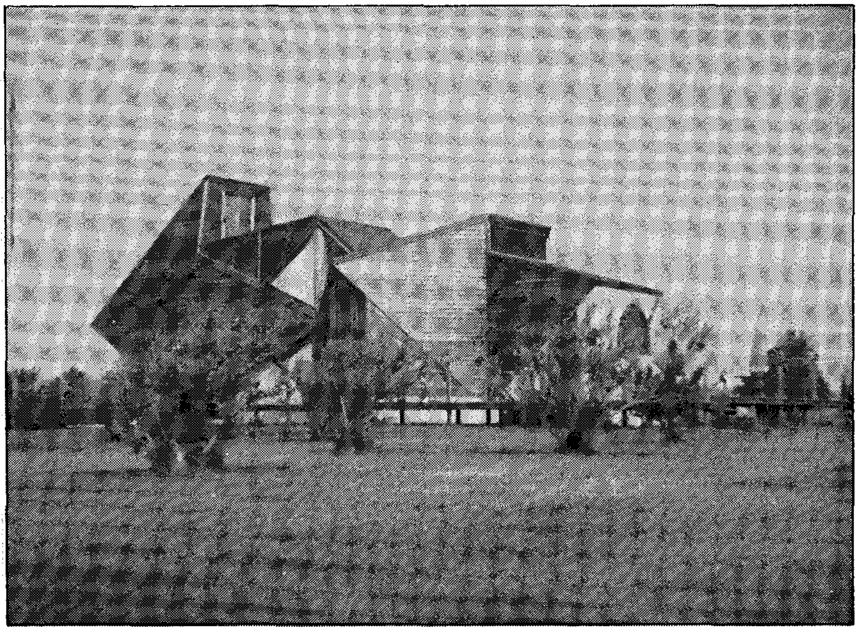

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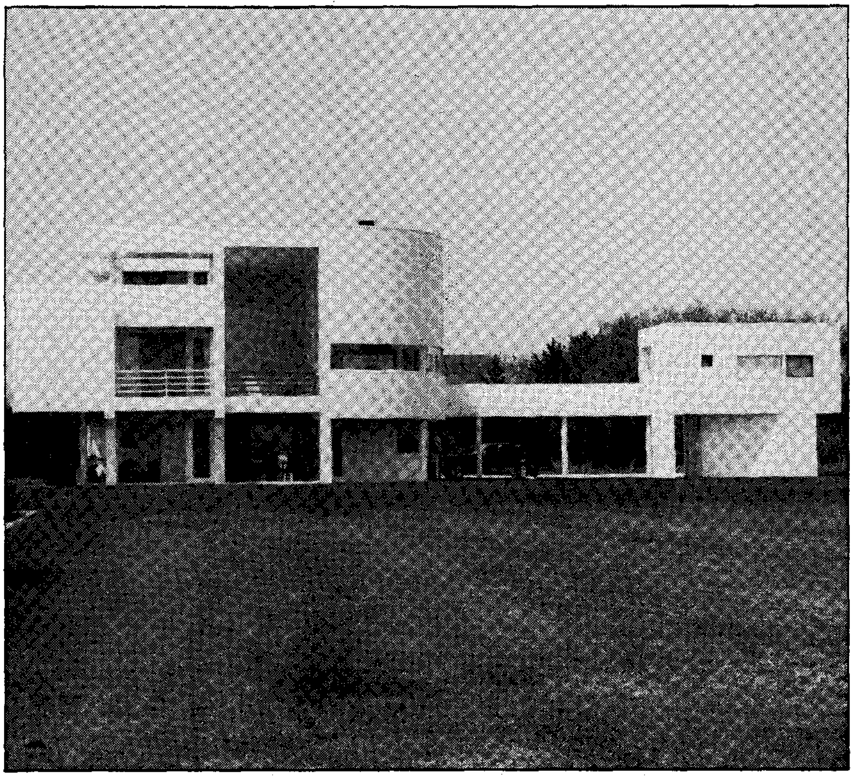

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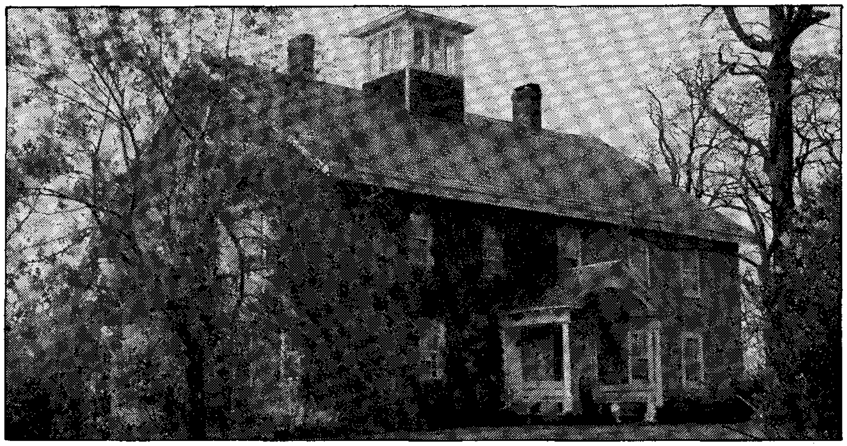

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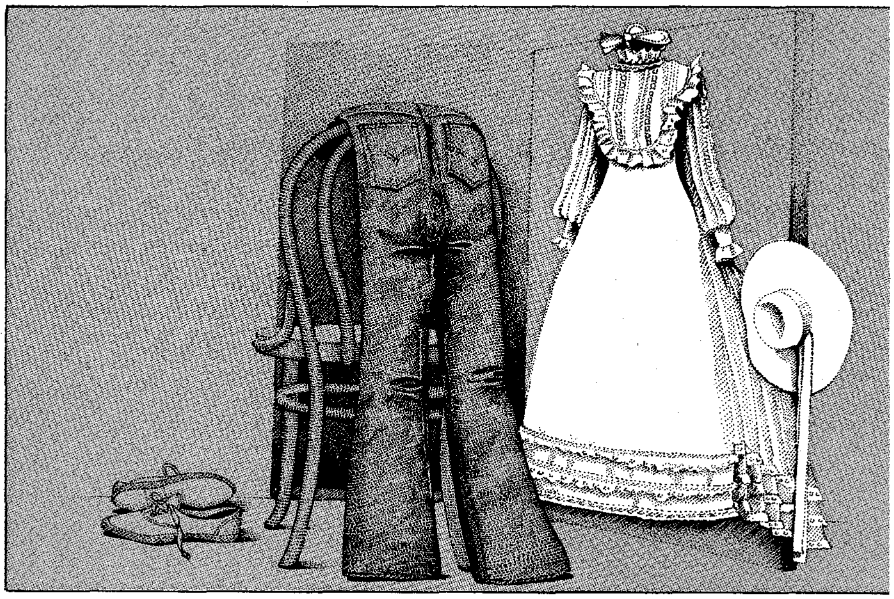
THE PRICE IS WHITE

"... New York City, home of the bridal-gown industry, offers a limitless choice of ways to shop for that priceless garment ..."

Thousands of young women begin their searches months ahead of time. They travel down to the Lower East Side and up to Bergdorf Goodman. They scour midtown and take a jaunt or two through the garment district. And for all of the effort, most will wear their eventual purchase only once—on the day they are wed. But because that dress and the young woman in it are to be the center of everyone's attention, the quest for the perfect wedding gown is a serious endeavor. And New York City, home of the bridal-gown industry, offers a seemingly limitless choice of where to buy, what to buy, and ways to shop for that priceless garment.

If you're fashion- or name-conscious, the finer department stores are the places to go. Even South American heiresses and midwestern debutantes are drawn to Saks, Bonwit Teller, Bergdorf Goodman, and Lord & Taylor. A few designers, including Priscilla, Ron LoVece, Phyllis Bianchi, Country Elegance, and Enid Morris, set aside certain styles for some of those stores. Other gowns can be modified—by changing the sleeves or neckline—to suit the individual's taste. In addition, says Monica Hickey, the buyer at Bergdorf, "If someone dreams of a dress, we can make it come true. It's costly, but we'll do it." Recently, for example, a young woman came in asking for a pure-silk-crepe, all-tucked gown. "We drew her a sketch, produced a swatch, made the dress, and she carried it off to Washington," said Ms. Hickey. The price: about $1,850.

The average bridal dress at the department stores sells for $400 to $600, with Lord & Taylor's prices somewhat lower. But you can also pay as little as $100 or as much as $1,200 and up. The price depends on the amount and kind of lacework or beading, the quality of workmanship (is most of the sewing done by hand?), and the kind of fabric. A simple chiffon gown, without trimmings, sells for about $180. The medium-priced gowns, in the $375 to $400 bracket, usually have some lace, perhaps just covering the bodice, and could have a double-layer chiffon or organza skirt, while the higher-priced gowns would be virtually slathered with lace or appliqués.



Price also depends on the fabric content. Synthetic organza and chiffon are much less expensive than fabrics with a silk base. "For $125, you're not going to get a silk-chiffon dress," says one expert, "but for $790 you may."

If you're trying to be different, it's worth checking the import places around town. **Fred Leighton Madison,Ltd.** (763 Madison Avenue between 65th and 66th streets, 288-1872), does a big business in Mexican wedding gowns, with prices starting at $95 and averaging between $195 and $310. At the low end of the scale are the very peasanty dresses, some with embroidery that comes white on white or white with a color. The typical Mexican bridal dress, made of tucked cotton and lace, is basically a Victorian, high-necked style popular for garden weddings, but suitable for any time of year. It takes three to four months to get a dress ordered from Mexico, but Fred Leighton has many gowns in stock and, for an average $30 to $60 alteration fee, will change almost any dress into what you want. "We can change the sleeves, the length, and we can take a high neck and scoop the whole thing out," says manager Alex Ramos.

Another import shop appealing to th nonconformists is **Greek Island, Ltd** (215 East 49th Street between Secon and Third avenues, EL 5-7547). An informal, homespun-cotton dress wit peasant neck, puff sleeves, and a double flounce at the hem sells for $96 A crinkle-cotton gown with a hand embroidered linen yoke in pastel color sells for $150, while a caftan with silk-organza inset at the neck decorated with hand-crocheted flowers sell for $125.

Although lower-priced gowns can b found elsewhere, your best chance o saving money while also having a wid selection is at the specialty brida shops, like **Brideland** (255 West 34t Street between Seventh and Eight avenues, 244-8916). Most gowns ther sell for between $150 and $180. Although the organza is likely to b polyester or rayon rather than sil and there's likely to be less hand work, gowns at the specialty shop are similar in style to the more expensive gowns at the department store The maximum charge for alterations a Brideland is $20, a cost that's open ended at the department stores.

There is, of course, no charge fo alterations for custom-made gown at custom-design shops like **Gina' Elegant Gowns** (246 Grand Stree

Illustrated by Pamela Carr

56-3144), **Fay Bridal** (243 Grand treet, 431-6154), **Marlene's** (241 Grand treet, CA 6-3390), or **Jeanette's** (239 rand Street, WA 5-2283). Almost all owns at Gina's, for example, are made order at an average price of $300.

"A girl can bring in her own idea, etch, or photo, and we can create ny gown," says Delores Campo, the Gina" of Gina's Elegant Gowns. Her ustom-made dresses start at $250, and ie claims to have made a gown for 3,000. For $250, you get a polyester- rayon-organza dress with a small nount of trimming. A $3,000 dress ould be pure silk or a silk-based ibric with French, Belgian, or anher imported lace; it would have tremendous train, be entirely handade (except for the seams), and ould probably be decorated with earls and/or small iridescent beads. lthough it can take six months to ake a custom-made dress, she says ie can, if absolutely necessary, put toether a simple gown in just four days.

Hundreds of brides who are more inrested in bargains than heirlooms buy eir gowns straight from the manufacrers. Every Saturday morning, swarms young women and their mothers avel to **1385 Broadway**, near 38th reet, where they visit some or all of e two-dozen-odd manufacturers with fices and showrooms there. On weekys, the 23-story Bridal Building, as is known, is open only to buyers. it on Saturday morning, some manucturers open their doors to the public. f those who do, some claim you have have an "in" to shop at their showoms. But the rule is seldom enforced, id some of the well-known manufacrers—including Bridal Couture, Combia, and Ilissa Bridals—have welmed me, and other connectionless iends, on recent Saturdays.

Brides are attracted to 1385 Broaday because they've been told gowns e for sale at wholesale prices. Cerinly, at an average price of $140 to 00, gowns in the Bridal Building are eaper than gowns at Saks or Bonwit. it most of the manufacturers there are the low-priced end of the business, ith their organzas and chiffons of yon and polyester rather than silk, d with a small to moderate amount handwork. And if you pay more Saks or at another of the classier town department stores, you also t more, in the form of patient, pernal service that is in short supply at e Bridal Building.

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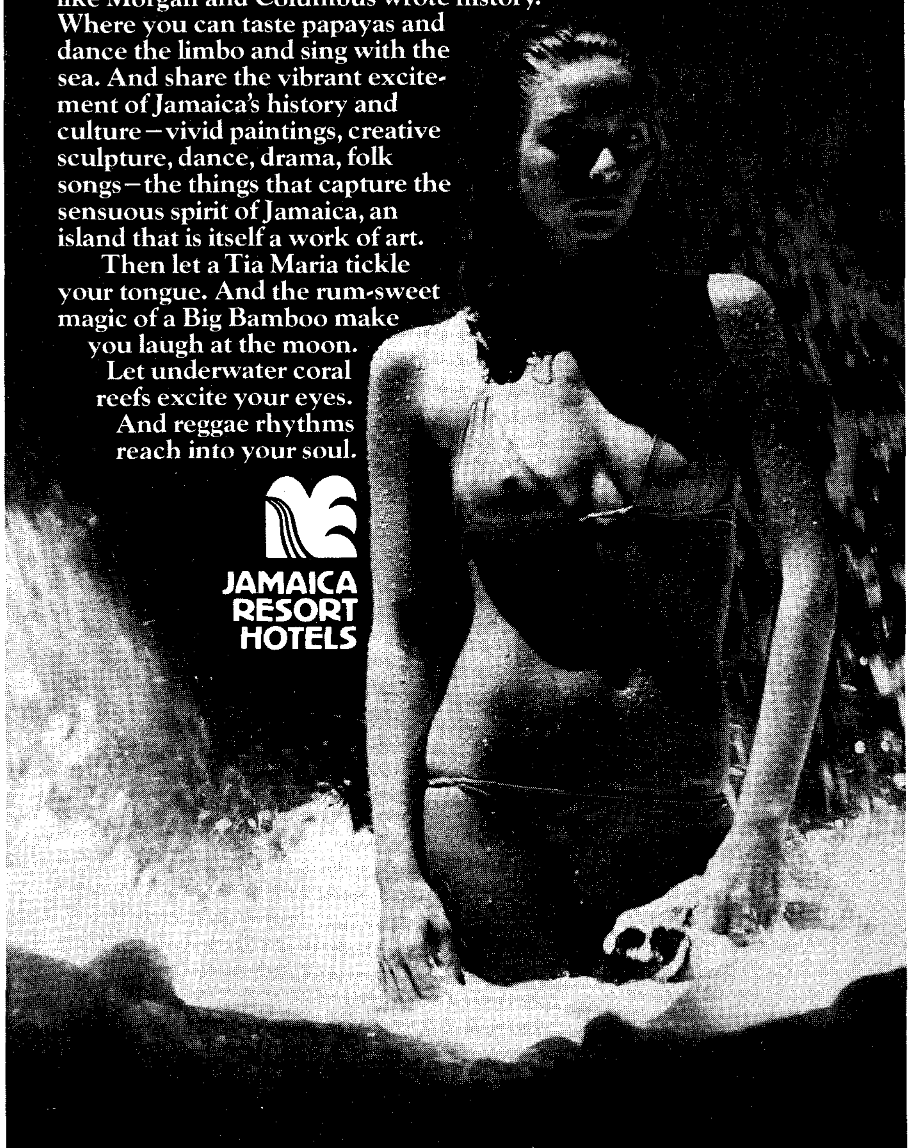

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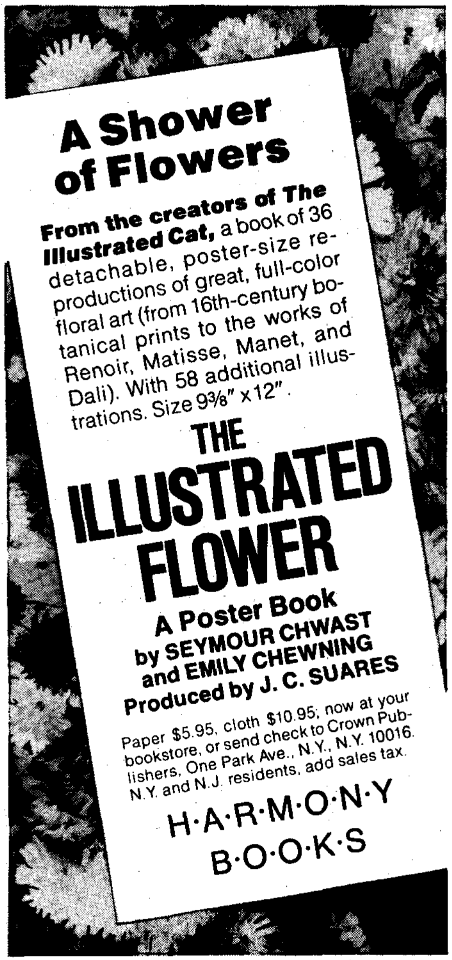

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"...Women rarely flip through the gowns as they would a rack of skirts or blouses..."

most young women come in with their mothers—who usually wield the checkbook—you may be asked, as I was, to come back with your mother when you're ready to buy. At other places, brides are told they cannot return for dresses they've tried on. You can either buy the gown on the spot or not buy it at all. Of course, not all the manufacturers are this peremptory, and Ilissa Bridals was noteworthy for its polite personal attention (not to mention the luxury of its private dressing rooms).

Despite its disadvantages, the Bridal Building does offer a bride a quick lesson on wedding gowns. When you've finished a four-hour stint there, you're likely to have a pretty good idea of the style and fabric you want, and the price you are going to have to pay.

"A girl does not really understand a wedding gown until she puts it on," says Paula Varsalona, a 27-year-old bridal designer who two years ago opened Paula Varsalona, Ltd., a manufacturing outfit which sells only through stores. Her elegant gowns are priced in the upper ranges. "You don't go to the store and just browse and see what it's about, like you do with the rest of your clothes."

In fact, in many specialty and department stores, the gowns are kept in back rooms and brought out only when you ask to see them. Even when the gowns are out, women rarely flip through them as they would a rack of skirts or blouses. A bridal consultant, or salesperson, greets you, asks if you have a certain kind of gown in mind, and then displays store samples she thinks you would like.

The requests are as varied as the individuals, according to Manhattan buyers, but wedding gowns fall into three broad categories. Traditional gowns used to be high-necked, long-sleeved, generously adorned with lace or beads, or both, and are now simply gowns "with an accent of lace someplace," according to Janet Brown, buyer at Bonwit Teller. Contemporary gowns are simple dresses that follow the latest fashion trends and can often double as evening gowns. And the trend gown is the new look for each season, which this spring is the Mexican or peasant look.

Although more brides have been shopping for contemporary gowns in recent years, they are still in the minority. Half of the gowns sold at Saks are traditional, ranging in price from $200 to $1,500, according to Carol Loudon, the buyer there. "But if yo think traditional means only the bead ed or heavily laced, you're mistaken, she cautioned. "It can be a shaped, so phisticated look."

Women who buy traditional gowns of ten add untraditional flourishes to thei bridal costumes. Picture hats, larg turn-of-the-century hats worn with o without veiling, are popular for sprin and summer weddings. The averag price: $125. Like gowns, the price o hats depends on the design and th amount of trimming. A plain hat cov ered in organza or chiffon will sell fo about $80 at Bonwit, for example. Fo $125, you get a few flowers and sca tered lace appliqués. And a hat wit an all-lace crown and lace on the brim too, can run from $150 to $160.

The contemporary dress, meanwhil appeals to the bride who is looking fo a fashionable dress that just happens t be the one she'll be married in. One o Bonwit's most popular contemporar gowns is an unadorned chiffon dres with thin spaghetti straps that "yo wouldn't think is a wedding gown, said Miss Brown. For the ceremon the bride wears a lace cape over th dress.

The desire for simplicity is one rea son bridal-gown fabrics have change While satin used to be the most de sired material, it's used less now— often for the most extravagant an expensive traditional dresses. For sev eral years, most brides wanted Qian a resilient, comfortable jersey that pho tographs like satin. It's appealing t young brides because it gives a flui sophisticated, and slinky look. Als Janet Brown pointed out, women insi on comfort today because they are a customed to their own jerseys and loos fitting clothing.

At stores, like Bonwit and Sak which stress fashion consciousness an exclusivity, Qiana is already losing i appeal. "I carry it now because I ado jersey," notes Saks's Carol Loudo "But it has to be outstanding becau it's saturated the market." Taking i place are chiffon and organza, whic like Qiana, can be worn year roun Chiffon combined with lace creates soft, yet traditional look, says Mi Brown. And she says organza is pop lar with women who are being marri at home or in garden weddings, an who like full skirts and the old-fas ioned feminine look. The extreme informality is cotton peasant dresse which are also appealing for summ

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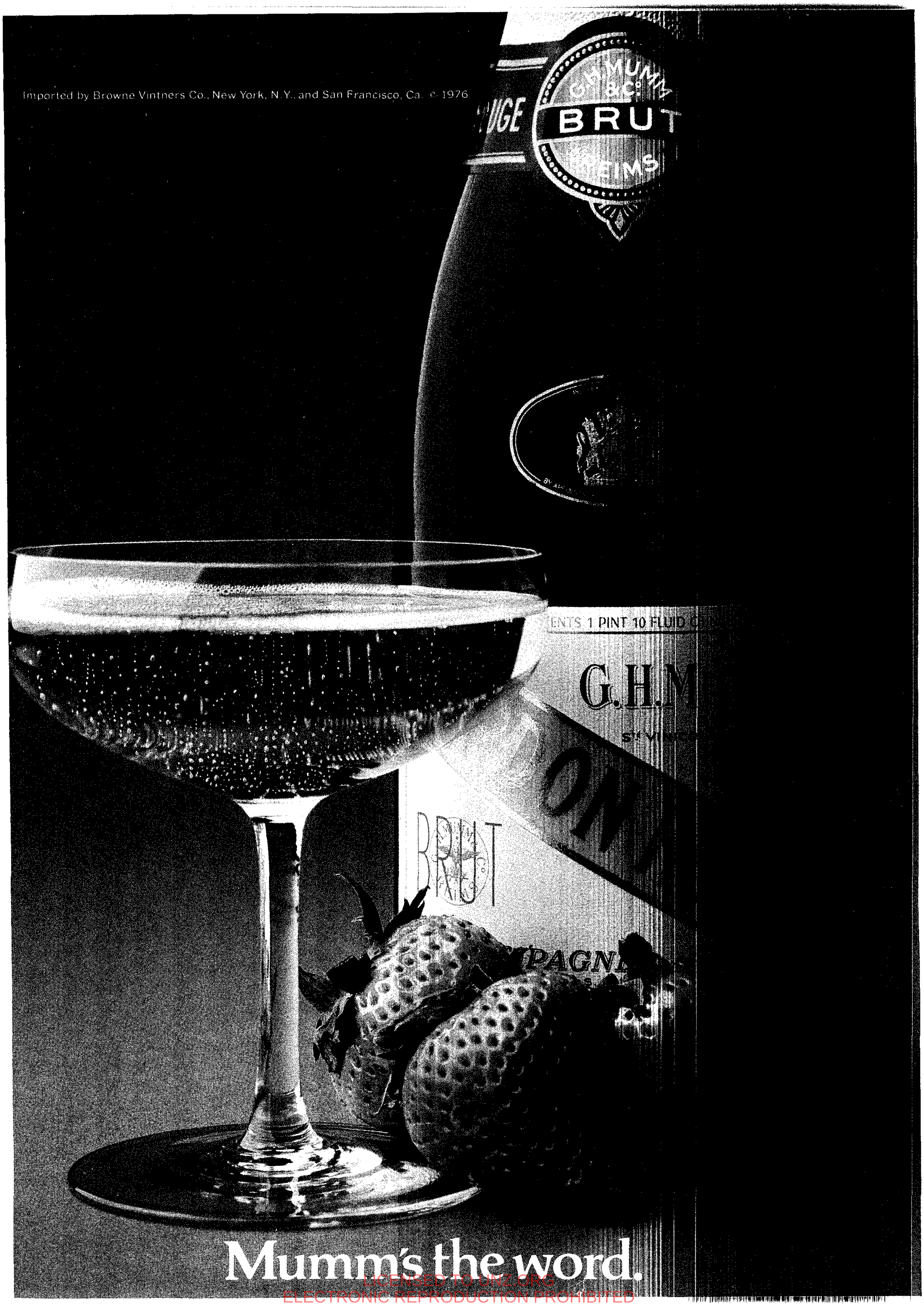
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"...The era of offbeat weddings is over. Traditional ceremonies are on the upswing..."

weddings, and can be relatively inexpensive—around $200—because of the low cost of eyelet cotton.

Both the bride who intends to walk down the aisle in a traditional lace-covered, full-skirted gown, with yard-long, chapel-length train and a fingertip veil descending from a thin crown, and the bride who's looking for an understated bare-backed chiffon with beaded straps that she'll wear with a veil-less chiffon turban, can benefit from the same bridal-shopping tips:

☐ Spring and summer brides find the best selection—and the least tried-on selection—between November and March. Fall and winter brides should also begin shopping now, since it takes two to three months to get a gown from most stores. **Charming Bridals**, a custom-design shop (28 West 38th Street, 391-3990), specializes in rush weddings: an unelaborate style can be delivered in two weeks. Charming's other specialty is accommodating the hard-to-fit bride—the especially heavy or petite woman. Jean Paladino, who is saleswoman and designer, works mainly from pictures the women show her, and she has a patternmaker on the premises. The department stores, too, can get orders finished in a hurry. Bergdorf recently made a pure-silk gown in one week with only one fitting.

☐ Headpieces and veils don't have to be bought with the gown. Several stores in the millinery district, on West 38th Street between Fifth Avenue and Avenue of the Americas, specialize in bridal headpieces, and they sell to manufacturers and retail stores as well as to the public, at prices ranging from $5 to $700. At places like **Max's** (510 Madison Avenue at 53rd Street, 755-2434), **Lew Novik** 45 West 38th Street, 221-8960), **Paul's Veil & Net Corporation** (66 West 38th Street between Fifth and Sixth avenues, 391-3822), and **Metropolitan Impex** (966 Sixth Avenue, 244-8558), veils that would sell for $200 in a department store can be bought at between $45 and $90. Veils are highly marked-up items, usually because, unlike wedding gowns, they are passed on two or three times—from the maker to a manufacturer and then to retail stores—before the bride takes a look at them. Although some of the stores on 38th Street and Avenue of the Americas look like they have only bargain-basement or thrift-shop merchandise, one expert cautioned about judging by appearances. Many of these shops have the same elegant fabrics—Alençon laces and silks imported from India—as the fashionable department stores. The owners and salespeople are specialists, some in the business for 25 years or more, and they'll offer tips you won't get elsewhere. For example, one owner pointed out that nylon veils are better than silk, despite the prestige and higher prices attached to silk. The synthetics are easier to clean and, most important, they don't become limp and ragged as easily as silk does.

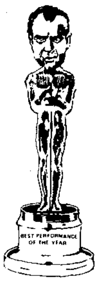
☐ While most brides assume they'll buy white wedding dresses, you may be happier with ivory or off-white. The popular fabrics often look better in nonwhites and so do many brides with light complexions. Some 75 percent of Bonwit Teller's customers wear ivory, fewer in the summer, when more women are tanned and have outdoor weddings.

☐ If you plan to shop at the department stores, check to see if you need an appointment. A bride without an appointment on a Saturday at Saks may wait several hours—or be turned away completely. Bergdorf prefers not to give appointments, while Bonwit works by appointments only for spring and summer brides. For others, no appointment is necessary. You can walk into a specialty shop just about anytime.

☐ When you set off with the intent to buy, it's a good idea to take along your mother or a friend. Many young women have become mired in the quicksand of indecision when faced with choosing a V-neck Qiana with imaginary bustle or a square-neck organza with lace-trimmed veil but no bustle.

☐ Another timesaving bridal prerequisite is to check the bridal magazines, *Modern Bride* and *Bride's*. After studying them, you're likely to know what type of gown you want to try. Then, don't hesitate to experiment. Often, the woman who claims she'd rather wear denim than lace and therefore sets out on a quest for a nonwedding wedding dress eventually leaves the store with a decidedly traditional—though stylish—gown. The era of the offbeat flower-child and hippie weddings is over, and the traditional ceremonies of past generations—somewhat simplified—are on the upswing.

"A girl may be in jeans all of her life," said one buyer knowingly, "but the day she gets married, she wants to be a princess." ▬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Music

FAME AND MISFORTUNE

"...If *Atlantis* had been composed under 'normal' circumstances, its journey toward oblivion would not have been interrupted..."

Is adversity the mother of art? The lives of Mozart and Schubert suggest an affirmative answer; Bach, Haydn, and Verdi lead one to suspect otherwise. The question is, at any rate, more complex than writers of popular novels or movie scripts would have us believe. Even in the case of Mozart and Schubert, their respective final years of suffering produced joyous music.

The circumstances surrounding Viktor Ullmann and his **Emperor of Atlantis** are a scriptwriter's dream. Ullmann, a composer and conductor who worked around Vienna and Prague before World War II, and who studied for a time with Arnold Schönberg (as who didn't?), composed the opera in 1943 in a Nazi concentration camp at Theresienstadt, in Czechoslovakia, to a text by a fellow prisoner, Peter Kien. Both men were later transferred to Auschwitz, where both died. After the war, the tattered manuscript (written on whatever paper the men could obtain, including the backs of admission forms to the camp) was retrieved by Ullmann's relatives and taken to London. There it came to the attention of a young Welsh conductor, Kerry Woodward, who reconstructed the opera. In the past two years, the work has begun to circulate. Last week it had its first local performance, by Ian Strasfogel's New Opera Theater at the Brooklyn Academy.

Certainly, time and place played an important role in shaping this work. The Emperor is a despot, fond of mass murder as a means to his nefarious ends. He offends Death, who then withholds his ministrations. Denied his power to kill, the Emperor sees his power decline; people whom he wants to hate each other fall, instead, in love. Finally, Death agrees to resume operations, but only if the Emperor himself becomes his first victim. Parables involving the personification of Death are, of course, basic to nearly all cultures, as witness a vast literature from *Everyman* to *The Seventh Seal*. Here, of course, the legend becomes an allegory about Hitler's Germany.

Such dramatic material—both the background of the opera and its text—tends to disarm criticism. Nevertheless, *The Emperor of Atlantis* is not a very good opera. It can hardly be sacrilege to suspect that, had it been created under "normal" social conditions, its journey toward oblivion would not have been interrupted as it now has.

From the evidence of this score, Ullmann was one of a large number of well-trained Central European composers who struggled, well into the twentieth century, to keep alive the dying spark of Wagnerian romanticism—without, needless to say, Wagner's own incendiary gifts. This struggle had many participants: a long and sorry list of names, some more famous than others, including Erich Korngold (pre-Hollywood), Kurt Weill (pre-Brecht), Hans Pfitzner, Franz Schmidt, and Richard Strauss from 1920 on. It is a style of composition full of murk and desperation: heavy, fetid tonal writing overlain with an airless mass of aimless chromaticism. It is a style that I happen to find distasteful, almost to the point of physical discomfort.

Some of the above-mentioned composers were "saved" by the discovery of American jazz techniques as a way of letting air into their music; Weill certainly was, and went on to become a great composer. There are some attractive (or, let's say, inoffensive) moments in *Atlantis*, wherein Ullmann also attempted a satirical tone by affecting a certain jazziness. Other moments—a song early on for a Pierrot character, and a final apotheosis in which fragments from the same melody weave around a Bach chorale—affect a solid, academic Germanic lyricism. The score is also made bearable by its use of a chamber orchestra, whose sounds are of themselves bright and engaging.

All told, however, Ullmann's opera (plus, any day now, dozens of other pieces he composed in captivity) has little beyond its personal history to commend it for fame. Since that fame has already begun to accrue, it was only just for Strasfogel's group to introduce it here, depressing as the results may have been. The production, somewhat abridged from the original score by doubling several characters, was clever and well managed in the Academy's Lepercq Space, with a set by Franco Colavecchia (full of cutout skeletal figures backed by the inevitable projection scrim that has now become the cliché of modern-opera production) that, at least, looked the way the music sounded, a bright performance conducted by Woodward, and some first-rate work by a cast led by Chester Ludgin, Herbert Beattie, and Douglas Perry.

The piece ran about an hour, and was preceded by a far stronger work, Dominick Argento's **A Water Bird Talk**, a monodrama for tenor based on one of Chekhov's dramatic monologues (the one in which a lecturer falls apart on the stage and veers off into a revelation of his own existence). It is always dangerous to set Chekhov to music, since the writer supplied so much of his own in his words, but Argento's slight, elegant piece is an excellent try. The vocal line is fluent and intricate; the dramatic sense, as in all Argento's music, is sure. It was much the better offering on the program, and was nicely set forth by Vern Sutton, the tenor, and Phillip Brunelle, the conductor—both of them musicians who have worked with Argento before. Clearly, Argento—who has been represented here by his marvelous *Postcard From Morocco* and a couple of shorter pieces—is a man of considerable stature who writes worthy music under no particular hardship—beyond the fact that he lives in Minneapolis. **—Alan Rich**

Illustrated by Jim Harter

SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

Antiques—About 20 stores on Coney Island Ave. between Ave. H and Beverley Rd. are having an indoor-outdoor fair and sale, rain or shine, next weekend. Reductions include: an oak-and-glass china cabinet, was $375, now $285, and an oak chest of drawers, was $95, now $60 (at Antiquity). Also, a Victorian landscape painting, gilt frame, was $175, now $95; a marble/porcelain sink with brass fixtures, was $375, now $100; and Fulper vases, were $65, now $25–$35 (at Stix & Stones). Plus, a pair of circular stained-glass panels, was $600, now $500 (at Sunburst Studios); a pair of Old Berlin porcelain figures, was $900, now $600; and crystal and cut-glass bowls, were $95, now $50 (at Rose Becker); many other reductions in all stores on large and small objects, both valuable and junque. *BMT D train to Beverley Rd. or Ave. H (either end of fair); on Fri. only, change at Church Ave. for local M train to same stops; Fri.–Sun. 6/3–5, 10 a.m.–6 p.m.*

Coffee, tea, and thee—The Porto Rico Importing Co. (downtown) is also the Coffee and Tea Market (uptown). For 1 week only, these 2 stores are offering 50 cents off each lb. of coffee, from their house blend (was $4.60, now $4.10) to Hawaiian Kona and decaffeinated blends (were $5.20, now $4.70), and including all 21 varieties of beans; limit 4 lbs. Tea is $1 less per lb. and comes in 35 varieties, most usually $4.30, now $3.30. Darjeeling and Earl Grey, were $5.30, now $4.30; limit 5 lbs. Also, Atomic stove-top espresso-and-cappuccino maker (1–6 cups), sold around town for $85, here usually $65, for 1 week $60; La Povoni automatic espresso-and-cappuccino maker, around town $225–$275, here usually $185, now $175; Waring electric coffee grinder, elsewhere $17, here usually $14, now $12.50. Melior French plunger coffeepots in chrome, now $22, $36, $38, and $39 for the 3-, 6-, 8-, or 12-cup models; the 8-cup plastic Melior is $19. Reductions also on glass or porcelain Melitta coffeepots; limit 1 of each coffee maker. The Lexington Ave. store delivers. In-state checks accepted; no credit cards. *Porto Rico Importing Co., 201 Bleecker St. (MacDougal and Sixth Ave.) (GR 7-5421); Mon.–Sat. 9:30 a.m.–7 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m. The Coffee and Tea Market, 1030 Lexington Ave. between 73rd and 74th sts. (744-1196); Mon.–Sat. 10 a.m.–7 p.m.; thru 6/5.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Furniture—A 1-day showroom clearance of 5 floors of famous-name furniture includes such manufacturers as Directional, Thayer Coggin, Henredon, Founders, Thomasville, etc., in both traditional and contemporary styles. Examples: hand-tufted, genuine-suede-covered chesterfield sofa, list $1,695, now $1,095; Thayer Coggin sofa in choice of fabrics, list $842, now $495; Hickory Mfg. 7-piece French bedroom suite, list $2,570, now $1,695. All wall systems reduced at least 30 percent; 25 percent off Sealy sofa beds, and 30 percent off all Founders and Thomasville bedroom sets. Other floor samples reduced 30–70 percent. A set of Sealy Posturepedic bedding will be sold at 30 percent off with every complete bedroom set purchased. Refreshments. BankAmericard, Master Charge taken for deposits only; checks accepted. Delivery arranged (extra). *New York Furniture Center, 41 East 31st St. (679-8866); Sun., 6/5, only, 9 a.m.–5 p.m.*

More, more!—High-fashion, 100-percent-cotton summer separates from the famous French design house More are now half price at Dianne B. These come in a large range of handsome styles, sizes 4–12, in 4 colors—black, white, beige, and army green. Among the styles: short safari shirt, was $46, now $23; cuffed Bermuda shorts, were $39, now $19; painter's jeans, were $48, now $24; side-wrapped jumpsuit, was $94, now $47; front-pleated slacks, were $48, now $24; tennis romper suit, was $74, now $37; kangaroo-pocket blouson, was $64, now $32. Also, for early birds, some Dorothée Bis knitwear in assorted styles and broken sizes at 40 percent off. American Express, BankAmericard, Diners Club, Master Charge, checks accepted; all sales final. *Dianne B., 729 Madison Ave. at 64th St. (759-0988); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6:30 p.m.; sale 6/1–15.*

Out of Africa—The downtown warehouse of Tribal Arts Gallery, which usually deals only wholesale to the trade, is opening to the public for the first time in its 8 years and having a 2-day sale of handicrafts from West, Central, and East Africa. Examples: 10-strand myrrh necklace from Mali, was $8, now $6; antique silver necklace of beads and phallic elements from Ethiopia, was $24, now $18; Bambara hand-painted 3'-by-5' mud cloth (wall hanging, or can be made into pillows), was $50, now $25; large natural calabash bowl with incised designs of animals and/or fish, was $18, now $9; handwoven goat-hair rug in earth tones, geometric or lion designs, was $76, now $45; bright beaded crocodiles from the Cameroons, were $80, now $40; Ashanti brass gold-weights, geometric or animal designs, were $6.50–$12, now $3.25–$6; also, baskets of all sizes, wallets, saddlebags, beaded bracelets, and much more, mostly half price. Checks accepted; no credit cards. All sales final. *Tribal Arts Gallery, 84 East 10th St. (982-4556); Fri. and Sat., 6/3–4, 11 a.m.–6 p.m.*

Skin care—For the month of June only, skin therapist Agnes Timar is offering facials, any type, at 2 for 1. Women's facials, usually $18–$25.50, now 2 for the same price; men's facials, usually $18, now 2 for $18. Sale also includes 20 percent off on waxing, body massage, manicures, pedicures, individual lash application, makeup application and lesson, and the skin-care products and makeup from Ms. Timar's own line. Phone for appointment. *Agnes Timar Cosmetology, Ltd., 108-03 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills (793-2569); thru 6/30.*

Woven art—Craft Designs Unlimited, a store specializing in fiber art—wall hangings, hammocks, rugs, etc.—is having its first sale: 100-percent-wool 4'-by-6' area rugs in limited editions, were $200, now $79; silk, wool, and natural-fiber wall hangings, were $20–$250, now half off; net lanterns, were $30–$50, now $10–$24; hammocks from South America and the Caribbean, were $30–$900, now 25 percent off; Indian dhurries (rugs or hangings), were $90, now $49; kilims and other Persian carpets, new and old, now 20 percent off. American Express, BankAmericard, Master Charge, checks accepted; refunds and exchanges made. *Craft Designs Unlimited, 548 La Guardia Pl. (West Broadway 1½ blocks north of Houston) (477-1690); Mon., 5/30, 10 a.m.–midnight; 5/31–7/4: Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. noon–6 p.m., Fri. and Sat. noon–9 p.m.; closed Mon.; thru 7/4.*

WORLD'S MOST CHALLENGING CROSSWORD

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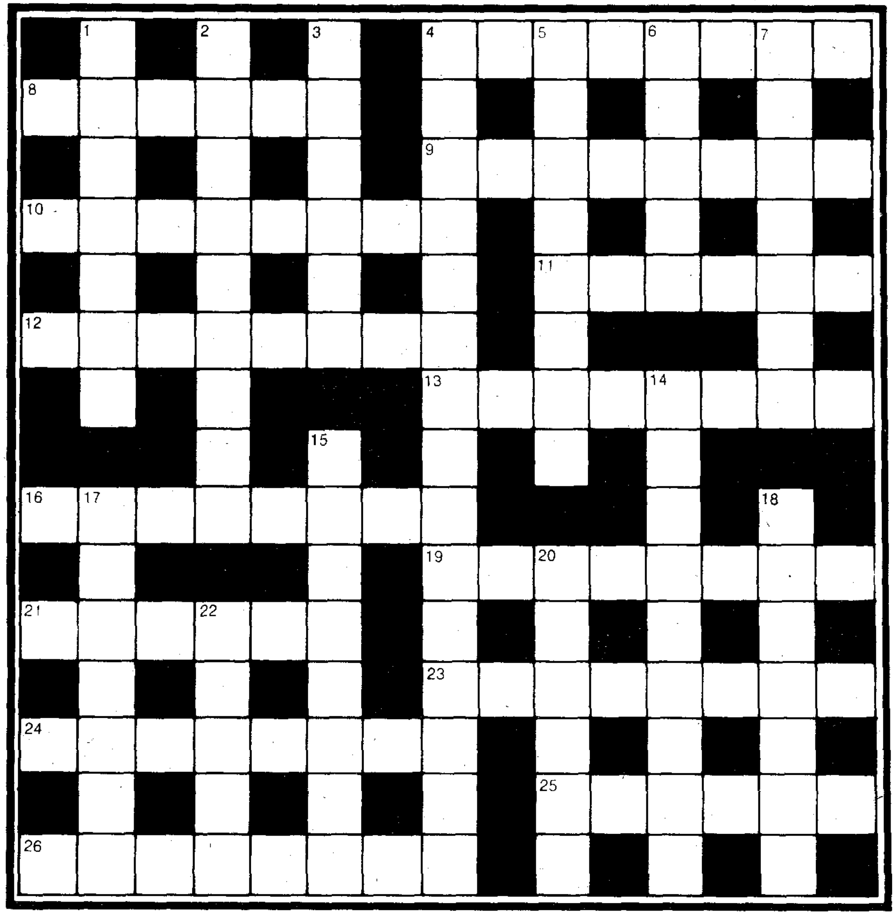
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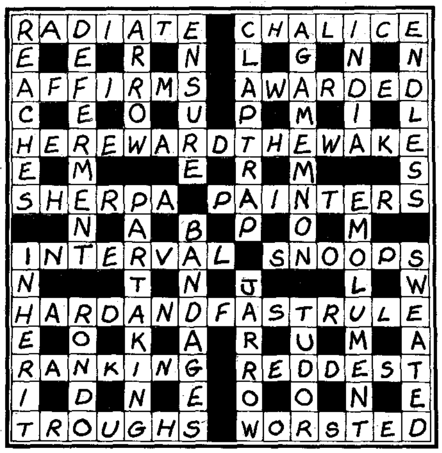
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Clues

ACROSS

4 Wood to burn—the sort to have with fish. (8)

8 A service in church, and the wine vessel for it. (6)

9 Try out underground accessory in the lab. (4-4)

10 Girl imprisoned and wasted. (8)

11 Believe in honour. (6)

12 Right in the bay and on this resort. (8)

13 Boss likes endlessly broken pillars. (8)

16 Inert animal takes direction by an insect. (8)

19 Go in this perhaps when giving a lift. (8)

21 Settling the relative rank of a sailor. (6)

23 Would you call such an article of clothing over-nice? (3-5)

24 Troops order their own arms here! (2, 6)

25 Many angling items used for other angling items. (6)

26 Politicians don't sit in these nooks. (8)

DOWN

1 Right form of praise for weapons. (7)

2 Service getting older could provide relief. (9)

3 Object to being despatched again. (6)

4 Puss in the parlour making music? (6, 2, 3, 4)

5 Rest once, maybe—it's quite open. (2, 6)

6 French and English articles make a useful tool. (5)

7 Beat writer first with a club. (7)

14 Lets in lad for a change when set up and put in use. (9)

15 Criminals' methods for landing in dock? (8)

17 One who's only learning on the railways? (7)

18 Whimpers because French wines are given up by the Spanish society? (7)

20 Install in air-passage. (6)

22 Senseless in an English abbreviation. (5)

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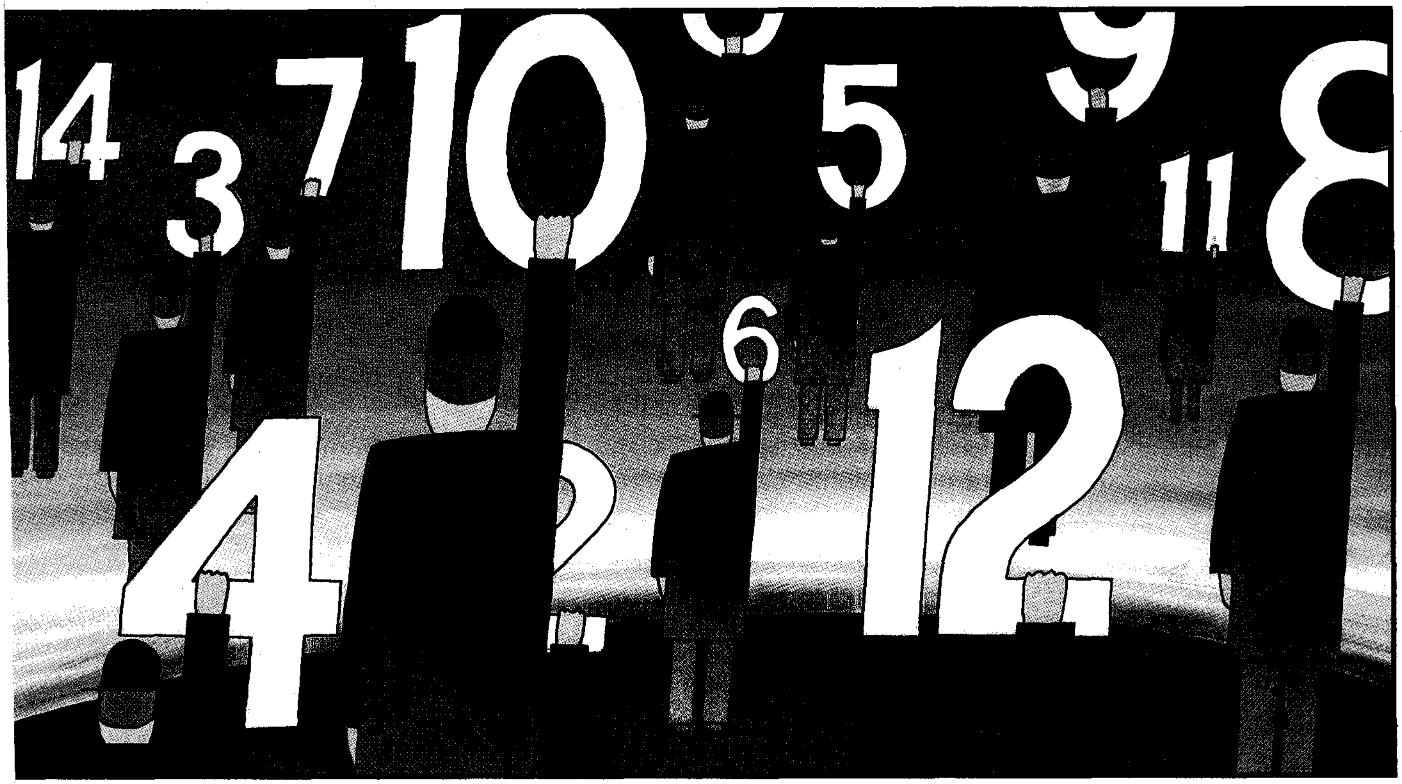
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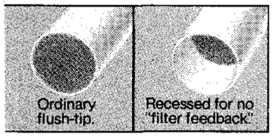
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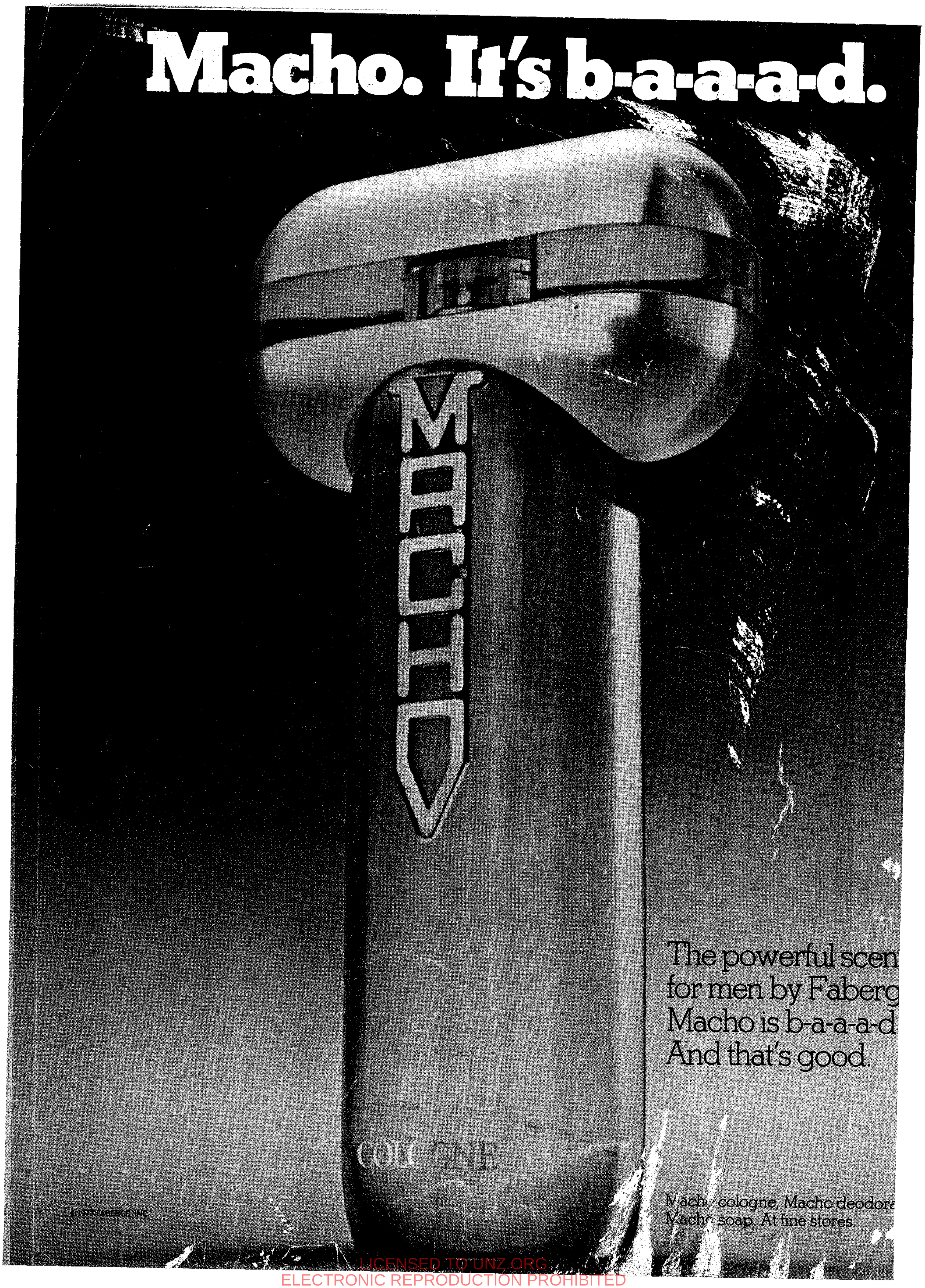

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